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OCTOBER 20, 1954

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 20, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 21

PRIDE IN ACHIEVEMENT

OPENING an extension to a training college for priests in Sydney recently, the Catholic Archbishop of Goulburn and Canberra, Archbishop Eris O'Brien, said Australia is "too diffident."

From an architectural point of view, he said, Australia's churches compare with the best built in Europe in the past 150 years.

But Australians rarely mention them. Undoubtedly the Archbishop is right. This country doesn't talk enough about its more serious achievements.

Just as there is a silence about church architecture, so little is said about many great scientific achievements.

Rarely does one hear an Australian bragging about such projects as the South Australian Ninety Mile Desert Scheme, which is transforming 10,000 square miles of desert into farming land.

Yet this scheme is recognised by agricultural scientists everywhere as the most important developmental work of its kind anywhere in the world.

On the other hand there are some spheres in which Australia is far from silent.

Nobody could accuse this country of being diffident about its sporting successes.

Nor is there any lack of vocal national pride about local actors who've made good overseas on the stage or in films.

However, it's the same the world over.

In any country a fast runner or a popular stage star is more spectacular than is a scientist or a church architect.

But, without detracting from the actors and the athletes, it is, as the Archbishop suggests, often from the less discussed achievements that the more satisfactory and more lasting national pride can spring.

Our cover:

● Wep's cover of the school bus will, we feel sure, strike a responsive chord in many readers. Adults who customarily travel to work on such a bus, feeling numbed dismay at the early morning energy of the young, may regard the drawing as stark realism rather than caricature.

This week:

● Turn to pages 40 and 41 for the new Candy Hardy Frock Service. The dresses have been made in our factory and are available ready to wear or cut out ready to make. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland. The models—Ronnie Bennett, Angela Langdon, and Margot Pearce—are all secretaries in our own organisation.

● We think you'll like our teenage section this week. It covers interests ranging from a new hairdo (page 37) to help in answering the question "Are You Really In Love?" These teenage issues have proved so popular that in future, in addition to the big monthly section, we are extending our youth feature by another page each week.

Next week:

● The results of our Honey Recipe Contest will be announced next week. A selection of prizewinning recipes will be illustrated in color. Talking of contests, we will shortly announce the results of our Jigsaw Story Contest. All of these stories have been read once. The judges are now reading possible prizewinners a second time to enable them to make their final decision.

● Christmas is coming. So next week we have a new gift service. We show you in color eight quick and easy-to-make Christmas gifts which are available in packages containing all the materials and instructions needed. The prices are moderate.

● Another attraction next week is designed to help you with your summer wardrobe. We illustrate in color seven dresses chosen by our fashion department for their advanced new styling. You can buy paper patterns for them, and each pattern is accompanied by a complete instruction chart.

Letters from our readers

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

I AM one of the "criticised" teenagers who go for Johnnie Ray, for whose mother J. Bruen (The Australian Women's Weekly 6.10.54) so unnecessarily bows her head in shame. The flappers of the 'twenties went on much the same way as teenagers of today, but apparently some of them forget they, too, were young once themselves. Long live Johnnie Ray. My mother went to his concert and thoroughly enjoyed herself.
M. Trehan, Sydney.

VILLAGERS from the Isle of Wight have petitioned against the appointment of a woman doctor to their hospital. Behind the move is the local branch of the British Legion, which corresponds to Australia's Returned Soldiers' League. It is strange how men are ready to accept help from nurses in wartime but try to push them back to the kitchen during the peaceful years.
P. FitzHenry, The Valley, Qld.

SO Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have rifted after only six months of marriage. Perhaps this will make Australian girls realise that a marriage needs more than a pretty figure to make it successful.
A. Dyson, Perth, W.A.

WHY should "Butcher's Wife" say Mrs. Craig's family ought to be grateful for rissoles (The Australian Women's Weekly 6.10.54)? I am quite sure producers and butchers' families do not live on them. In this land of plenty, there should be meat for all.

Mrs. V. Miller, McKinnon, Vic.

WHAT'S all this nonsense about women taking up pipe smoking? Leaving aside all other considerations, I wonder if any potential woman pipe smoker has ever sat next to any man pipe smoker in a crowded train? If she does this either she'll be cured of pipe smoking or she has no nose.

(Mrs.) E. Binns, Hobart, Tas.

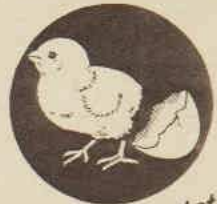
HURRAH for the decision to have Prince Charles taught boxing. Nothing will help our future King to understand his subjects better. Let us hope, too, his father insists that he attends school so that he may enjoy the companionship of ordinary boys.

B. James, Rockhampton, Qld.

THE case of the 18-year-old mother of triplets who wants her babies adopted despite opposition from her estranged husband is a sad case. What is it that causes these frightful situations today? It seems to me that domestic tragedies of this type are becoming more and more common.

B. Prendergast, Newcastle, N.S.W.

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Use the cleanser that
"hasn't
scratched
yet!"



Easier cleaning is yours the day you switch to grit-free Bon Ami. Never scratches sinks, baths, refrigerators. And it polishes as it cleans. Try it!



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WARNING!

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One date with the Boss

By REBECCA SHALLIT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

ADATE with your young man?" Miss Twickenham said, watching Kathy take the hatbox from the top of the filing cabinet. Except for them the outer office was deserted. Kathy had stayed to finish up a report—and Miss Twickenham had stayed to check up on Kathy. Miss Twickenham was fifty and interested in other people's romances.

"No date. No young man," Kathy said, putting on the hat. "The new hat is an anniversary present to myself. I have been in this big city three whole months."

And dateless all three of them, she thought, making a face at herself in the mirror. At home a girl who was a strawberry blonde (natural) could always be sure of a certain number of dates—even if none of them proved particularly exciting.

"No young man? What a shame. Such a pretty girl, too," Miss Twickenham said. "Never mind, dear. I'll think a nice young man for you."

"You'll what?"

"The Power of Thought. I attended a lecture on it," Miss Twickenham drew a deep breath, as though she planned to materialise a nice young man across the row of empty typewriters. "We need to get the proper aura first, I believe. Do you have any particular type of young man in mind?"

Kathy perched on the edge of a desk and swung her legs. They were very attractive legs. "Oh, let's be large about it. If we're thinking him up we might as well order the best. Why just settle for any old thing in pants?"

She was beginning to have fun. "Tell you what, Miss Twickenham. Just think me up something about six feet

tall, brainy, brawny, and reasonably affluent, with—h'm, big eyes and dark hair. As a matter of fact, my boss, Doug Harrison, would suit me nicely."

Doug Harrison was director of the survey department. Technically, he was Kathy's boss. Actually she had to share him with the six other girls in the typists' pool. And with Miss Twickenham, who was in charge of the files. Most of her encounters with him so far had been limited to occasions when he had walked past her desk. But it didn't take too many glimpses for a girl to recognise a good thing.

"Mr. Harrison?" Miss Twickenham gasped. "But he—he—I couldn't possibly think Mr. Harrison for you! Why, he never even looks at any girl in the office."

"I know," Kathy said. "I'm caught up on the local gossip by now. Every girl in the place has tried, unsuccessfully. I also know, via the switchboard operator, that he gets plenty of incoming calls. Feminine calls. Which proves he's no hermit. After office hours, anyway."

She shrugged. "After all, you were the one who brought up the Power of Thought. I'm simply pointing out to you that if you're putting on your thinking cap for me I wouldn't mind having Doug Harrison's heart to hang in my empty trophy room. Don't overstrain yourself, of course. Just think me up one date with Doug Harrison. I'll carry the ball from there."

She looked up. She had a feeling someone was standing in the doorway. Someone was.

Kathy slid off the edge of the desk. "Do you—do you want something, Mr. Harrison?"

"You," Doug Harrison said. "You wouldn't happen to be free tonight? You're not tied up with a date this evening or anything like that, Miss—ah—?"

"Miss James," Kathy said. She heard Miss Twickenham gasp. Kathy herself was having a little trouble with her breath. Things had materialised just a bit too fast.

She gave Doug Harrison the benefit of her eyes. They were large, and had created a certain amount of havoc in her home town. "Kathy James," she said. "And it happens I haven't a date. Tonight."

"Good," Doug Harrison said. "In that case I'm sure you won't mind working overtime." He handed Kathy a stack of papers.

"The head office needs this data right away, so shoot it out to them special delivery when you get through, will you? Time and a half for overtime, of course. I don't think you'll find it too difficult, but it's important for it to be accurate. Under normal circumstances I'd stay

and dictate the changes to you, but as it happens I have a date. Tonight. Good-night, Miss Jones." He walked out whistling.

"What I can't get over is his walking in while we were thinking him," Miss Twickenham said. "Do you suppose he overheard what you said?"

"He overheard all right," Kathy said. "And he may be the wonder boy of the survey department, but if you ask me he has a gruesome sense of humor."

She fished paper and carbon from the drawer and stuck them in her machine. "He played me for a sucker all right! And how I bit! 'As it happens, I don't have a date to-night,' I say to him, all shiny-eyed. 'Good,' he says. 'As it happens, I do.'"

She struck the wrong key and reached for the eraser. "And then calling me Jones. Rubbing it in, that I'm just empty-umph in the ranks of all the little stenographers who have sighed in vain for a date with the boss."

"But at least he said right out that he wanted you," Miss Twickenham said.

"It was almost as if the thought had been put into his mind and something was compelling him to say it. My goodness! I certainly don't intend to miss the second lecture after what's just happened. The Yogi said there were people in the audience who undoubtedly had the power and didn't even suspect it."

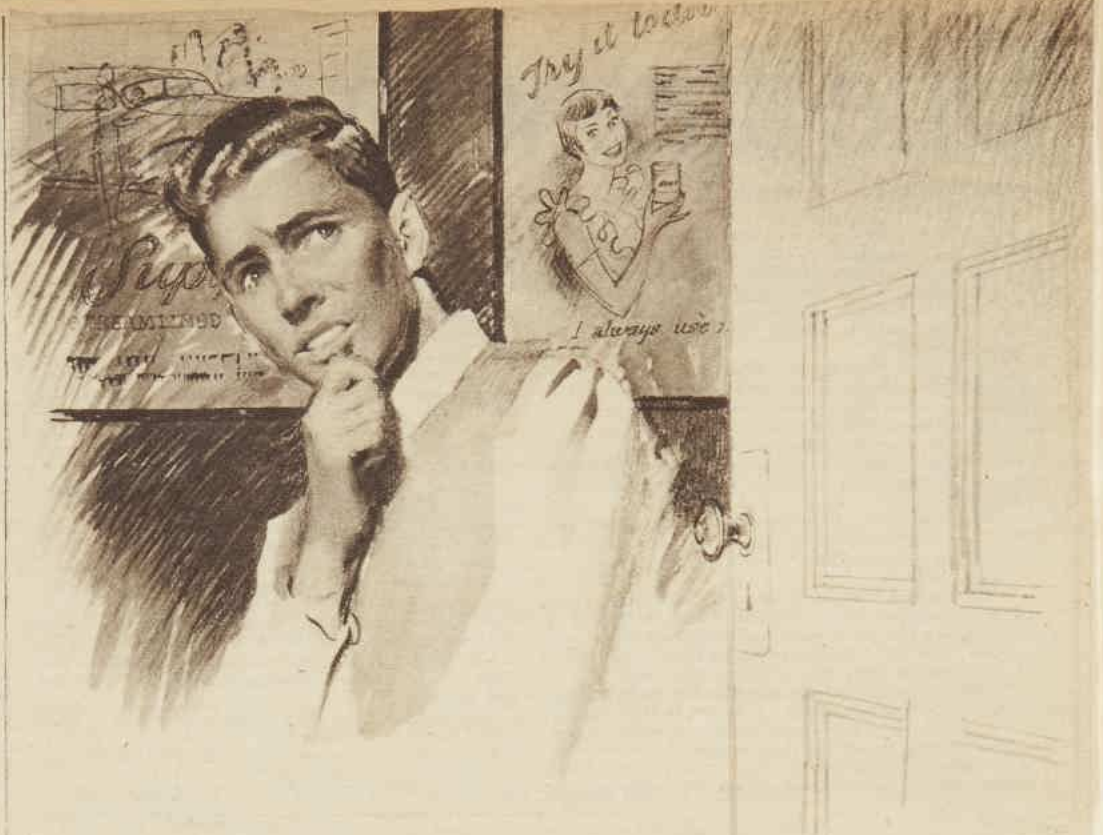
"Well, if you do have the power," Kathy said, "just do me another favor and un-think him for me, will you? Because as far as I'm concerned I've now had enough of Doug Harrison to last me a lifetime. This stuff will

To page 69



"Now where were we?" said Doug Harrison, looking at Kathy in a rather dazed way.

So young,
so very exciting
is Jane
Powell
and so
are those
Californian
styles
by
Betty
Barclay



It looked as though Sally had been cut
to a pattern—until you got to know her

Blondes are like that

An unusual short story by D. B. LEEROY

WALKING along the street with the business crowd hustling all around him . . . riding up to the twelfth floor in the jam-packed lift, it hadn't seemed so bad; people were too busy to notice, to stare in that awful kind of pitying way he was getting used to.

But now . . . facing up to the pert blond receptionist, meeting the curious stares of a dozen or so pairs of eyes from all over the general office, he didn't feel so good. It was there again—pity—naked and horrible; pity for a young, good-looking chap with a loose coat sleeve swinging from his left shoulder. He braced himself involuntarily.

"I'm Pete Silvers. I have an appointment with Mr. Henty." The blond curls wagged giddily. "I know. But he's not in yet; never gets in till 'bout half-past nine or more." A kind of knowing look crept into her face as she added, "But Miss Anderson is in. She said to send you in just as soon as you came."

"Thanks."

He felt the blond head turn after him as he pushed through the swing gate and passed on through to the main office. A few hushed "Hellos" were murmured as he strode through, and, looking up, he saw that there were, after all, two or three vaguely familiar faces among the little group standing round.

He didn't stop because he was as embarrassed as they were by this comeback. You couldn't be two years out of a place, smash yourself up on a fool motor-bike, lose a perfectly good arm, and then come back as though after all you belonged there.

Maybe he shouldn't have come back. Still, Mary had seemed to think it would work, and Mary was pretty smart—in

most things, anyway. Being in love with him, perhaps, wasn't so bright, but she'd held down a big job as secretary to old Henty for five years now, and everyone knew Henty was no heaven-sent angel to work for.

He knocked on the glass door that bore her name in gold letters, and felt vaguely irritated at doing so; funny how it had always made him stir up like that. Perhaps because he'd only been a commercial artist with a sloppy desk, sharing a pint-size alcove with two other chaps. Still, he'd been pretty good; even Mary couldn't have talked Henty into having him back if the old boy hadn't known he was worth his salt.

"Come in." The cool voice broke through his reverie, making him feel a little foolish. Oh, well, this was business; you couldn't go right on courting a girl through office hours, too.

"Pete." Mary came towards him with hands outstretched. "The old boy never hurries in. I should have thought of that when we talked. But it's all arranged; I've got your desk fixed and everything."

She hovered before him for a moment as though undecided, then with a nervous gesture she indicated the chair opposite her desk. "Sit down for a minute, Pete. There are a couple of things I—Mr. Henty wanted me to mention."

He sat down and fumbled for a cigarette.

"Here." Mary was before him; cigarette out, matches ready. "Don't you bother." She looked at his sleeve for one fleeting instant, flushed, and turned her eyes away. "I want to help you," she finished lamely.

He took the cigarette, and the light,

because she was already looking embarrassed and hurt, but he had to settle it once and for all.

"I'm pretty neat with one hand, Mary," he said. "You ought to know that."

It was meant to be a joke, too, but it didn't succeed. He saw her bite her lip the way she did when things weren't going quite to schedule.

"Look, Pete. I want to help—we all do—don't go trying to be all independent, not right away, anyway. You're—you're at a—well, a disadvantage, and they all understand." She was avoiding his eyes, but she went on. "Mr. Henty understands, too. He's not expecting big things. I mean, he knows it'll take time. He's been awfully good about it, really he has."

"I see." He got up as he spoke. "But you don't. You're hurt, I can tell. But you've got to face it, Pete. You can't just battle on alone—not for a while. It—it'll be difficult; but we're right behind you, you must believe that."

He felt the muscles around his mouth twitch slightly; what a time to find you still had a sense of humor. "That's very nice, Mary. Now—can I get to work?"

She smiled then. "Of course." She moved over and opened the door before he had a chance to do it for her. "You have a new room on your own. We thought—well, it'll be better." She saw the glint in his eye, and added hurriedly: "The light's better, and, anyway, the art department's bigger now. This advertising agency is really big-time now. Big account after big account these days. Come on, I'll show you."

After she'd left him he took a look around. It was all right. A nice little room, good light, big desk, and all the

FROCK OF THE WEEK: (Style 4708). A moire poplin that's washable, yet looks and feels like taffeta, has black potent belt. Another Marchington Fabric.

REPRODUCED & DISTRIBUTED BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD IN AUSTRALIA



"I'm just a feather-brain," said Sally over her shoulder. "I couldn't remember more than two things at once."

That brought him up fast! "What do you mean?"

She opened her eyes at him, and he saw they were a funny kind of violet color. "You don't think you're setting Sydney on fire with what you're doing, do you?" She shrugged as he kept on staring. "Doesn't a bright type like you know when he's being fed charity?"

That really hurt! "I'm working, aren't I?"

"Yeah." She flipped at his lay-out with a careless hand. "But there's a room full of kids next door that could do what you're doing, and you know it. Still..." She looked at him carefully through lowered lashes. "Of course you might like it that way."

He could have pulled every blond hair out of her head for that.

"No man likes losing a perfectly good arm and getting stuck back on this sort of work; and no blonde is so dumb that she doesn't know just that."

She gave him a long look before answering. "Then why come back? Why not go somewhere else and start all over?"

"Because a lot of firms like their artists to have two hands."

She moved away from him and stood leaning against the window, regarding him with those queer, smoky eyes as though he was some sort of insect under observation.

"You're kind of steeped in self-pity, aren't you?"

He was furious. "You've got a nerve to say that. I hate pity, do you know that? I hate every kind word they say to me... I hate the way people look at me... and most of all I hate silly-blondes that try to make smart cracks."

To his surprise she laughed. Just a kind of soft chuckle to herself.

"What's so funny?"

"You. Sitting there all indignant... spouting about how you hate pity when all the time you're just so sorry for yourself it isn't true. How did you do it?"

"What?"

"Lose your arm, of course."

He was completely staggered. People just didn't ask you like that.

"I had a motor-bike accident... pretty bad one. Had to have it amputated."

She really laughed then.

"You've got kind of a twisted sense of humor, haven't you?"

She stopped laughing, but her eyes went on with it. "It's the thought of you on a motor-bike—just doesn't fit. You know, you're kind of staid. I couldn't see you in anything but a sedan."

He couldn't help a grin over that himself. "I guess everyone has their moments."

"I'll remember that. I've got a wonderful memory—outside of business." She stretched lazily and started to move off. "Well, I guess as long as you've got nothing for me to do, I'll go back and read the funnies. Scream if you need me. I'll be in the file room."

He found himself watching her go this time; there was something about that swagger that demanded watching; besides, in spite of his self, and in spite of the label he's

To page 66

forward jobs came in, followed by a hot cup of tea with biscuits, and he began to feel almost back in the groove. And then it started! First of all, there was Henty. He didn't enjoy the heart to heart chat; the discreet way the other man avoided his disability, and the obvious charity behind every word.

"We must stick by you... the firm will see you through... we must be patient." Why hadn't he just said, "We don't think you'll be worth a cracker, but after all, what's one more lot of wages to a flourishing concern if it makes my secretary happy, and makes me an awfully good fellow."

Oh blow, perhaps he hadn't meant that exactly, but why did he have to be so darned noble about it all?

It took time to swallow that one, and he hadn't been nearly ready for Aichison, his old co-worker to drop in, for a "chat over old times," as he so carefully put it. But they didn't discuss old times.

It was apparent from the outset that Aichison, primed by Henty, had been sent along to break the glad tidings, that he, Silvers, "Would be handling the 'lighter' stuff"... in other words, elementary work. "Oh, only for a while of course—until—well, you know..."

So, they weren't going to give him any of the good stuff to do. He might make a hash of it. He was to be the spare tyre for emergencies, one better than his "assistant."

It wasn't so easy to get back to work after that, and somehow Mary's brief visit didn't help either. Great Scott! She'd been seeing him for a month since he came out of hospital; now, because he was back trying to turn over a penny, she'd suddenly gone all Florence Nightingale on him... just like all the rest.

He gritted his teeth and turned to the simple layout in front of him. It wasn't going to be easy, no, not one little bit. He was wallowing around in a sea of sympathy and pity, and there was nothing he wanted less.

He found himself wishing he had someone to talk to—not to listen to—but to talk to, and decided that his assistant was psychic when she walked in the door about five seconds later.

"Anything doing?" She wandered over and stood looking down at him as he started in on a particularly simple line drawing of a female face. He didn't bother to look up. "No. Not for the moment. Why? Haven't you got anything to do?"

"Not a thing. I guess you and I are just the extras they like to have around here."

refer to your boss as Mr. Henty, and thirdly...

"That'll do." She slipped off the desk as neatly as she'd arrived there.

"I'm just a feather-brain. I couldn't remember more than two things at once." She hipped it towards the door with just the right amount of reluctance to be interesting. "Blondes you know—they're all dumb." She threw it over her shoulder, and he was glad, because he was grinning in spite of himself. What a piece of impudence that was!

Twenty-two at the outside, and all the confidence this side of paradise! Oh well, advertising wasn't an ordinary business; it was pretty theatrical one way and another, so it took all types; she probably fitted in—somewhere.

It wasn't too bad for the next hour or two. A couple of straight-

"My assistant?" This was really something! So he had an assistant now! Fine! Except that he didn't have a thing to do himself, yet.

"Sure." She swaggered a little as she walked towards him. "I'm a beginner you know, still learning, and handy for the little jobs when you're busy or maybe don't want to do them."

She perched on his desk in one quick, springy movement. "Actually I'm good enough to be right at that desk myself, but I guess the old boy's allergic to blondes or something... or perhaps he likes to have me at a loose end. What do you think?"

He choked back a chuckle and eyed her squarely. "I think you'd better get right off that desk, Miss Phillips; and secondly, I suggest you

necessary pots and paints. Yes, he'd be able to work here... and perhaps they weren't so dumb putting him on his own, for a start, at least. He was glancing through the neat pile of magazines on his desk when he felt, more than heard, the door open.

"Hello. So you finally made it." He knew she was blond before he even turned around. It was a blond voice, and he was sure she would be chewing gum. He turned around. Yes, he was right all the way.

"I don't think we've met." He knew it sounded silly, but he wasn't going to be anything but formal with this kind of girl.

"You amaze me." She grinned, showing white teeth against lips painted a vivid scarlet. "I'm Sally Phillips, your assistant."



"Motifs" 15 DENIER ULTRA SHEER NYLONS

Here's the latest note in hosiery, for women who will adventure in fashion. A clever touch that whispers her talent for the originality in dress, and makes her a fashion personality in whatever setting she chooses. 17/6

Prestige

This month's story by
a teenager ... appealing
short short story
complete on this page

BY LYN WATSON

18-year-old Tasmanian stenographer

The Pet Shop

It stood, weighed down by a tall building on each side. Insignificant, perhaps, to an adult, but to the small boy, with his face against the window, an object of never-failing delight and absorption.

The pet shop was a queer jumble within. Canaries chirped expectantly from their small wire cells, white mice twitched inquisitive whiskers through the wire of their cages, while warm, soft puppies lolled dreamily on the straw of their boxes.

But the child's attention was not held by any of these. A small black rabbit, a new arrival, was carefully chewing a lettuce leaf in the darkest corner of its box, its ears pricked forward to catch the slightest movement.

"Andrew!" A woman's voice, educated, impatient, called down the street.

"Coming," he called back, and walked reluctantly away from the fascination of the window.

The girl behind the counter watched him, amused and sorry for the poor little boy. Honestly, though, she thought, you meet some queer people in here. She wondered where they all came from, and where they all went. Andrew, for that must be his name, has been coming and staring in that window for the past three days at that rabbit.

Well-dressed child too. Must have money to spend, by the look of him. Wonder why he doesn't buy it? Oh, well, I won't do any good by worrying, I suppose. I wonder where I put that last tin of seed—oh, here it is.

Her last thought was uttered aloud, and the thin, unkempt-looking young man who had just walked in stared at her.

"Oh," Leonie said, flushing, "I was talking to myself."

"So I heard," he said briefly.

"Tell me, how much is the rabbit?"

"Five shillings."

"Could I have a look at it? That's not a bad price, I suppose, for a night's training."

"A night's training? What do you mean?"

"I've got a greyhound."

"And you are going to use that rabbit to train him?"

"Yes. It's a bit hard to keep him in trim, and I saw the rabbit as I came past. It'd give him a good five minutes' chase."

Leonie knew her anger showed, for she flushed and gave him a look which did little to hide the dislike she felt for him. On the spur of the moment she said, "I'm sorry, but the rabbit's not for sale."

"But you just said—"

"I said it was five shillings, but it has already been ordered."

With a bad grace, David left the shop. The check of the girl! He knew by her manner that the rabbit hadn't been sold, but he also knew it would have been useless to fight against her determination.

Fine rain was falling as he walked up the street to catch a bus, and he hated the sight of the shiny bimmies, with the dirty puddles and the shrivelled people peering furtively from turned-up collars, with women stiling along on high heels, unsuitable for any walking, let alone in this weather.

Curse everything! David thought violently.

Andrew watched the neon signs through the light mist. It made them look like queer signals from another world, as they switched from one lurid color to another. His legs ached as he waked up the hill, and his mother was impatient to be back home. He wondered why. There was nothing really exciting there.

There wasn't a cat to creep furtily round your legs, or a dog to put all dirty marks on your clothes, or, worst of all, there wasn't a rabbit with long ears and a little patch on its forehead to wrinkle its nose excitingly when you put in fresh food and stroked its head. Only a cold flat, with lots of stairs, and silly ornaments so easily knocked over and broken. Unhappily he remembered the episode last night when he had broken the china vase on the mantelpiece.

He savored a new word he had heard while he had watched the men working on the tram lines. He said it over and over to himself, all the while intent on keeping his foot in the squares on the pavement.

"Andrew, for goodness' sake stop that silly hopping and jumping. What on earth are you trying to do?"

Andrew's eyes darkened, and he thought savagely: As if I'd tell you. You never understand.

"Nothing," he replied, his voice flat and toneless.

Althea watched him, her face revealing her annoyance. People must think what a queer little boy he is, she thought. He isn't like other children his age—too serious and intelligent for six. Why doesn't he laugh sometimes? It isn't fair that I should have to bring up the child

by myself. If his father were here he might be different—but it's not my fault. I couldn't have changed things if I'd tried.

But she didn't continue on this train of thought for long. It wouldn't pay her to, and Althea Matthews had never done anything that lacked eventual benefit, except get married. For an actress of her calibre to marry had been wrong in the first place, so everybody said. Over-sophisticated and self-assured, Althea had proved them right. After four years she had had nothing to show for it except a new flat and three-year-old Andrew.

Leonie walked slowly home with her head bare, so as to feel the light rain damping her hair. It had been a good day, except for the man and the rabbit. I won't sell it to him, she thought fiercely, not if he comes in every night for a month. His old dog can grow as fat as a seal before I sell him anything. But he can't really be as bad as all that.

There was something nice about his eyes.

The next day David returned to the shop. He felt that he ought to

apologise for his behaviour of the previous day. It was not usually in his nature to ask forgiveness for anything, but the girl had a strange attraction for him. He thought of her large eyes as they had been last night, scornful and condemning. Perhaps if he went back a different look might come into them.

Leonie, in the shop, was painfully aware that at any moment Andrew's pointed little face would appear at the window, and it was impossible to ignore the longing and unhappiness in the dark eyes. As she bent down to fondle a fat cocker spaniel puppy, sleepy and bloated after a dinner of liver, a light step sounded behind her.

"He's a fine specimen of a dog." The voice behind her startled Leonie, and she turned quickly.

"Yes, I'll be sorry when he's sold."

The appearance of a small face at the window saved Leonie from making any further conversation, for David, sensing another presence, turned and looked at Andrew. His face went suddenly white. He realised quickly that here was the reason for Leonie's reluctance to sell the rabbit, but the shock of

seeing his son left him momentarily speechless.

The nervous clatter of high heels rang on the pavement. David watched the look of consternation on Andrew's face as a familiar voice spoke sharply. He strode to the door and came face to face with Althea.

"Well, so you've come back," she said. "It wouldn't be to see how your son's progressing, would it? Or would that be too much trouble?"

David answered quietly, feeling an anger which he did not show: "That is how you wanted it, Althea. You said your son wasn't going to run round with a no-good father. And so I left you alone to work your own will with him."

"You mean you forgot every word about him. I never expected anything else."

"Yes, you did. That's why you said you were going to keep him. You know I wanted nothing better than to be with my son, but you were too selfish to allow that. Because I still loved you at the time, and didn't want to ruin your career, I kept quiet and got out of your way, but I've come back to claim what is mine."

Leonie was listening against her will, held there by some force stronger than herself. Is that always what happened to people who are in love? He had been. He must have been to get out and leave his son so as to give his wife a chance. She must have felt hindered by a husband who didn't care for the shallow amusements which she and her friends indulged in.

Then she heard Althea's voice raised in anger, brittle and clear.

"All right then, take him! You know I never wanted children. For six years I've had to worry about him, and I'll be glad when he's gone. Yes, glad!"

"Thank you, Althea. We've both achieved what we wanted. I've got Andrew, and you've got rid of him but still preserved your pride. Which is precisely what you wanted, isn't it?"

Althea's mouth hardened. She turned and walked away down the street.

David called after her, "I'll come and collect his things later. Perhaps it would be easier if you were out."

Andrew felt bewildered. Here was a person whom he couldn't even remember very clearly, although dim memories stirred of a tall form who swung him to his shoulder and laughed if he fell over.

David spoke to him. "Well, how are you going to like coming with me, old man?"

Andrew looked up silently into the dark eyes so like his own, and felt suddenly, violently happy. "All right, I think." He smiled shyly, and slid his hand into his father's.

David looked at Leonie and gave the same shy smile. "We'll take the black rabbit and perhaps a spaniel pup and a kitten thrown in for good measure."

She smiled back at him. "Do kittens and greyhounds mix?"

"I don't think we'll be keeping greyhounds. There'll be too much else to keep in trim!"

The flat was cold as Althea unlocked the door and went in. It was unlivable, austere. She walked into her room, pale and feminine. Oh, she thought, why did all this happen to me? She flung herself across the bed and gave herself up to the self-pity which was much stronger than any other emotion. But even this outburst of feeling lasted for a very brief time. There was her new part in the play to consider, and this glorious new freedom.

(Copyright)

"I've come back to claim what is mine," David said, turning away from Andrew to confront Althea.





OF MASKS AND MINDS

Powerful two-part serial — part 1. By **FREDERICK E. SMITH**

WINTER came early to North Devon that year after the war. One Thursday, two weeks before Christmas, a bitter wind came from the grey Atlantic and brought up leaden clouds that hid the blue-ice sky. And in the afternoon, slowly at first and delicately, came the snow. First a single flake, falling, swooping, hovering—as graceful as a ballerina and as reluctant to come to earth. Then another, and another . . . until the dance became a great ballet of white, swirling arabesques against a slate-grey backdrop.

In two hours the frozen earth was white. The trees, so stark and black earlier in the day, became shapes of rare white filigree against the leaden sky. In the town of Rombury the cathedral had every delicate line of its tracery limned in snow.

Under the white roofs, families huddled round their fires. In Iveston, the village seven miles from Rombury and on the coast, the cold seemed more intense. To anyone approaching it over the whitened road the wind grew wilder with every passing minute.

The road led to the cliffs and then along them, passing a bleak, grey house that stood back on the cliff edge. The wind was merciless here. It drove the ponderous waves forward, hurling them in attack after attack against the grim, towering heights. In the village, a mile down the road, the dull shock of combat could be heard.

To those living in the bleak, grey house on the cliffs it could be felt.

The house was Georgian in appearance, with a wide central doorway, dormer windows, and a plain, hipped roof. The approach from the highway was a narrow, tarred road running by two huge elms, between two lawns, to emerge finally into a broad gravel frontage. This gravel, a pepper-and-salt mixture in the snow, forked into two paths that ran round either side of the house, the left-hand one leading to a double garage.

Behind the house, and bounded by a stunted privet hedge, the garden stretched almost to the cliff edge. Like the front garden it was mostly snow-covered lawn with an occasional flower-bed.

The house itself was large and draughty. Behind the wide front door stood a roomy, panelled hall. On the right were three doors: one leading to the lounge, the second to the dining-room, and the third to a room reserved for the maid's personal use. On the left was a drawing-room, a library, a study, and a large back room with french windows commanding a view of the garden.

At the end of the hall, to the right of the staircase, was a door leading to the kitchen quarters, which were situated behind the maid's room.

Except in two of the bedrooms, the furniture of the house was generally heavy and old-fashioned—massive pieces of carved mahogany predominating. Efforts had obviously been made here and there to lighten the sombre respectability of the house

—they showed in an occasional bright curtain, a cheerful cushion, a vase of flowers . . . But the house would have none of them. It had been built in the days when respectability and gravity were synonymous.

In one of the two modern bedrooms Mary Allister sat at her window looking down the main road that led to Rombury. The light was not switched on, and the room behind her could be seen only dimly. Even so, its modernity could be established. The furniture was compact and neat, without ornateness; the twin beds were built low in the modern fashion; the shaded lamps were hung on wall brackets; the thick pile carpet was light in color.

At the sound of a distant car engine the woman at the window stirred and leaned forward eagerly. She saw its headlights approaching and waited, tensed and expectant. The lights came closer, glowed in her eyes a moment as the car swung round a bend, and then came down the road swiftly.

Too swiftly. She could not see the car pass the front of the house—her window was at its side—but the sound of the receding engine told her it had gone past. With a sigh she sank back, turning her eyes to the Rombury road again. The minutes passed slowly by . . .

Although tall, and with a good figure and carriage, Mary Allister was not a beauty in the accepted sense. Those who thought she was failed to realise that her attractiveness lay not so much in the shape of her features as in the tranquillity of them. Perhaps it was her eyes that lent her face its greatest charm. They were beautiful eyes, serenely grey and steady, and their appearance was not delusive. She was a woman of unusual composure and seemed to carry about her an aura of restful charm. She was in her early thirties.

Tonight, however, in the loneliness of her room, Mary Allister looked the anxious woman she was. Apprehension showed in every movement of her restless hands. For the tenth time in as many minutes she glanced down at her watch.

Twenty minutes to six, and she had expected them back by four o'clock at the latest. She kept telling herself that their delay could be caused by a hundred insignificant things, and still her anxious mind refused to be consoled. Perhaps it was due to the snow . . .

She shook her head. It had stopped falling, and could be little more than an inch deep at the moment. More would fall during the night—the heavy sky made that threat apparent—but as yet the roads were clear. No; it could not be the weather . . .

In vain she tried to reassure herself that her fears were groundless. A man like James did not lose his mind. She was being foolish . . . His excitability was an integral part of his temperament—a man could not be a great artist and have

the balance of an ordinary man. Sickness had accentuated this hypersensitivity, bringing irritation and fretfulness. Rest and time would surely restore his balance . . .

The very arguments she used as consolation brought her new fear.

If a man could not be a great artist and have the stability of an ordinary man, was that not the same as saying a price must be paid for genius? Was this, perhaps, the price James had to pay . . .?

Her cold lips moved in the darkness. No; it could not be. It must not be. How could a mind that could take eight simple notes of an octave and arrange them into chords and melodies of unearthly beauty lose its grasp of the simple things of life, the smiling, the laughing, the crying, the loving things . . .?

He will be well again, she told herself desperately. We will go away; we will laugh again, swim again, lie in the warm sun, and I will see him smile and know the nightmare is over and he is well and mine once more . . . And her inward cries were shouted to drown the toneless voice that whispered other things.

Her tortured eyes looked out again from the window. The road was still deserted. How cold it looked as the wind came and lifted the snow. She shuddered. A mental picture of the two men driving back in the car came to her. James would be silent and brooding, sullen at having had to leave his work for an afternoon; and John Evans, his doctor and her friend, would be driving and talking, trying to cheer him up.

Dear, dependable John; what would she have done without him these past few months? Without his understanding she felt she would have lost her own mind. He understood the tremendous strain under which she had labored as from day to day she watched the disintegration of a brilliant mind. The slow, awful inevitability of it, watching the person one loved suffering the hell from which there is no escape—the hell of a sensitive mind struggling, fighting, screaming in despair against its own decay.

And, like an animal in pain, turning viciously on those who tried to comfort and help. How impossible to comfort oneself that the angry looks, the cruel, biting words came not from the man but from the disease possessing him.

Not that he was always like that. Sometimes, she told herself, it would have been better if he were. Sometimes his eyes were soft, with the bewildered expression of a lost child in them; and each time it happened she would tell herself that the long nightmare was over, that the morning was in sight.

He would be gentle with her, tender as if he remembered the harsh things he had said and was trying to win her forgiveness. She would hold on to those bitter-sweet moments with febrile strength, her brief happiness haunted by the knowledge that at any moment some trivial inci-

dent might cause him to turn on her as if she were his hated enemy. Then his eyes would burn her with their dislike.

No word would pass between them for days; if she approached him she was met with sullen curses. And yet, without cessation, his work would go on. Although his music had changed in theme, although it was wilder and more elemental, it had lost nothing of its greatness.

She had wanted him to see a doctor five months ago, but the very mention of one had caused a violent outbreak of temper. Only when his headaches had grown so severe that they interfered with his work had he given in. Then she had called in John Evans, the friend to whom she had already been for advice. After his examination of the composer, John had come to see her.

"I'm making an appointment for him to see a consultant psychiatrist," he had told her.

A cold hand had clutched her heart at his words.

"What is it, John? What is wrong with him?"

His voice had remained non-committal. "Now don't start worrying. It may be nothing serious. But I can't tell you anything definite until I have had the advice of a psychiatrist. By the way, what was the name of that military hospital he was in at the end of the war?"

"Darley Hill, just outside Portsmouth."

"Exactly how long was he there?"

"Ten months. He came out in April this year. Why do you want to know?"

"The psychiatrist will want a full report of his case history. I shall have to write the Army medical authorities to find out the treatment he received. Tell me, did they ever ask him to go back for observation? Don't look so frightened, Mary . . ."

She had tried to keep her voice steady. "Yes, they did. But his discharge had come through and he refused point-blank to have anything more to do with them. They gave him the chance to apply for a pension, but he refused it. I don't know what they did to him in hospital—he would never talk about it—but he's terribly bitter towards doctors. I had a frightful job persuading him to see you."

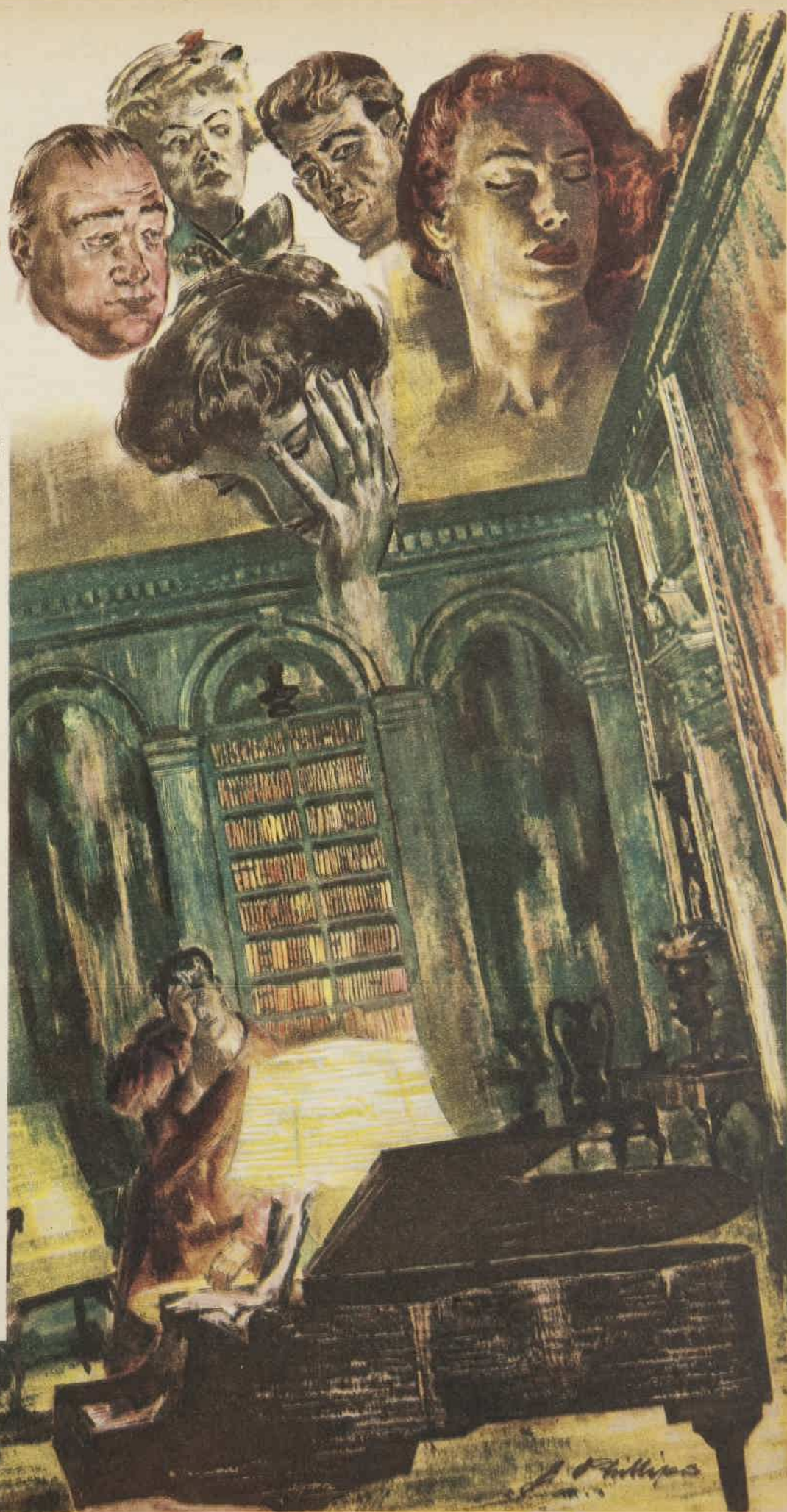
He had smiled ruefully. "I can believe it. I had a frightful job persuading him to see a psychiatrist. Anyway, he has finally agreed. Now there is just one more thing I would like to know. Did he ever have a breakdown in his youth?"

She had not known, and had asked Frank, his brother. To her surprise and alarm she found out James had had a nervous breakdown in his teens that had kept him from school for nearly six months.

With this knowledge before him, John had sent the composer to a psychiatrist, and then to a neurologist. The outcome of these examinations had been treatment in a private nursing home. James had gone with the utmost reluctance, and then only under the persuasion

To page 10

It had become a house of torment . . . as James wrestled with strange torture, and an ill-assorted group waited and watched.



that his work would benefit when the cause of his headaches was removed.

Mary knew nothing of the treatment given him, nor did John tell her; but six weeks after his admittance he had returned home of his own accord in a blind rage and flatly refused to return to the clinic. It was then Mary became fully aware of the seriousness with which John regarded his condition. The doctor had come round to see her on the same day as James' unauthorised return home.

"We can't leave it like this, Mary," he had told her. "He must see Sir Miles Hartley. He is one of the foremost neurological surgeons in the country, and James must go to him."

"Surgeon! What is it now, John? You don't think he has a tumor, do you?"

"No, I don't think it is that. But he must see Hartley."

"But I daren't ask him, John. I don't know what they did to him in the nursing home, but the very mention of doctors and further treatment seems to send him off his head. I can't ask him to see yet another specialist."

"He must go, Mary. It is imperative."

In some way, she never knew how, John had persuaded James to agree. And once permission was granted, the doctor moved swiftly. The very intermediacy of the appointment frightened Mary with its implications. It was made for the following morning, for Thursday, at Sir Miles' rooms in Exeter.

For ten-thirty. And now it was nearly six o'clock, and the journey back should have taken a little more than an hour. Allowing for lunch, which John had planned to take in Exeter, they were still well over two hours late.

Why were they taking so

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 9

long? Was it a tumor? Had the specialist sent James straight to hospital; was his case so urgent? But then John would have phoned . . .

She was being ridiculous. Probably the appointment had been delayed, or possibly their car had broken down—there could be as many simple, harmless explanations for their lateness as there could be for James' headaches. She was growing morbid, she told herself with recrimination. Yet the shudder that ran through her was not caused by the cold, bitter though it was in the bedroom.

With a last wistful look down the road, Mary Allister rose stiffly and went over to her dressing-table. Switching on the light, she examined herself critically in the mirror. Satisfied at last that the face staring at her did not reflect the anxiety she felt, she walked from the room and made her way slowly downstairs.

As she approached the drawing-room, she could hear the high-pitched, complaining voice of her mother-in-law issuing from it.

"It's just on six o'clock, and Mary said they would be home by three. With all this ice on them the roads will be terribly dangerous . . ."

Hesitating a second outside the door, Mary opened it and entered the room. In front of an electric fire, both seated in armchairs, were Mrs. Allister and her only daughter, Ethel. Mrs. Allister was a woman of sixty-eight with wispy white hair and a thin, bowed body. She had an indecisive face, with a weak mouth and chin. Her pale blue eyes, myopic behind thick spectacles, added to her general appearance of irresolution and vacuity.

Ethel, her daughter, was cast

in a similar mould, having the same shape of face and light-colored eyes. But her mouth was thinner and more determined, with a look of waspish spite about it. Her hair was a dull, uninteresting brown and she was drably dressed. She could have been any age between thirty and forty-five.

On her arrival at the house, Mary had offered to redecorate it; but Mrs. Allister had clung to her old associations.

"Ah, here you are," Mrs. Allister muttered, looking up short-sightedly from the pull-over she was knitting, as Mary approached the fire. "I was just saying to Ethel how late James is. You said they would be back about three, didn't you?"

"Yes, I thought they would be," Mary confessed, seating herself in the high-backed settee. "The appointment was for ten-thirty, and Doctor Evans said they would come straight back after lunch."

THE old lady sniffed. "You should have got someone older. I've no faith in these young doctors."

"He's thirty-five," Mary said, smiling in spite of herself. "And he has a very good reputation."

Mrs. Allister made a petulant gesture of irritation. "Oh, I know you think a lot about him. But I would rather have had someone with more experience."

"I agree with mother," Ethel broke in. Her voice was a stronger edition of her mother's. "It's only natural you will defend him—he is a friend of yours." There was emphasis on this last sentence. "But we see things differently. We would both

feel more confidence in an older man."

Mary knew what Ethel was hinting. It was no secret that she and John were friends, good friends. They had grown up together. But it was nonsense to suggest that she had chosen John because of her friendship alone. He was a young doctor, energetic, enthusiastic, and up to date with his knowledge. She had confidence in him. And she knew that because of his affection for her he would do his utmost for James.

"Where have Stella's friends gone this afternoon?" Ethel asked, her voice hostile with the subjects of her inquiry. Stella was the widowed wife of the Allisters' youngest son, who had been killed in an air-raid over Germany in 1944.

"They have gone to Rombury," Mary told her. "They have some friends there, I believe."

"Didn't Stella go with them?"

Mary shook her head. "No; she said she had a headache. I think she is upstairs in her room reading."

"They haven't mentioned anything yet about going, have they?" Ethel asked grimly.

Mary turned to her in surprise. "The Ashburns? No. Why should they? Stella invited them here for Christmas. Didn't you know?"

"Of course I knew," Ethel said impatiently. "She must have been crazy to do such a thing with James the way he is. But surely, now they have seen for themselves, they'll have the decency to go. They can hardly expect us to entertain them in the circumstances."

"I don't think they expect us to entertain them," Mary said with a faint smile. "They are Stella's relations—she is

taking care of them. And they really haven't been any trouble."

"That's all beside the point," Ethel broke in aggressively. "As I've been saying to mother, it isn't nice to have strangers about the house with James . . . well, with James the way he is. If Stella had any sense of propriety at all, she would never have invited them at a time like this."

Mary was silent a moment. Then she spoke slowly. "It must be dull here for Stella, Ethel. She wasn't brought up in the country, and she is full of life. And it's natural for her to want her own relations around her at Christmas-time."

She hasn't any parents to go to. Mrs. Ashburn is her half-sister, her nearest relation—"

"Oh, I don't care what you say!" Ethel snapped. "It's inconsiderate of her to invite them. It's certain to make James worse. Mother tells me that the three of them were up until midnight the other night, drinking and singing bawdy songs. I'm surprised you don't want it stopped yourself."

"What can I do? I'm not Stella's keeper."

"You're James' wife. And you're responsible for his welfare. You should drop Stella a strong hint. She might take some notice if you start on her."

Mary smiled wryly. "She would probably tell me to mind my own business, and frankly I wouldn't blame her. She isn't a small child one can reprehend. She is a woman of twenty-five who has a perfect right to invite friends to her home."

"Her home!" Ethel exclaimed. "She is lucky to be here at all. If it hadn't been for mother she would still be cooped up in some dingy London basement. I don't know what you are all afraid of. If no one else has the

courage to tell her, I shall do it myself one of these days."

Mrs. Allister said uneasily: "Let's wait a little longer and see what happens. Perhaps we can do something when we know what is wrong with James." Her myopic eyes peered at the marble clock on the mantelpiece. "Oh, dear; they are so late. I do hope nothing has happened. Why did it have to snow today? The roads will be like glass . . ."

Ethel rose. "I think I'll go and put the kettle on for tea. It's no use waiting any longer for them."

"Don't bother," Mary said, rising eagerly. "I'll go . . ."

She passed down the hall into the kitchen with relief. A few minutes more in the drawing-room and she felt she would have screamed. It was always the same, she thought, when Ethel was in the house; she was a natural mischief-maker. Although married and living with her husband, Dick Cawthorne, in Iveston, she spent as much time in her mother's house as in her own. She and Stella were well-established enemies.

It could hardly have been otherwise with two such diametrically opposite temperaments: Stella, sophisticated, beautiful, devil-may-care; Ethel, prim, dowdy, unbending and sanctimonious. Nothing in common; they were like oil and water and came together with equally unsuccessful results.

For that matter, there was no love lost between Stella and Mrs. Allister. The old lady had never approved of her youngest son's choice, but after his death she had felt herself duty bound to extend an invitation to the girl to make her home with them. Frank, the eldest son, may have added his weight to her decision. He had been invalided home from the

To page 44



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PICTURE PARADE

A
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FEATURE



Wildflowers

• Margaret Preston, noted Australian painter, arranged this vase of Western Australian wildflowers. Among the varieties she used are black kangaroo paws, red-stemmed kangaroo paws, cats' paws, hovea, Swan River myrtle, hibbertia, oxycobium, and banksia. The flowers were flown to Sydney by permission of the Western Australian Government. Photo by staff photographer E. Donnelly.

Warns Against Harsh Detergents in Shampoos



Popular model Virginia Gray uses Colinated Foam Shampoo. "I find it perfect for our sunny climate," she says.

If you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it! Shampoos containing harsh detergents ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things there is often the risk of solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair and "flattening" out the wave. That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair—use only Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo.

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WAR HERO'S DOG ..



HAUGHTY. Nigger, the Labrador, looks disdainful as he arrives at Elstree for the day's filming, and returns the respectful greeting of the studio attendant, Charles James.



DISCIPLINED. Nigger is clocked in at the studio, where he is working in the film "The Dam Busters." On loan from the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, he is used to discipline—more so than many of his human co-stars.

● Nigger, a black Labrador dog, has a starring role in "The Dam Busters," the film that Associated British Pictures are making, based on Australian author Paul Brickhill's best-selling version of the historic raid on Moehne Dam by Wing-Commander Gibson, V.C., in World War II. Nigger plays the role of Gibson's favorite dog, also a black Labrador called Nigger. Just before leaving on the raid, in which he was killed, Gibson was told Nigger had been killed by a car.



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PLAIN AND CORK-TIPPED



UNEASY. Nigger wonders what the make-up girl, Hilda Fox (above), has in store for him as she prepares to groom him before he goes to work on the film set.

PATIENT. Like any star, Nigger must be photographed for pin-ups. He submits with great dignity (right) while Bob Hawkins adjusts lights and camera.



Lives again in film



WELL-BEHAVED. Still an example to all Labradors, Nigger leaves those chickens behind him strictly alone. They belong to the studio manager, with whom Nigger stays when not on the film set.



DIGNIFIED. This is Nigger's pin-up photograph, for which he posed earlier in the day. He is taking his elevation to screen stardom with complete nonchalance.



FRIENDLY. He chums up with his co-star, British actor Michael Redgrave, who plays the role of Dr. Barnard Wallis, the scientist, in "The Dam Busters." Nigger has his special chair on the set.



CONFIDENT. He strikes a bulldog, do-or-die attitude before the camera with Richard Todd, who takes the part of Wing-Commander Gibson, F.C.



HUNGRY. After the day's work he is glad of the bone that studio chef Andrew Schiller has ready for him as a pre-dinner appetiser.



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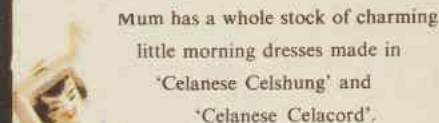
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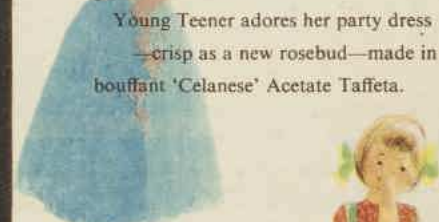
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SCULPTURE FOR A BANK



These clay figures are not meant to be taken as real people

"GROUP in the Round" is the way in which Sydney sculptor Lyndon Dadswell describes this sculpture, on which he and one of his assistants, Susanne Bailey, are shown working (above).

The nine-foot-high group will be placed 17 feet above the pavement over the George Street entrance doors of a new Commonwealth Bank now being built in Sydney.

An 11-story building, which is to cost about £1,000,000, the new bank will have frontages on three of the city's busi-

est streets—George, Market, and York Streets.

Dadswell has already completed a bas-relief in aluminium depicting the general activity of a bank. This will be placed over the Market Street entrance.

Another sculptor, Gerald Lewers, is doing a relief carved in stone for the York Street frontage.

The unfinished group above is in terra cotta clay. It will be reproduced finally in welded aluminium to harmonise with the glass and aluminium which will be used extensively for the exterior of the building.

Dadswell explained that the group represents the original

coming together of people to barter and exchange—the primitive trading that led to the formation of the first bank.

"The figures are not meant to be taken as real people," he said, "but as architectural forms conveying a feeling of the activity and movement of people engaged in bartering and trading."

"If I had sculpted three conventional figures," he added, "they would have appeared merely as a silhouette when viewed from a distance."

"The sculpture would have looked static and would have conveyed none of the fluidity of modern banking."

Explaining the hollows in

the figures, he said: "They are there to give an illusion of depth—a three-dimensional quality—which accentuates the feeling of movement."

"The faces are hollows and not conventional faces, because in that way they will take on a more definite shape when viewed from a distance."

The sculptures will not be the only unusual feature of the new bank.

Following the example of the recently opened Commonwealth Bank in Hobart (which also has Dadswell sculptures), the new one in Sydney is to have escalators.

This combination of modern art and modern fittings will, the Bank executives believe, make their Sydney and Hobart buildings the most advanced pair in Australia.

The picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.



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VAST HOLDINGS ON THE STATIONS RUN



CAPTAIN BOB JACKSON, A.N.A. pilot, is greeted at "Dunbar" station by Mr. and Mrs. John McRae and their son, nine-year-old Ainslie. John McRae manages "Dunbar" station of 3777 square miles for J. S. Love Estates. The property is on the stations run.



LOOKING at pictures in a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly is a favorite form of entertainment for children of the Mitchell River Mission. Bob Jackson does some over-the-shoulder chat about the city.

AFTER A FOOTBALL GAME, young admirers of Bob Jackson walk along one of the mission streets (right). Bob, who is secretary of the Victorian Rugby League, initiated the boys into the league game.

● Up north, from Cairns to Thursday Island, over the peninsula, and across to the Gulf of Carpentaria, there's a legend that if you eat the fruit of the nonda tree you will return to the place where you feasted.

FIVE years ago, A.N.A. pilot Bob Jackson ate the fruit. He was then flying the stations run. Jackson transferred south, but recently found time to go back to the nonda tree country, adding weight to the legend.

An A.N.A. plane runs a weekly service called the stations run from Cairns to "Abingdon Downs" station, "Croydon," "Normanton," "Miranda," "Vanhook," "Dunbar," "Koolatah," "Rutland Plains," "Mitchell River," "Galbraith," and "Delta Downs."

I went with Jackson to see this enchanting land, to meet the people, and take pictures.

It was an aerial whirlabout that took in wallaby shooting, cattle mustering, wild-pig hunting, and corroborees.

Nearly everyone on the Gulf knows Jackson. He flew the A.N.A. plane for four years, acting as pilot, mailman, radio mechanic, midwife, singing teacher, and shop assistant.

We arrived at the Mitchell River Mission—which is not on the Mitchell River—at lunchtime.

Mission superintendent "Willy" Carrington (no one calls him Wilfred) and the natives were lined up by the oil-drums, and as the plane pulled up they let fly with "The Campdown Races," a song which Jackson had taught them many years ago.

Mitchell River Mission is a collection of cabbage-tree palm huts, the school, the hospital, several cottages, and a great bush-timber, palm-thatched church.

The settlement is spread over an area of about a square mile, and is home for some three hundred to four hundred natives. Many go to adjoining cattle stations to work.

At Mitchell River there are natives of three tribes, all

living happily together. Many of them have intermarried.

The three tribes are the Kokopera, Kokomunjana, and Kunjen.

The natives still hold corroborees and staged a "big fella dance" for our entertainment.

Instead of the didgeridoo and hollow-log orchestra they use a kerosene tin as a drum. The "caller" sits cross-legged on the ground and whacks the tin lightly with a pencil-thin stick about 18 inches long.

His monotonous chant calls the dancers in for all sorts of story-telling movements.

For us they did a corroboree in which they imitated our A.N.A. plane landing. The main dancer careered about with his arms outstretched, circled around and around, and finally settled down in the dust.

We asked if we could see some of the boys throwing spears. Six of them gave us a demonstration. They are amazingly accurate. One of them threw a spear 130 yards.

Story and pictures by
SCOTT POLKINGHORNE

The natives take their spears with them nearly everywhere they go. They hunt wallabies, emus, and plain turkeys for food, although most of the mission-born young ones prefer white man's tucker.

A special treat is the famous barramundi, the fish which are so plentiful in Northern waters. The boys showed us how to spear them.

They use seven-foot spears with multiple wire points. They stand motionless on the banks or on an overhanging log, poised ready to throw. As soon as the fish swim to within reasonable range, say, a foot under the water 10 yards away, they let fly.

Mitchell River is operated as a cattle station as well as a mission. It carries about

4000 head of cattle on 900 square miles.

Big Jim Grogan, who looks powerful enough to break a bullock in two with his bare hands, came over from the adjoining station, "Rutland Plains," and picked us up for a visit to this 950-square-mile property, which he manages for Kidman Angliss Estates.

"Rutland" was originally owned by Frank Macarthur Bowman, who was speared by the blacks in 1910. It is alleged that he shot some 300 natives in his private war with them.

We helped Grogan dip some 300 cattle and nearly choked with dust as we put them through.

Gordon Hammill, head stockman on "Rutland Plains," is a typical Gulf country stockman. The strong leather belt which he wears, complete with pouches for matches, pocket-knife, etc., the high-heeled riding-boots, and the narrow pants are almost a uniform in that country.

He drove us over the 60-odd miles to "Dunbar" station.

"Dunbar" is a huge station of 3777 square miles (that is 2,417,280 acres!). It is owned by the J. S. Love Estates and is managed by John McRae. Its

profits go to charity. Twenty-odd thousand head of cattle roam this mighty holding which is as flat as a bad sponge cake. There isn't a hill for 500 miles.

We got on the A.N.A. plane for the home run a week after we had arrived down at Mitchell River.

On the plane was one of the passengers who had come up with us, a man who objected to having to do up this "damn surcingle" every time the "fasten safety belts" sign came on.

He was Colin Marmaduke (call me Duke) Curr, owner of two mighty stations, "Taldora" and "Inkerman."

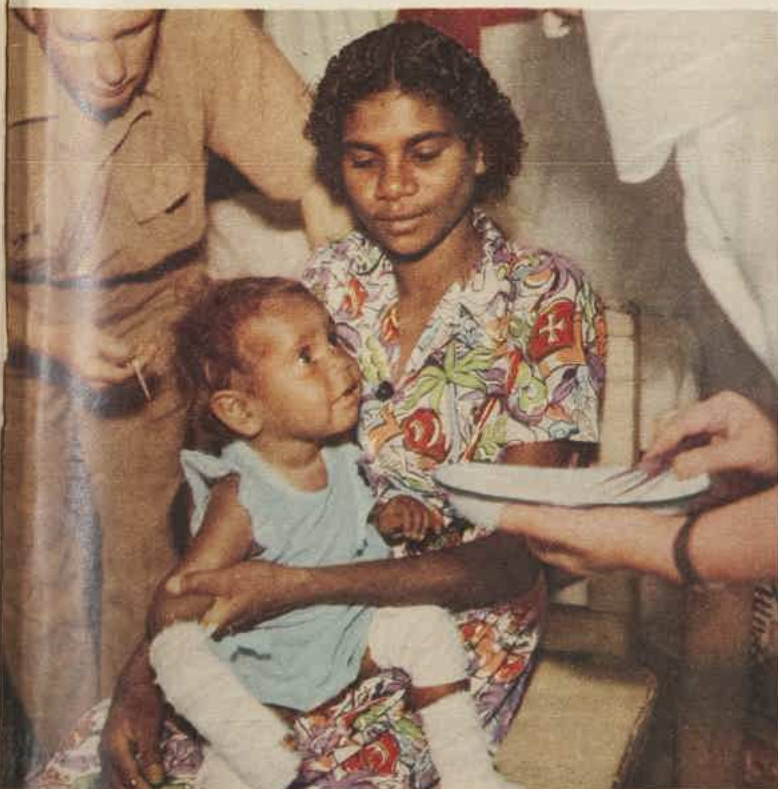
Duke was doing his annual inspection of "Inkerman."

We returned to Cairns, but not before I ate the fruit of the nonda tree.





MISSION SINGERS. Schoolboys and schoolgirls at the Mitchell River Mission cluster around Bob Jackson while he teaches them a song. With his ukulele Bob taught the children songs when on the stations ran. Favorites are "Clementine" and "Camptown Races."



BABY CHRISTINE is nursed by her mother, Doreen Michael, in the Mitchell River Mission Hospital (above). A mission sister is treating the baby. The natives at the mission receive expert medical care.

NATIVE GIRL Doris Gilbert poses with a red hibiscus in her hair for the approval of "boss pilot" Bob Jackson (right). Doris is a member of the Kokopera tribe, which comes from the Gilbert River country.



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Long drive for lunch



SAMPLING the sherry before lunch are Wine and Food Society members (from left) Mr. John Ellis, of the U.K. Information Office, Mr. Bill Wedgner, a Sydney businessman, Mr. Camille Cheysens, a Belgian wool buyer, and Dr. Henry Epstein, an architect who was co-designer of the Sandringham Memorial Gardens in Hyde Park, Sydney.

On a sunny morning recently, 50 members of the Wine and Food Society of N.S.W. drove 100 miles for their Sunday lunch, as guests of the society's president, Mr. Timothy Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly.

THEY drove from Sydney to "Silver Mists," the Kellys' farm property at Robertson, high on the plateau overlooking the Pacific and the South Coast.

The society aims at encouraging a better appreciation of good food and wine. Most of its 280 members (all of whom are men) are excellent cooks.

The food for the Kellys' Sunday luncheon was produced in the Robertson district, and most of it was cooked by Mrs. Kelly.

She was up at five o'clock on Sunday morning preparing the meal, which included 200 crumbed lamb cutlets, four crown roasts spiked with rosemary, and a Hungarian paszka—a frozen dessert based on cream cheese and flavored with crystallised cherries, nuts, and a dash of liqueur.

While Mrs. Kelly, helped by friends from neighboring farms, served the food picnic-style out of doors, the society's Cheesemaster, Mr. Allan Wilson, dispensed cheddar cheese made in the local cheese factory, and the Cellarmaster, Mr. F. J. Keane, looked after the wine—a vital part of all Wine and Food Society functions.



CHEESEMASTER, Mr. Allan Wilson (left), invites society members and guests to taste his wares. They are, from left, Miss Jeanne Renault, the chef for the society's weekly luncheons, Mr. F. J. Keane, the Cellarmaster, Mrs. and Mr. Johnnie Walker, and Mrs. Noel McIntosh, wife of a vice-president of the society.



HOST. Mr. Timothy Kelly, who is a Sydney businessman as well as a keen week-end farmer at "Silver Mists."



HOSTESS. Mrs. Kelly, who cooked 200 lamb cutlets and four roasts for the luncheon. Mrs. Kelly is an anthropologist by profession.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 20, 1954

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UNINTERESTED in the activity around him, bearded Henry Cave is made comfortable by Nurses Ruth Jeske, left, and Berta Krisk at the Mount Royal Home for the Aged and Infirm. Henry, it is believed, will find more interest in life after treatment.

A new deal for the aged

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

A new lease of life for the old will begin when Australia's first geriatric wing is opened at Mount Royal Home for the Aged and Infirm in Melbourne next year.

GERIATRICS, a word comparatively new to the layman's vocabulary, is that branch of medicine which treats the ailments and deals with the problems of old age.

Its root is the Greek word *geras*, meaning old age.

"Geriatric treatment is designed to help bed-ridden elderly people out of their apathy towards living and back into a place of their own in the community," explained Colonel Robert Elliott, secretary-supervisor of the Mount Royal Home.

"Geriatrics do not necessarily lengthen life, but they make enjoyable the years that would otherwise be lonely and inactive for many people who believe they are hopeless bed cases," he added.

Colonel Elliott, a veteran of both world wars, who has been secretary-supervisor of the Mount Royal Home for 30 years, has been the moving force behind the new geriatric wing.

He believes it will be the first geriatric hospital in the British Commonwealth outside England.

World discussions

HE has been urging its establishment since he returned from the 1951 International Hospitals Congress at Brussels, where the subject discussed by world medical leaders was the care of the aged and chronically ill.

"Instead of being admitted directly to what we call a 'long-stay' ward when he enters the Home, each patient will pass through the geriatric ward," the Colonel said.

"Here he will be given a thorough examination and every possible treatment to 'put him on his feet,' so that he might walk out of instead of further into a life of inactivity and monotony."

Dr. Douglas McCutcheon, Acting Senior Medical Officer at Mount Royal, discussing the geriatric wing, said: "No one can cure decay, but geriatrics will invest new life in those too tired to help themselves, who are on the verge of giving in."

"Surgeons, physicians, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, and dietitians will work more than ever as a team in the geriatric wing," he said.

"The whole treatment will be in the charge of a qualified specialist geriatrician."

Encouragement

EVERYTHING spells encouragement in established overseas geriatric wards.

Lines of footprints are painted on the floors to guide patients in their efforts to walk again; special four-pronged walking sticks that are easier to manage and more versatile are used; and comfortable lounge chairs beside each bed woo the patients out of bed.

Even the pictures on the walls are changed often, sometimes every week.

"People who have even been on their backs for years and have become stiff and apathetic are amazingly cured and able to return to reasonably active and happy lives after passing through a geriatric ward," Colonel Elliott said.

The success of geriatrics depends on rapid turn-over of patients.

"Otherwise, geriatric wards would simply become wards of chronically ill people," Colonel Elliott explained.

This does not mean the

geriatrician loses sight of his patient when he enters a "long-stay" ward.

"On the contrary," Colonel Elliott said, "a geriatrician never gives up."

Doctor's aim

THE new geriatric wing at Mount Royal will be worked in conjunction with the Royal Melbourne Hospital, which is situated in the same lovely parklands as the Home, only four minutes away by car.

Because it is a specialty service, geriatric wings must always be attached to training hospitals.

"We might have to go as far as England for our first specialist geriatrician," Colonel Elliott said.

St. Pancras Hospital in London was the first to introduce this department twelve years ago. Of its first 100 sick old people examined fifty were cured and returned to normal life.

"What makes people aged?" the Colonel asked. "The main cause is definitely lack of occupation."

"And the enforced retiring age of 65 has a lot to do with this."

"Take our former accountant, who is seventy-six, and only retired earlier this year from a full-time job at this Home. He had a responsible and important job here."

"Last time I saw him he said, 'All I can do now is sit on the front verandah and watch the world go by.'"

Dr. McCutcheon also stressed lack of occupation as an ageing factor.

"It's a desolate feeling of being unwanted and useless that is the downfall of old people," Dr. McCutcheon told me.

"Foster interests, give them company, warmth, and suitable food," is his word to those caring for elderly people.



WHILE THE REST OF THE CAST looks on, English migrant Alex Houlgate (standing, centre) shakes hands with Bill Hodge, producer of the Australian play "Pommy," which is now showing in Sydney. Next to Mr. Hodge is the play's feminine lead, Marce Marsden. On Miss Marsden's left is Deryck Barnes, who plays the title role.

When 'Pommies' meet

A migrant sees a play about a migrant

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Because John Watson's play "Pommy," now showing at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, is the story of an Englishman who came to Australia to settle on the land, we took English migrant Alex Houlgate (who came here with the same idea) along to a rehearsal.

WE wanted Alex to tell us if the play's "Pommy" reminded him of himself two years ago when he took a job on a sheep station 400 miles from Sydney.

John Watson, author of "Pommy," is general manager of a Sydney television company and originally wrote the play as a film scenario eight years ago in London.

His central character is a

city slicker Englishman who meets a wave of racial intolerance when he goes to work on an outback sheep station.

It takes a drought, a few beatings, and a romance before he settles in and wins the respect of the jackeroos and graziers who at first scathingly call him "Pommy."

The play's first moment of drama concerns a jackaroo's fall from a horse.

A rueful chuckle from Alex proved that this incident had hit home: "My first job was



to catch and saddle three fairly wild horses in a paddock a mile square.

"I had ridden at home, but this was a much stiffer proposition," he said. "It took hours and there seemed to be so much country and so few horses. I made it in the end, but, believe me, I never thought I'd get that first one."

When "Pommy" first arrives on the scene the rest of the cast gang up on him because they don't like his accent and city manners.

We asked Alex if he'd had a like reception and he assured us he hadn't.

"As a matter of fact I wouldn't have minded a bit of company," he said. "Even if it had caused a few arguments. One of the toughest things to cope with was loneliness."

A disastrous drought is the high moment of suspense in the play, and we asked Alex if he'd ever had to cope with drought conditions.

Flood and drought

"YOU don't know how funny that is," he told us. "We never looked like having a drought while I was there, but we nearly got swept away by flood."

Noises off during a shearing scene reminded Alex of the 2000 sheep and 600 head of cattle he had to keep fenced into 10 square miles of country.

"It was worst of all in the wet season when the flies were

REAL LIFE English migrant Alex Houlgate finds much to amuse him in "Pommy," a play about a fictional English migrant to Australia.

bad," he said, "and I had to check all the sheep in case they got fly blown."

In the last act "Pommy" develops a romantic interest. We asked Alex if he, too, had found romance in the outback.

"Oh no," he said. "I brought mine with me. You see, I have a wife and two sons."

"Nicholas, who is three now, and Gregory, who is two, were both with us in our little tin shack."

Modern pioneers

"THAT may not sound very romantic in comparison with the stage, but, believe me, when the floods came and the food ran short we really felt like pioneers."

Alex has given up his plans to settle on the land because it was so lonely for his wife when he had to be away for days on end. He has now settled in a job in an insurance office.

"But I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything," he said. "I must say I'm relieved that it wasn't as hectic a life in a whole six months as 'Pommy' seems to provide in three hours."

"Still, it taught us a lot more about Australia than we could have learnt in a city."

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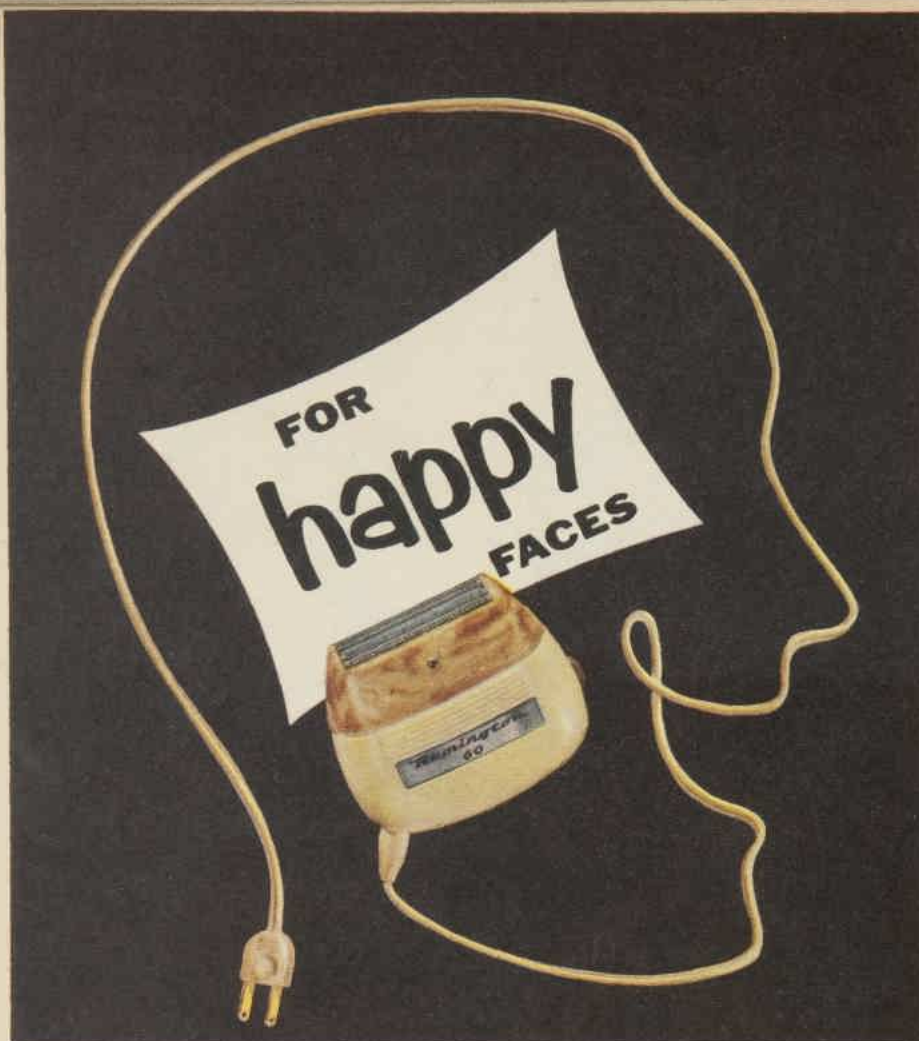
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SOCIAL JOTTINGS

IN January — just a few weeks after their wedding at St. Mark's on November 26 — Helen Mary Lysaght and Philip Street will travel to New Zealand, where they will spend about a year.

Helen Mary, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royce Lysaght, of Darling Point, will be attended by three bridesmaids, Janet MacCallum, Janet Nelson, and Robin Linsley, with a page-boy and flower-girl, Mark Willcocks and Dinah Walker.

CUPID has been very busy in the country lately, and lots of country folk have been announcing their engagements. Among the latest are June Evans, of "Cullingrae," Merriwa, and John Davies, of "The Peppers," Aberdeen, and another young couple, Jean Cruickshank, of "Poppinguy," Moree, and Gus Bowman, of "Girraween," Muswellbrook.



PRIZE-WINNING DRESS among the matrons at the Black and White Ball was worn by Mrs. Blaise Fischer (left), and the runner-up was Mrs. Bob McInerney. A feature of Mrs. Fischer's dress was the black corset-style bodice.



BEST-DRESSED single girl at the Black and White Ball, held at the Trocadero in aid of the Royal Blind Society, was Jill Campbell (right), who wore white delustrated satin. Second prize was won by Barbara Bennett, in white organza.



HUSETTESS Mrs. Bob Stephen (left) with guests Mrs. Geoff Mason (centre) and Mrs. Ted Body at the buffet dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen at the Pickwick Club. Mrs. Stephen wore a black Chantilly lace ballerina dress.

SIDELIGHT on race week — the plight of newly arrived Mrs. A. L. Walters, wife of Air Vice-Marshal Walters, who faced up to the fashion demands of races and a round of parties with "practically nothing to wear." All her trunks and most suitcases were going through customs.

LETTERS to Mrs. L. Post, of Dover Heights, from her daughter Margaret tell of the wonderful time Margaret is having in Japan. Margaret left in August to spend about twelve months over there with friends — Mr. and Mrs. Paul Punkis, of Tokio — but now her mother says she may stay away longer and visit America before returning home.

EXCITING news has come for Leone Stredwick from her sister, Maxine, who has been living in Norway since 1951. Maxine will return to Sydney at the end of this year with her two-year-old daughter, Brit, and her husband, Lars Larssen — who is one of Norway's leading pianists — will follow next March. They intend to settle in Australia.

A HISTORICAL exhibition — going back to the early days of St. James' Church, King Street — will be held at David Jones' Art Gallery from October 20 to October 27, and proceeds will aid the Church's restoration fund. St. James' was the parish church of one of the earliest governors, Lachlan Macquarie, and his portrait (specially brought to Sydney from the old court house at Windsor) will be a feature of the exhibition.

HOUSE-HUNTING is taking up quite a lot of time these days for Moira Byrne and her fiancé, Alan Woodbridge, who will be married on November 27. The daughter of Colonel and Mrs. L. J. Byrne, of Lindfield, Moira will be attended by her sisters, Aylene and Deirdre Byrne. A reception at Girraween, Killara, will follow the ceremony at the Holy Family Church, Lindfield.

THEY'RE ENGAGED . . . Marie Cruice, daughter of Mr. J. Cruice, of Gladesville, and the late Mrs. Cruice, and Roy Johns, *Anne*



AT THE RACES at Randwick on Ladies' Day are (from left) Mrs. Stewart Woodside, of Vaccluse and formerly of Quirindi, Amuri Robertson, of "Turanville," Scone, Mrs. Alun Rhydderck, and Mrs. Reg Lane.



SIGNING THE REGISTER after their marriage at Shore Chapel are James Cree and his bride, formerly Margaret Douglas, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. William H. Douglas, of Chatswood.

HEADMASTER of Grammar, Mr. Colin Healey, with Annabelle Duff-Fyfe at the Grammar party after the G.P.S. Athletics. Grammar won the senior championship.



BARRACKING enthusiastically at the G.P.S. Athletics are Scots boys Peter Cripps (left) and Kerry Duncan, who are with pretty Judy Pointing. Judy wore a sugar-pink blouse with a gay striped skirt to the athletics, which were held at the Sydney Cricket Ground.



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MORTEIN MILL SPRAY . . . used in mills, granaries, warehouses and food factories to control insect pests that destroy food. Like all other Mortein products, Mortein Mill Spray is harmless to humans though deadly to insects.

Mortein

PROTECTS FOOD

from farm to family!

Most of us associate the name MORTEIN with the famous household insecticide, Mortein Plus . . . Australia's most effective insect spray for home use and by far the safest. Mortein, however, also stands for an important range of specialised insecticides. Each of these has a specific application but all have the same objectives—the eradication of insect pests, the protection of food and of health.



MORTEIN DAIRY SPRAY . . . at small cost Mortein Dairy Spray protects cows from biting flies and other blood-sucking insects. Cows sprayed with Mortein Dairy Spray give up to 20% greater yield. Mortein Dairy Spray also protects milk from insect contamination.



MORTEIN GARDEN DUST . . . Aphids, thrip, white butterfly and other garden bugs meet certain death on contact with Mortein Garden Dust. Mortein Garden Dust is quick and easy to use. An inexpensive dust-gun ensures complete efficiency.



MORTEIN INSECT POWDER . . . rids dogs of fleas, but is not harsh or irritating. It will not cause your dog any skin discomfort. Mortein Powder also eliminates ants, cockroaches and silverfish when sprinkled in their haunts and breeding places.



MORTEIN PRESSURE-PAK . . . new and sensational! Used in aircraft, hospitals, food factories, farms and homes. A touch of the button releases a fine spray which quickly kills every insect. The concentrated contents equal seven large bottles of ordinary fly spray.



MORTEIN PLUS . . . is Australia's most effective insect spray because it contains Pyrethrum activated with Piperonyl Butoxide. Mortein Plus kills insects immune to many other insecticides and it is so safe that it can be sprayed even near food.



"THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A BREW!" Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Major, of Clayfield, Brisbane, sample coffee which they grew in their own backyard, then picked, roasted, and ground. A frying-pan served as their roaster and a kitchen mincer as their grinder.

Coffee in their own garden

Last year, according to statistics, Australia's coffee production was nil. This year the Commonwealth grew ten whole pounds!

At least, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Major, of Clayfield, Brisbane, grew it in their trim, well-stocked garden.

Because of this unheard-of addition to the national economy, the Majors challenged Sir Edward Hallstrom's statement that New Guinea would make an ideal coffee-growing country.

"New Guinea?" they said. "Why not Australia? If it will grow in our backyard, why wouldn't it grow anywhere in Australia where there is a 70-inch rainfall?"

In Brisbane the Majors made newspaper headlines, and, although they did grow, pick, grind, and drink their own coffee, they were not the first in Australia to do so.

In 1864 a Queensland pioneer named Frank Jardine grew coffee (and tea, cotton, and flax as well) in the home-ward garden of Somerset—a station he founded on the tip of Cape York peninsula.

It is said the descendants of Jardine's coffee trees grow wild on Somerset today.

After Jardine's time, nothing much further was heard about Australian coffee until the Majors produced their crop. But the publicity they received has revealed that hundreds of other people in Brisbane have coffee trees growing in their backyards.

The Majors, however, were the first to manufacture the beverage from their trees.

In no time they were deluged with inquiries seeking manufacturing information. All the questioners were non-plussed by the fact that the beans resisted every attempt to grind them.

Mr. Major at first met the same trouble. But, being a retired man (he's an ex-valuer of the Wool Realisation Commission) he had time to be more persistent than most backyard growers.

The trouble, he found, lay in the three skins that cover all coffee berries. Unless all

By
EDWARD GAY

these skins are removed, coffee cannot be ground successfully.

Other experimenters were trying to grind their berries whole without worrying about removing even the first skin. When the results were unsatisfactory they concluded their coffee plants were not true coffee at all.

However, Mr. Major proved beyond all doubt that what is growing in Brisbane backyards is, in fact, true coffee.

Encouraged by the interest in his experiments, Mr. Major published a manifesto.

"My experience of coffee-growing is only local," he said. "Four and a half years ago I received two seedlings, six inches high, of an unknown variety to plant in my garden for ornament."

"The trees, now 6ft. to 7ft. high, are bearing heavy crops. The blossoms appear in summer and the berries are ready for picking between April and July."

"The berries are ripe when they are a deep red color—when the twin kernels will slip easily out of the outer skin when squeezed between thumb and forefinger."

"At this stage the beans are covered in an unctuous fluid and must be dried for several days in the sun. When thoroughly dried out the outer skin will crack and leave the coffee bean proper when rolled in the hands."

"They are now ready for roasting. Lacking a commercial roaster, we use a common iron frying-pan smeared very lightly with buttered paper. The beans must not lie in the pan in a heap. Only one thin layer must be spread and they must be turned constantly for about 20 minutes."

"We haven't a conventional coffee-grinder, either, so we press into service our kitchen meat-mincer."

"By the way—a 'trade secret'—a little sugar added to the beans while roasting gives them a lovely deep-brown color and adds to the mocha flavor when brewed later."

Use a washing machine?
Use a copper?



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COFFEE BEANS grow along the laterals of the tree. Mr. Major picks some beans for drying and processing. This year the Majors produced ten pounds of coffee and expect four times that next year.



FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
EVERYONE'S BREATH IS "PUNGENT."
I ADVISE MENTASOL CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE.
IT CLEANS TEETH AND DEODORISES THE MOUTH
BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER TOOTHPASTE

says leading Sydney dentist. Name withheld for professional reasons but letter held on our files.

"Brush away Morning Mouth!"

DENTISTS SAY

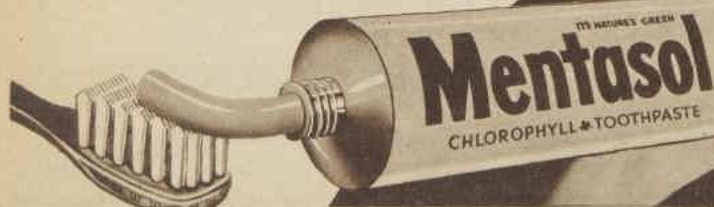
Mentasol IS BETTER THAN ANY
OTHER TOOTHPASTE

"Morning Mouth" . . . that stale, furry taste you often have on waking. Don't greet your family with it! Don't take it to work with you! Get rid of it first thing in the morning by cleaning your teeth with Mentasol—and have a clean fresh mouth all day long.

Mentasol is the original chlorophyll toothpaste . . . proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes. What's more, no toothpaste—white or chlorophyll—will brighten your teeth better than Mentasol. Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said, "Better than any other toothpaste". Get Mentasol today.

Mentasol DESTROYS

ALL MOUTH ODOURS



MOTHER



"But darling? WHY don't you buy one of those wonderful machines that do the washing-up?"

BUTCH



"I find it a lot more fun opening fancy packages when I get home than just dumpin' out a sack of loot."

It seems to me

A YOUNG English woman who recently returned to London from a visit to Nigeria made headlines by speaking favorably of polygamy.

She would not mind, she said, being one of several wives. "At least you would know where your husband was," she said with a cynicism rather startling in a 22-year-old.

After conducting a poll among my acquaintances, I don't find a great deal of support for this view.

Some of them say, even more cynically, that they are not sure they always really want to know where their husbands are. They say they prefer to believe what their husbands tell them.

Others, the older group, take the practical view. Said one of these: "In an African village you could doubtless have your individual fire and cooking pot. Since there wouldn't be a bathroom or nylons, there wouldn't be the problem of having the other ladies' nylons banging on the shower rail.

"However, this isn't Africa, and I made it clear long ago to my husband that with only one stove he can have only one wife at a time."

MY word-collector, a gentleman who never misses a novel one, drew my attention to the new kind of radiogram which is called an "entertainment device."

It's a small radiogram set on legs, those sticking-out Swedish legs, of course.

He happened to notice it when on a tour of the city looking at living, eating, and sleeping devices in the furniture-shop windows.

FORMER United States Ambassador to Britain Joseph Kennedy remarked recently that the "rushing around" of American diplomats was creating a "sense of anxiety" in Europe.

Mr. Kennedy said that rush trips to Europe such as those made by the State Secretary, Mr. John Foster Dulles, created a bad impression.

This is a new thought. To have anyone rushing hither and yon round the home or office is unnerving, and it is possible that the same effect may be produced on nations.

Whether or not, I have often wondered how much is really accomplished by the globe-running that is today's diplomatic vogue.

Most people admit to weariness and lack of concentration after very long plane trips. If you have ever tried to begin some form of work immediately after leaving an overnight plane you know what it is like.

I once knew a social reporter, a bright and feckless girl, who often covered four or five dances a night. The way she did it was to rush into the dance halls on her list, call for the secretary of the arranging committee, and say, "First of all, tell me quickly, what am I at?"

Some modern diplomats must feel like saying to welcoming officials, "First of all, tell me, what country am I in?"



Dorothy Drann

SOME women friends of mine with small children are at present bogged to the knees in a morass of child psychology.

This is a sample of their conversation:

Mother A: "Well, yes, I used to smack mine too, but then I read that to do that only made the child feel the centre of attention; that it was much better, if he were naughty, to lock him in the bathroom for a little while."

Mother B: "I tried that, but then I heard someone say on the radio that to lock a child in the bathroom might give it a complex for life."

I'm just waiting now till they hear about the advice of one Lucile Spalding, Social Adviser to the British National Union of Women's Guilds. She says that parents ought to quarrel in front of the children, not control themselves; that children are better for the realisation that parents have human failings.

This is going to sloy Mother A, who only the other day was telling me what pains she took to avoid arguing with her husband in front of their small child. "Last Sunday," she said, "I sent the boy on a picnic. Tom and I had a lovely brawl! I said things I'd been bottling up for months."

NEXT winter Melbourne and Sydney shoppers may be warmed by "radiant heat" as they gaze in shop windows.

The plan was discussed at the Gas Industry Conference.

It's a pleasant thought, and should exercise a spider and fly effect on shoppers.

The stores might find the notion useful in July when they open their spring wear for the delectation of coat-wrapped window shoppers.

Perhaps they may consider some refrigerated blasts in January when, as usual, they will be dangling winter tweeds before the perspiring faces of midsummer customers.

SOME people, disliking the term "old," have been advocating that men and women over 65 should be called "senior citizens." A comment, with apologies to Christina Rossetti:—

When I am old, my dearest,
Invent no names for me;
Hurl thou no titles at my head,
Just call me elderly.
With my blue hair above me
In latest fashion set,
My birthdays you'll remember,
My age you'll please forget.
I shall not count the wrinkles
(I never have been vain),
I shall not use the looking-glass,
And, thereby, save some pain.
I'll lurk within the twilight,
Avoiding fuss and fret,
But kindly, please, remember
That if you dare to call me a senior
citizen I'll jab you—don't forget!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 20, 1954

Page 27

DON'T DAMN YOUR CHILD FOR
DELINQUENCY ...

It's Your Fault!

Parental negligence is cited as the prime cause of juvenile delinquency by the New Zealand Government's special committee set up to inquire into evidence of sexual misconduct by 65 children in the Lower Hutt Valley, a suburb of Wellington, New Zealand. It was the common denominator which linked every case.

INDICTING parents, the committee said the delinquency which shocked the country was caused by parents' lack of personal responsibility for the upbringing and behaviour of their children.

"If parents do appreciate their responsibility, they are unable to guide them correctly and to maintain control of them," the report said.

"Despite all that the State has done, and is doing, for families, the moral standards of the community have somehow been undermined.

"Is this because of a general lowering of the moral standards of adults? Is the attitude of children towards sexual matters a direct reflection of the thoughts and conduct of their elders?

"To borrow the words of a Jewish proverb: 'The apple never falls far from the tree.'

"However much adults may desire a good moral standard to be observed by children and adolescents, they have no right to expect it unless they conform to proper moral standards themselves.

"A child living in an abnormal family environment, whether that abnormality arises from the birth of the child or the maladjusted personality of a parent, is the type of child which may later seek compensation in irregular sexual behaviour."

Every section of the exhaustive report supports the committee's indictment of parents.

The home

IN the section devoted to "Home Environment," the committee lists some causes of delinquency.

They are:

- Emotional disturbances that have arisen from a home that is broken by a divorce, separation or remarriage or, equally important, from a home in which tension follows discord between the parents.

- Poor discipline arising out of a parental notion that love for the child can be shown by gifts in money or kind, or by allowing the child to do what it wants to do.

- Lack of training for parenthood. "It was somewhat alarming to find that many parents have found the responsibilities of home life too much for them," the report states, "They had entered into mat-

rimony without having had their attention drawn to the ways in which a home can, and should, be managed."

- Lack of responsibility. "Many of the parents of children affected by recent happenings showed a deplorable lack of concern for their responsibilities, not only to their own children, but to the associates of their children."

Careless mothers

IT classifies mothers who leave children to their own devices in three categories:

Those who, possibly out of necessity, work for wages. "Nearly one-third of the de-

THE Government of New Zealand has sent every parent in the Dominion a copy of the report from which this story was written.

Revelations of widespread teenage immorality in Lower Hutt led to the setting up of the committee which made this report under the chairmanship of eminent Q.C. Dr. O. C. Mazengarb. It consisted of six people, two women and four men.

Members' names were: Mrs. R. A. Bloodworth, J.P. (Children's Court); Mr. J. Leggat, Headmaster, Christchurch Boys' High School; Dr. G. L. McLeod, Director Child Hygiene, Department of Health; Mrs. L. V. O'Brien, and Rev. J. S. Somerville, of the Inter-Church Council on Public Affairs; Mr. F. N. Stace, President, N.Z. Junior Chamber of Commerce.

linquent children whose cases were considered by the committee belonged to homes where the mothers worked for wages.

Those who extended their social and even their public activities beyond the hour at which they should be home to welcome their children on return from school; and

Mothers who give their children money to go to the pictures while they go to golf or to a football match, or to pay a visit to friends.

School influences

SCHOOL life and its influence were thoroughly dealt with.

Main points made were: • Evidence that co-educational schools contribute to social delinquency was not convincing.

- School is not the proper place for fully instructing children about sex, although it may be a convenient place in which mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, or parents together may listen to addresses or see appropriate films.

Examining other factors that promote juvenile delinquency, the committee gave special attention to the type of community in which children grow up.

It pointed out the dangers inherent in large-scale, quickly settled housing areas, where the younger age groups predominate and are without the stabilising influence of older people and established institutions.

The committee's main recommendations to check immorality, and on which the New Zealand Government has already acted, include the drastic control of the sale of sex, crime, and horror publications.

Precocious girls

MOST startling is the amendment of the law to make it a punishable offence for a girl under 16 to indecently assault a male.

"In former times," the report says, "it was the custom for boys to take the initiative in seeking the company of girls. . . . It is unfortunate that in many cases girls, by immodest conduct, have become the leaders in sexual behaviour and have in many cases corrupted the boys."

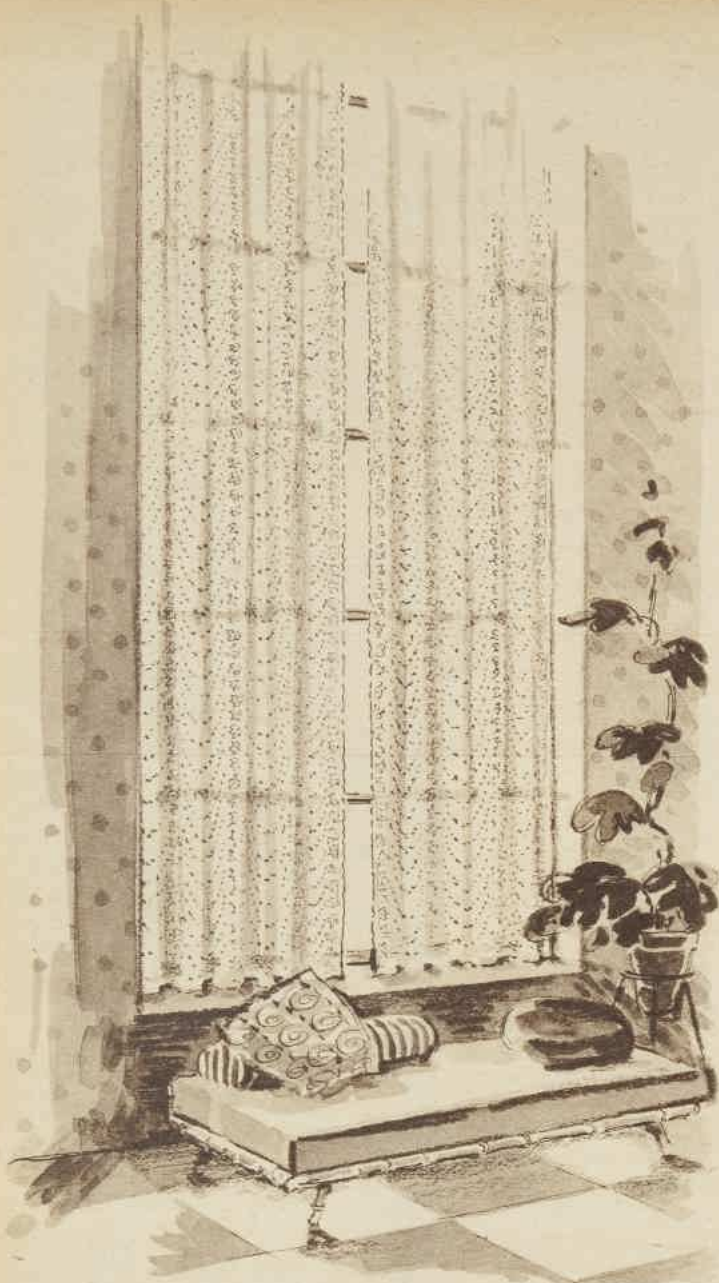
To illustrate the gravity of this changed role, the committee quotes an extract from the evidence of the headmaster of a co-educational school.

"We have not the same worry about boys as we have about girls," he said. "The worst cases we have are girls, and it is quite clear some of them are an absolute menace. They have dragged boys into this sort of thing. In general the girls are far worse than the boys."

Stressing the fact that immorality now appears to be more prevalent among younger groups in the community and that immoral practices have been organised in a way that was not evident before, the committee says the problem cannot be tackled superficially.

"The subject cannot be dismissed in the light, airy way of those people who, without any adequate knowledge of the facts, have been saying that there is nothing new about the sexual misbehaviour of young people and that nothing can be done to improve matters.

"The subject is a serious one and something must be done."



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The new "Picture" laces with large designs can be stretched taut on top and bottom rods to make a single window really enchanting.



ALL THE NOTTINGHAM AND SCOTTISH LACES CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL—your guarantee of quality.

ML 10-42

THE GIRL WHO SANG WITH JOHNNIE RAY



AUSTRALIAN singer Babs McKinnon runs through a hit number with pianist Bill Lake at the Sydney night-club where she works. Babs has been offered a six months' contract in America and expects to go there early next year.

At 22 she's headed for Hollywood fame

By SUSAN BARRIE,
staff reporter

Pretty 22-year-old soubrette Babs McKinnon, the only Australian singer who appeared in the Johnnie Ray shows here, is filled with determination to become an overseas success.

BABS was recently offered a six months' contract in America by entrepreneur Vic Knight, the man who discovered Dinah Shore, Kate Smith, and Kathryn Grayson.

Mr. Knight, who offered Babs a job after he saw her act at a Sydney night-club, where she is at present appearing, types voices as musical instruments.

"He said mine had a saxophone quality," Babs told me. "He explained that in America I would be classified somewhere between a band singer and a top-rank star."

Star level?

"He also said that with further training I should reach star level. It's rather frightening, but if I don't make the grade it won't be because I didn't try!"

Babs, who made her first stage appearance at the age of two, hopes to leave Australia for Los Angeles early next year, when her present contract is finished.

"The arrangements are not definite yet, though," she added. "Mr. Knight is back in America at present, and has promised to let me know when the contract is available."

Babs, dark and vivacious, with uniling hazel eyes and a shiny cap of brown hair, has won success by hard work and natural talent.

"I really had a flying start in the theatre," she said. "My family has been in show busi-

ness for four generations on both sides.

"Mum and Dad met when they were in the same show. Dad and his brother had an act called 'The McKinnon Boys' and Mum was Irene Ireland, singing with 'The Harmony Four'."

"When they married they formed their own act, 'The Musical Macs,' and it was a big success."

Babs had her first opportunity to work in the family act when she was fifteen and her parents were on tour in New Zealand. Her mother became ill, so Babs went on in her place and brought down the house.

She was used to applause. She captured her first audience with an unhearsed act

when she rushed on stage during a show in which her parents were working.

"I was two at the time, but I climbed on to a chair in front of the mike and sang 'Wagon Wheels,'" Babs said. "I've really been on the stage ever since."

Babs has danced as well as sung her way through many shows. Veteran dancer Wally Boag taught her the American riff style and, with a pair of the prettiest legs in the theatre, she was a star by the time she was in her early teens.

Toured with Hope

DURING the war she joined the American Special Service and toured northern Queensland for two years, playing on the same bill as



BABS AND HER MOTHER, Mrs. Irene McKinnon, have a quick picnic lunch in the park between rehearsals. Babs does as many as five shows a day, some for radio and some for the night-club. She dances as well as sings.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1954

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"Light and Bright" is a revolutionary, new, single solution . . . no mixing, timing, shampooing . . . **lightens gradually a little or a lot, just as you wish, depending on the number of times you use it.** Safe—contains no ammonia! Gives your hair youthful, shining, silken brightness and natural-looking, lovely colour that won't wash out.



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Tins or tubes—oil chemists and stores.

"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are reg. trade marks.

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Exciting Decoration

ACHIEVED WITH "VOGUE" COLOURS IN SYDNEY HOME

The home of Architect A. N. Baldwinson at Greenwich, N.S.W., shows to advantage the "fashion colour" interior decoration gained with Mural-Tone Plastic Paint. "Exterior Mural-Tone" was used for outside cement-rendered walls.



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Mural-Tone walls are really washable.

Use the famous "Spackle" for filling cracks and holes and "Exterior Mural-Tone" for outside use.

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Worth Reporting

TWO young Highland terriers, wearing wide neckbands of Macleod tartan, were among the first to greet Dame Flora Macleod when she walked up the steps of the home of her hostess, Mrs. E. M. Stitt, of Clayfield, during her recent visit to Brisbane.

Mrs. Stitt's sister, Miss Gertrude Macleod, who for five years was Federal president of the Australian Ladies' Golf Union, was one of a small group of Macleods who met Dame Flora on her arrival.

Dame Flora, who is at present in N.S.W., talked happily to a member of our Brisbane staff about her grandson John, who will be her heir—the Macleod of Macleod.

John, who is the elder of two grandsons, is a member of the Black Watch Regiment. He recently started his two years' Air Force training when he flew to Kenya.

He and his twin, Patrick Wolrige (Standfast) Gordon, are just 19. Patrick is with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Dame Flora, who had expressed a wish that during her Australian tour she should stay with Macleods as much as possible, found her room massed with flowers when she arrived at Mrs. Stitt's home.

Because there is no flagpole on the house of her hostess, the Lion of Scotland fluttered from the next-door-neighbor's house.

Typical of the warm-heartedness of Dame Flora was the greeting she gave to one of the Brisbane welcoming group.

"Oh, you old darling!" she said as she kissed one of her kinwomen, whom she had not previously seen but with whom she had been corresponding for many years.

Look before you powder

WHEN it comes to the bathroom cupboard, you can't be too careful what you put in it.

Take the case of a plumpish matron of our acquaintance who came home from a shopping jaunt feeling hot, tired, and sticky, and decided to take a bath.

She peeled off her dress without trouble, but her stockings and petticoat wouldn't budge. They were stuck firmly to her.

In a panic she shouted for her family. While they tugged, Mother sobbed hysterically that she must have contacted some awful complaint that caused clothes to stick to her.

"And I used so much talcum powder before I went out, too!" she wailed.

At that Father started and leaped for the talcum tin.

"That's not talcum powder," he snapped. "That's my new glue powder to hold my dentures firm. I put it in that old talcum tin for safe keeping. Now you've gone and used most of it!"



"How would you like to drive some of the girls home?"

Call for a quiz kid

THE Sydney office of the News and Information Bureau is badly in need of a quiz kid.

The bureau's main function is to publicise Australia abroad, but the general public in Sydney regards it as a source of information on widely varied subjects.

Recently two young men called in to ask where they could join the French Foreign Legion and a woman rang to ask whom she should contact to complain about a rude shop assistant.

Other callers have telephoned to ask for information on the cost of living in Alice Springs and whether the town has a golf course, and for the dates of public holidays in South Australia in 1955.

Members of the staff can usually provide the answers.

A WOMAN we know, who has been walking around for several weeks with her right leg bandaged from ankle to knee, told us cynically: "Few of the women I know have noticed the bandage, but practically every man I've met has commented sympathetically on it."

Kangaroo in a flat

AN Australian in New York is a member of one of the strangest and most mixed households anywhere. Her name is Winnie, and she's a kangaroo.

Winnie shares a Manhattan flat with a llama, a Great Dane, an English sheepdog, a Siamese cat, a hen, a turtle, a crow, and a married couple.

The wife, whose name is Lorraine D'Essen, doesn't keep this menagerie in her home merely because she is fond of animals; she runs a business which provides animals and birds for stage, radio, and television shows, and for advertising and publicity stunts.

An entertaining article describing a visit to the fantastic D'Essen menagerie-household appears in the October 19 issue of A.M., the popular weekly magazine.

Book news

By HELEN FRIZELL

SOME books, like some dreams, lie uneasily in the brain's background, returning to stir the memory as the years go by. Joan Henry's "Yield to the Night" is such a novel.

It tells, minute by minute, the thoughts and actions of Mary Hewitt, a convicted murderess, as she spends the last fortnight of her life in a prison cell before being taken out to execution.

Page by page, as one reads, the tension mounts, and the reader, identifying herself with Mary Hewitt, will share the feelings of panic, of pity, and of sheer desperation.

In her brightly lit cell Mary Hewitt uses up her store of 14 days.

Blue-uniformed wardresses, constantly supervising, play cards with her, make careful conversation, take her out for exercise, see that she eats her meals, changes her clothes, and ration out to her the limited amount of cigarettes.

Dreading the future, the prisoner lets her thoughts race backwards in a muddled jumble, so that her mind is filled with the memory of her dead lover, Jim, with snatches of poetry, and with wild desperation to find a meaning for her life.

By the last sentence, choked off short as if by the hangman's noose, Mary Hewitt's life ends. But, without sentimentality in the telling, the impression is conveyed that the prisoner goes to her doom recognising the possibility of an after-life.

"Yield to the Night" is a book which, by its skill, is unnerving. A book, too, which should be required reading for those whose lack of imagination allows them to take morbid pleasure in reading murder trials and accounts of real executions.

Published by Victor Gollancz. Our copy from the publishers.

Photographer-poet

NEWSPAPER reporters and photographers are not all the tough, racy characters depicted in Hollywood movies.

To prove it, the head of our color photographic staff, Robert Cleland, has just published a book of sonnets, entitled "Grey Ghost."

Bob, who has been a photographer for more than 30 years, has been writing poems for longer than he can remember.

He writes his verse on scraps of paper and on the backs of cheque books at odd moments throughout the day — over lunch or while travelling in trams and buses.

However, most of his verse is composed, developed, and recast mentally before it is put on paper.

Not satisfied with the looser forms of verse, he limits himself now to the rigid sonnet form.

The sonnets in his book are written in the Petrarchan and Shakespearian forms.

NOTHING DOES AS MUCH FOR A GIRL AS A

Jantzen



DYNAMIC DENIM SKIRT



DYNAMIC DENIM SHIRT

JANTZEN'S DYNAMIC DENIM SHORTS



DENIM SUE TOP, MORE DENIM SHORTS

L-I-V-E

THE WHOLE WEEKEND IN

DYNAMIC DENIM

by Jantzen

Catch some sun, catch a man in a matching denim bra and skirt... cover up with a dynamic denim shirt, a swagger coat, or go bare-legged in

dashing man-tailored shorts. Taut shorts, small shorts, sailor pants, middy sailors in terrific colors like charcoal, daring reds, lavender, blue, green...

Teenager model *Feli Wittmann* selects three lovely *Michel* colours for

the Prettiest Time of your life

Club dance . . . barbecue . . . special tennis party . . . or Saturday night date . . . you can make it the prettiest time of your life with the magic of Michel. You'll find Michel 'stays on longer' . . . keeps your lips satin-soft, and always sweetly inviting. Michel is delicately perfumed with an exotic fragrance destined to melt male hearts. Wear one of the pretty shades here selected for you by Miss Feli Wittman.



Brown-eyed Feli Wittman, just 17, is our artist's ideal teenager. Feli selects for you here three lovely colours for "that seventeen look"



PINK SPICE — a gorgeous pink . . . a young pink that gives you that "sweet seventeen look" . . . makes you look as pretty as a picture.

VIVID — a deep, deep pink with a hint of blue to add sparkle to your pretty summer frocks. A colour born for romance . . . and for soft moonlight nights.

RASPBERRY — a true red . . . a vibrant red . . . provocative and challenging with any of summer's lovely shades.

Ten pretty, fashion-right colours . . . Pink Spice, Amapola, Raspberry, Tudor Red, Vivid, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Scarlet, Blonde.

Michel

'STAYS ON LONGER'

MONTHLY SECTION For Teenagers



Party Pests by Betty Betz

THOSE horrific characters pictured above and at right are what I call "Party Pests." Let's review them once over lightly.

"The Crude Rude Dude," who thinks it's smart to dress casually in his oldest clothes at a party . . . "The Smoochers," who always manage to make the best of cosy corners and completely ignore the other guests . . . "The Yak-Yak Girl," who hogs her hostess' telephone all evening . . . "The Game Dame," who insists on playing HER favorite games, even though the others are bored . . . "The Plain Bore," who thinks it's up-to-date to put on a song-and-dance act to amuse him . . . "The Tattler Tale," who gleefully tells her hostess' mother about her daughter's pranks in school . . . "The Party Pig," who loads up her plate as if she hadn't had a meal for a week . . . And "The Human Owl," who refuses to go home.

Everybody likes to be a party repeater, so if you want to be on the preferred lists you'd better be sure that your party behaviour is up-to-date.

A fine basic rule to remember is this: act the way you'd like your friends to behave when they come to your house. Don't embarrass your hostess with thoughtless, indiscreet remarks. Don't decide to conduct a rival party of your own when you arrive on the scene; it's much more fun to join in the group

activities. Arrive promptly, depart on time, and make every party minute pleasant for your fellow guests.

Some strange characters regard each party as a test of their personal drawing power. You know, the girl who barges in at full speed, promptly sheds her date, and starts hunting in all the other gals' preserves. This may work one evening, but it certainly cuts down the list of places she'll ever be asked to again.

The male version of this breed is the "Big Dame Hunter," who starts chasing early in the evening, repeatedly breaks into all other boys' dances, ducks out on to the terrace with every unsuspecting girl, and leaves happy in the thought that he's strewn a trail of broken hearts. Actually, when the girls compare notes after the ball his number will be zero.

Don't smooch at parties. This dampens everyone's enthusiasm for young love, particularly your hostess' parents, and creates what may well be an unfair impression of you and your date's behaviour. Reserve that for twosomes, if you must.

Occasionally a boy or girl will turn up at a party wearing a big chip that screams, "Entertain me, I dare you!" This is a hostess' nightmare. Obviously she hasn't got enough time to devote all of it to you exclusively. She expects you to mingle with the other guests

and if you don't intend to do that it would be far, far better to leave before you're branded a killjoy.

If at the last minute a friend descends on you, or you're forced to entertain your cousin, phone your hostess and ask if you may bring along a guest. Never take it for granted that she likes you so much she'll like two of you better. Short rations, a capacity crowd, or any of a dozen different and good reasons may make it very difficult for her if you upset her score. But if you let her know in advance, she can usually make some adjustments.

Avoid party gossip. It will rapidly get back to you, perhaps in a distorted and frequently dangerous version. Don't suspect everyone of talking behind your back. Chances are they're busy with their own affairs, and if you'd crawl out of your corner you wouldn't have so much time to imagine you're being maligned.

Don't think of parties as tests of character or endurance contests. The good sense that makes you popular at school and with your family is all you need to drag along when you begin going out. But remember that accepting an invitation to a party is, in a sense, taking on the responsibility for helping to make that party a success. So try to be considerate and courteous and before you know it you'll be doing it without trying.



"THE HUMAN OWL" figures prominently in the rogues' gallery of party pests. He never goes home.



"THE PARTY PIG" loads her plate as if she hadn't had a decent meal for the best part of a week.

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Proper Swift-Whip, Ball-Drive Beater-Mixer. The exclusive ball-drive saves effort... durable all-steel gears. Follow the lead of chefs throughout Australia, use a mixer proved by them over years for service and durability. Demonstrated in television overruns.

*single-handed flour sifter

Just grip the handle, squeeze and release! That double-sifts your flour, aerates it as well. Nothing quicker or easier than the

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OBTAINABLE AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

On the three-speed roundabout

By BERNARD FLETCHER



JUST to make things more confusing there are different categories in each speed.

The dyed-in-the-wool collector has been finding every move in the record world ever since he first read about long-playing records in 1948, but the newcomer is often at a disadvantage, so perhaps I can help by summarising the various types of recordings now on the market.

For a start there is the familiar "old style" record which plays at 78 revolutions per minute. It is made of shellac and may be played on acoustic or electrical reproducers with steel or other type needles or sapphire-tipped styli.

An example of an acoustic reproducer is the familiar wind-up-with-a-handle portable gramophone. An electrical reproducer is one which employs a pick-up, such as a record player or a radiogram. The 78 r.p.m. record has a diameter of 10 or 12 inches. A few are smaller but these are usually kiddie records.

A 10in. record gives up to three minutes of music on each side, while a 12-inch averages four and a half minutes per side.

In the 78 r.p.m. group are Augmented Play and Extended Play.

These trade tags are immaterial. All they mean is that the grooves have been cut more closely together and you get more music per side, but not always better quality.

Sometimes the cramming tends to cause loss of quality as the needle approaches the centre of the record. However, it is rare that a real conker is sold over the counter.

The main disadvantage of the shellac record is its fragility, although, with reasonable handling, tragedies should be few and far between.

The disc that sparked a complete revolution in record collecting was the long-playing 33 1-3 r.p.m. The LP is not really new. There have been LPs of one kind or another for many years. One type, which is said to have been quite reliable, appeared in America shortly before the war, but it was withdrawn through lack of public support.

The 33 1-3 r.p.m. uses a

To walk into a well-equipped record store these days is like finding yourself in Aladdin's Cave, a treasure trove of records. But, like "The Arabian Nights," it can also be thoroughly bewildering now that records are made to play at three speeds.

microgroove pick-up with a sapphire-tipped or diamond stylus. The 10in. record gives up to 15 minutes of music on each side and the 12in. up to 30 minutes per side.

The discs are made of plastic material. The grooves are much smaller than those on a 78 r.p.m. record and are

and gives up to ten minutes of music per side. It is used for short works, such as an operatic aria, a piano piece, or a tone poem, which can be recorded complete on one side, thus eliminating turn-over.

The 45 r.p.m. record is the latest newcomer. It comes in 7in. diameter only, and gives up to 4½ minutes per

TOUCH OF GLAMOR

Make this crocheted pearl and rhinestone collar for a glamor fashion touch.

HERE are the instructions for making:

MATERIALS: 1 ball Clark's Tatting Cotton (No. 2); steel crochet hook, archer 1/0 equals 13; about 37 large pearls and 43 rhinestones.

GAUGE: 8 ch. sts. to 1in.; 5 patterns to 2in.

Collar is made in three strips and joined with large pearls.

First Strip (Outer edge of collar): Ch. 159 (be sure gauge of chain is correct—chain should measure 20in.).

1 d.c. in 9th ch. from hook, * ch. 6, skip 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end of ch. (51 loops), turn, and work across other side of chain in same manner, working d.c. in ch. before d.c. of previous row. Break thread and fasten. Place marker at centre of strip (top of 26th loop).

Second Strip: Ch. 126. Work same as first strip (40 loops). Break thread and fasten. Place marker at centre of strip (between 20th and 21st loops).

Third Strip (For neck edge): Ch. 114. Work same as first strip on one side of chain only (36 loops), turn, ch. 1, and work 1 row of d.c. across neck edge. Place



marker at centre of strip (between 18th and 19th loops).

TO MAKE UP

Join third strip to second strip by sewing a pearl between strips at marker and one 1in. in from each end (having ends even). Now sew pearls about 1in. apart, joining remainder of strips. Join first strip to second strip in same manner, rounding front edges by bringing ends of first strip up to ends of third strip. Sew ends of second and third strips in place, sew rhinestones in place as desired. Fasten collar with hook and eye.

placed much closer together. That is why it is disastrous to play a microgroove with a needle designed for a 78 r.p.m. record: the larger tip gouges the minute grooves.

There is one variation of the 33 1-3 record. This is called Medium Play. The MP disc is 10in. in diameter

side. It is the microgroove equivalent of the "old style" record.

The Extended Play is, as its name implies, an extension of the 45 and affords up to eight minutes per side. All 45s are played with microgroove pick-ups fitted with sapphire-tipped or diamond styli.



"I prefer the 45 and 33 1-3 r.p.m., 78's too scary."

Early 45s appeared with centre holes of 1½in. diameter, being designed for a special type of changer of which few are available in Australia.

They were soon modified, being given an optional centre, which allows them to be played on the small spindle which is common to all types of gramophones and auto-changers.

It is the belief of the American company which first produced 45s that they will eventually replace the 78 r.p.m. record. Whether this will happen is a moot point.

Generally speaking, at the present time it boils down to this: Classical works, groups of popular songs, musical comedies, plays, etc., are best suited for 33 1-3; dance tunes and hit paraders share the 78 and 45 r.p.m. field, with the odds in favor of the 45s because they are flexible, light, easy to store, and have better quality sound.

DISC DIGEST

SEVERAL times during the past couple of years I've written lamenting the fact that an original cast album of "Porgy and Bess" was not issued here. At last I've landed the LP, and if you look around you'll find it on LAT.8021. Principal singers are Todd Duncan and Anne Brown. There are 15 songs, many of which I heard for the first time. A special mention is needed for the wonderful singing of the Eva Jessye Choir.

FOR some New Orleans jazz that flies off the record with more liveliness than is usual even in these days of hi-fi, listen to Bunk Johnson and His Band on 330SX.1015.

Although made in 1947, it recaptures the spirit of genuine Dixieland. How could it be otherwise with such a veteran on trumpet as Bunk, son of a negro slave, one of the true jazz immortals. He plays four ragtime pieces from the "Red Back Book of Quality Rags," and half a dozen popular songs such as "Chloe," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and "Out Of Nowhere." In all, a round dozen of great numbers.



BEAU-GETTERS

• Tie your hair back low on the neck with a clump of black velvet bows... Wear a large bow with trailing ends of taffeta, satin, or velvet ribbon flat on the top of your head instead of a hat... Tie velvet ribbon over the top of your short hair, knotted at one side.

—RENE



Home is what an artist makes it

● Australian pianist Richard Bonnyng, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly piano scholarship in the 1950 City of Sydney Eisteddfod, has been studying in London for two years. His accommodation problem has been complicated by the fact that where he goes, there, too, goes his concert grand. Below is his own story of how he housed himself and what landladies call "that there piano."

THERE were four cards in the corner tobacconist's window—two offered invisible mending for nylon stockings, one tempted with a baby's cot for sale (outgrown).

The fourth said: "Convenient pied-a-terre in best part Bayswater—very large bed-sit, with adjoining kit, bath. Suit single gentleman."

Number 12 was half-way round a sordid square, and had a huge gap in its right-hand side where Number 13 had been bombed out of existence.

With a "This way, please!" my possible future landlady led me through the hall, down some steps, and into a tiny yard.

"You see, you're quite self-contained," my guide announced grandly. She pointed to a door into the room that was another three steps below the garden level.

The room itself was enormous, with nondescript furniture and rugs that looked small in such space.

My guide left me and walked to the far end of the room, where she pushed aside a spindly screen, which promptly fell over.

"Here," she announced, almost to a roll in drums, "is your own private bath and your kitchen. The boiler is next door, and hot water is inclusive."

I joined her and inspected the naked-looking bath. It was supported by three stumpy legs and a wood block. The taps were green with age, and a brown stain marked the path of a very old drip. Next to it was an old cupboard, its top obviously the kitchen working surface, and next to that an oversized, quite good-looking cooker.

While I was inspecting this, my companion was busy trying to re-erect the screen, but it appeared to have a fiendish will of its own, and swung crazily about, then collapsed against the bath, to slide down again with a noisy clatter. She started to talk hurriedly. "It's all very convenient, you'll find. The cloak-room is just outside in the garden, and is quite private to you, and my last gentleman had a telephone installed."

It was the phone that finally decided me. A private telephone is like gold dust in London.

The following Monday as I sat down and tried out the first few experimental chords on my own piano in my first home since I left Australia, down came the screen with a bang!

I tried not to look at the sordid sight revealed, but as I played a distinct tinny echo came back from the depths of the bath. I went over and picked up the screen again, but it had fallen down before I recrossed the room.

It fell down 17 times that first day; I know—I counted.

Apart from the wretched noise it made, I didn't really fancy bathing in full view of anyone who walked through the "garden."

I told a friend about it at dinner. She said: "Get a really massive screen—one of the big, heavy, Chinese kind. They're quite beautiful and

really big." And jolly expensive, too, I found out.

In the end, the whole thing was solved by an artist friend.

After three hours' carpentry and cementing he produced two enormous curtains, which he had inveigled his sister into making for "Poor Ricki." I was horrified, and couldn't think how I'd ever pay for them. They were beautiful, rose-and-green damask—heavy and sound-deadening—and on the inside they were bright yellow.

"Relax," said Roy kindly, "you're looking at cotton."

The bill was so small that I borrowed Roy's sister's tape measure and rushed over to the divan.

At that moment I couldn't see why I shouldn't have the whole place festooned with rose-and-green, but an afternoon in the stores made me realise how many combinations I could achieve.

I asked a most superior young man, "I suppose all these materials come from Egypt or Japan, or somewhere?"

"Sir," he said, "these are British cotton, made in Lancashire. We stock only the very best of everything here."

I was so crushed that I bought four yards instead of two, just to regain face.



AUSTRALIAN PIANIST "Ricki" Bonnyng (above) at his concert grand in his home-decorated London bed-sitter. Below: Curtains lined with moisture-absorbent and sound-deadening yellow cotton towelling screen the bath from the renovated kitchen and the rest of the room. On the other side they are floral.





7
"MOYGASHEL" keeps that crisp perfection. "Moygashel" linens and spun rayons have a degree of resistance to shrinking, fading, creasing that is second to none.

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Absorbing what you need
Regularly eliminating the rest.

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BUY THE LARGE SIZE FOR ECONOMY

TAKE
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TONIGHT
You'll feel better tomorrow!

TEENAGE SECTION

Kay Melann
says:

Here's your answer

Beginning with our next issue, there will be an extended section for teenagers every week.

It won't be as big as the monthly section, which will still continue, but it will answer many requests for a spot each week. Among the additional features will be some of special interest to the younger teens.

THIS is the answer to requests in several letters. This one is typical:

"I heartily approve of the Teenage Section, but so far there seem to have only been articles for people of about 16-17 who go to dances, have dates with boys, and are beauty-conscious. There are other teenagers (we proudly call ourselves that) in the 13-14 age group who are not yet interested in such things. Couldn't we please have a section for ourselves?"

"For instance, there are many teenagers (young and old) who are keen stamp collectors. Through a column we could exchange stamps and ideas about collecting them.

"Other people not interested in this hobby could write about theirs and so interest other people in them. Many friendships may be formed through such a column, and, after all, internal happiness in a country is one step towards world happiness, and that is what we are all striving for.

"Thir-teen-a," Warwick, Qld. No promises about a hobbies column right away. Later, this might be possible. In the meantime the pages each week will have features to interest you as well as the older teenagers.

"We consist of a gang of teenagers. Our parents approve of the company we keep, but there is one person, a girl, in this small community who is continually making a play for our boy-friends. When this girl plays up to the boys we are very hurt, as we are fond of them. She has told us that she only does this for the fun of it. We have tried talking to her, but this has not done any good. What should we do? We are rather tired of this continual happening and we are waiting anxiously for your advice. We are considered not un-attractive."

"Sorry Six," Maryborough, Qld.

The only thing to do is to rise above it, as they say.

LYN WATSON, author of this month's story by a teenager on page 7, is an eighteen-year-old Tasmanian.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Watson, own a farming property at Sandford, Tasmania.

Lyn boards in Hobart, where she is a stenographer at the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

She is a cubmaster of a Hobart cub pack, likes horse-riding, surfing, and swimming, and makes many of her own clothes.

Again this month, many stories showed great merit, although they were not quite up to publication standard. It is pleasing to find that so many tackle very original subjects,

This girl will keep on making a play for the boys while ever you and the girls take it so seriously.

Evidently she's a flirt who enjoys the game. But half her fun is in getting such a strong reaction from the girls.

When you panic and lecture her she gets exactly the drama she tries for. So, of course, she keeps on being provoking. If you took it all more

"How could I reduce my bust? I am 16 and approximately 5ft. 6in. tall. My bust is 39; my waist 28."

D. Midland Junction, W.A. Carolyn Earle, our Beauty Expert, publishes bust-reducing exercises from time to time. and in our September 8 issue there was a complete supplement, "Your Summer Figure," which would help you.

Don't forget, though, that

You might gasp at the cost, but they won't be an extravagance.

"In an article in praise of poise I read recently in an English magazine there was this paragraph: 'Temperatures are a question of the way you feel. Remember the Queen, when it was 90 in the shade, emerging from those hand-shaking sessions with streaming-faced locals as if she were leaving an English garden party?'

"I am not very easily hurt, but the reference to hand-shaking sessions with streaming-faced locals hurt me. It stirred a feeling of utmost loyalty to my country which previously I had no idea existed within me. It also made me realise it is high time England grew up.

"Snobbery is out of date, and, no matter how strong our loyalty to the Queen is, we should not have to put up with the high degree of class consciousness which exists in the old countries.

"Life is made so unfair by class distinction. I believe we all must do our own growing, no matter how tall our grandfathers were."

June B., 20, Newmarket, Qld.

Why get upset because it's implied that "naice" people don't perspire?

If the writer is too genteel for the dreadful heat of the Antipodes, why should you worry?

It's the Queen's job to look serene in public—and very well she does it, too—just as other people have other jobs at which they excel. As for the implication that it was an ordeal, you have only to look again at the photographs of the Queen in northern Queensland to see her happiness at being here.

About the snobbery: As you say, who Grandpa was hasn't much to do with who you are, although some people think so. Thank goodness there are not many such in Australia—and they're usually the very ones who are trying to live down the Old Man.

too obvious and over-written.

R.B., Sydney: Well written, but too slight.

D.M., Strathfield, N.S.W.: Good writing. Not quite lively or unusual enough.

L.W., Southport, Qld.; F.H., Port Pirie, S.A.: Very good and effective writing. Story not quite strong enough.

J.S., Gulgambone, N.S.W.; E.P., Box Hill, Vic.: Original and amusing. Story and style not quite convincing.

C.P., Geraldton, W.A.; M.S., Baralaba, Qld.; J.T., Soldiers' Point, N.S.W.: Promising theme, but general technique not up to standard.

K.A., Northgate, Qld.; N.A., Elmhurst, Vic.; J.B., Kirribilli, N.S.W.; D.S., Townsville, Qld.; M.M., Griffith, N.S.W.: Well written, but story not unusual enough.

ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

1. Are you quite lost apart?
2. Will marriage solve all your problems?
3. Do you explain each other to your friends?
4. Will you change each other after marriage?



If yours is the love that leads to a happy marriage you will have answered no to all the questions. Yes answers mean that you can't even stand on your own feet yet... That you don't accept each other, faults and all... That you believe marriage is a perpetual romantic date.

calmly and lightly, she wouldn't get nearly so much fun out of it, and might cease much of her goings-on.

I wouldn't suggest any positive action like getting your own back or making nasty remarks about how ridiculous she looks batting her eyes at the boys so madly.

In situations like this you can sometimes be too clever altogether. You've got to be born with this sort of smartness to get away with it, and you girls sound nice rather than a bunch of born smarties.

Whatever you do, don't complain or let on to the boys. She'll get them on her side at once and they will call you a lot of cats. Besides, they'll get inflated ideas of their own importance.

you're still growing. With your measurements, you're suffering not so much from a too big bust as from the fact that you're 16 years of age and your figure is still in a state of adolescent indecision.

You can help to streamline yourself by eating more greens and fewer fried potatoes, and fruit instead of waffles, by rationing your sweets and cakes between meals, and by drinking before or after meals instead of with them.

These will be good eating habits which will help you all your life. But until your body has decided quite what measurements it will have, don't diet. If you're still not satisfied with yourself at 20, diet properly then.

In the meantime, also, wear good and well-fitted brassieres.

Successful author

because, even though you haven't the technique yet to handle these effectively, technique can be acquired by study and practice.

Some of you speak of our "teenage story contest" or "competition." There is no suggestion of any contest or competition.

We merely want, if possible, to include a story by a teenage writer in each teenage issue, but it must be up to adult publication standard, not just the best out of those submitted.

Stories may be handwritten—but be sure that they are written very clearly. Whether handwritten or typed, they

must be on one side of the paper only.

Quarto is the best size for your paper. Don't use odd-sized pieces. It is far better to wait until you can buy proper paper than to send in anything so untidy.

The following are specially commended for the stories they have submitted: P.H., Cammeray, N.S.W.: Very promising. Story and style a little strained.

B.R., Prahran, Vic.: Good attempt at difficult theme. Not quite effective.

G.W., Hawthorn, Vic.: Amusing. Too drawn-out, and theme not strong enough.

D.H., St. Ives, N.S.W.: Lively and amusing. Story

THE HENRICKS HAIR-DO



• Typical picture of swimmer Jon Henricks after a sprint. It inspired this new hair style.

French hair stylist Philippe, of Sydney, designed this short cut after seeing news pictures of Jon Henricks.



• Three views of the Henricks cut, showing how the hair is tapered. It will stay like this if, when wet, it is combed down and round and let dry. It should then be brushed clockwise round the head (below).



PHILIPPE says it is the answer for straight-haired girls who like short hair, don't want to have perms, and plan a swimming summer.

"There are plenty of wonderful new styles from Paris this season," he said, "but why copy them slavishly? Why not create something that suits the way we live here?"

"All these Paris styles, for instance, need regular setting and constant care. They are perfect for big occasions, but they are almost impossible for the girl who is always getting her hair wet."

"This Henricks cut needs only expert cutting and brushing—much, much brushing—first up against the growth, then down and round like following a clock."

"Brushing is the real necessity. With it, the hair will be a shining cap. Without it, the hair will be a horror."

Philippe says the style will suit anyone with fairly regular features.

I WAS standing in a Melbourne street the other day watching pedestrians pass by. Soon I was staring. Why?

Well, have you ever seen the makings of a beauty contest and a fashion parade in a city street in any country other than Australia? No? Then perhaps you had better stare, too.

Last year, when in England for a short period, I stood on the edge of the footpath in the Mall and watched the crowds. Did I see any bright colors, any youthful figures and gay fashions? Oh, no, not from the English girls.

Throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland it seems to be the fashion for the girls to hide their figures, to get rid of any modern styles and to wear instead that prewar coat over a dowdy plain grey or dark blue dress.

Australian girls have that marvellous poise which is relaxed, calm, yet controlled. The very conversation of the average girl would be enough to raise an Englishman from the deepest sorrow to the highest hope of life.

They seem to lead other countries in smartness, too, excepting, perhaps, the Americans. They dress to please

Australian girls are "much the best"

• Australian men don't appreciate their women, although poise, charm, commonsense, vitality, and good looks make the local girl a world-beater, says teenage contributor John B. Moyle.

men, to show that they care what they look like, what they are. They expect men to stare at an attractive figure and a well-made-up face. And why not?

I noticed many girls on the tram this morning dressed marvellously in bright colors, matching accessories, charming and well-chosen jewellery—average girls, girls who work hard five days a week for their living, girls who dignify the youth of the country.

But the men! Oh, the men! Did they take any notice?

Do you see any man over the age of 25 lower his paper when a pretty girl gets on the bus? Do you see anyone remark on the entry of a woman in the tram? Only schoolboys—that's about all.

Two beautiful girls about 18 years old got on the tram

the other morning. Yet not one man raised his head, not one rose quickly from his seat. Only my schoolboy companions gave an appreciative stare.

(Turning from the younger generation, I have never ceased to marvel at the agility, the pride, and the brightness of the older Australian women. Many of them are showing the world that they still have youth and vivacity. They need to be appreciated as much as the younger "chicks".)

Faults in Australian girls are few and far between. Noticeable ones are the snobishness of some of the wealthier ones and the shyness of many in all classes.

A girl who thinks herself superior because of money will soon find she is at a definite disadvantage with men,

while the shy girl is simply ignored.

In sport I don't think our girls go far enough. Too many are satisfied to sit on the boundary and watch or even stay at home beside the radio.

How much better for them to get out in the open, to be seen and appreciated and to enjoy the opportunities offered in the forms of swimming, hiking, tennis, etc.

Another fault that seems to be common among teenage Australian girls is their narrowness and jealousy. Typical is the girl who has the one boy-friend and won't look at another or let him look at another girl.

Often you find that a girl considers a man her property if he takes her dancing once or to the pictures.

There should be more freedom, more fun, and less seriousness and possessiveness. Girls who are in their middle teens should be out for a good time all the time.

It seems a shame, too, that so many Australian girls should delight in piling on to their already attractive faces great slabs of cream, powder, and all the rest.

We men would be much happier to see less of these artificial faces. Besides, what a costly thought for a future husband!

Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

6

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For "P.M." promenading or afternoons about town, women with a flair for fashion choose a dress in "Mystic" sheer. This newest of the famous anti-shrink Fabrics by Potters is wonderfully cool and thoroughly washable and, of course, pre-tested for quality.

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STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

DRESS

SENSE

by
**Betty
Keep**



D.S.110. — Sailor blouse in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36 in. material, 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast, and 7/8 yds. braid. Price, 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4081, G.P.O., Sydney.

The middy blouse makes a re-appearance for summer resort wear. The newest design has a large sailor-type collar.

THIS fashion flash will answer a letter from a reader. She writes:

"WILL you please design me an overblouse I can wear with a skirt or slacks? I find when I tuck in a shirt it makes me look really bulky. I want something young-looking and very smart. Bust size 34—could I obtain a paper pattern for the design?"

A middy-type sailor blouse is right in current fashion, and it seems to me just the garment to solve your problem. There it is illustrated above, styled with a well-fitted hip-line and sleeves cuffed to match the sailor collar.

I do hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Lines beside the sketch will tell you how to order.

"WHAT style of separate top could I wear with a glazed floral cotton circular skirt? The skirt is quilted and the floral is green and pink on a white background."

My suggestion is a camisole top faced down the back with narrow green velvet ribbon. Have the camisole finished with straps of the same green ribbon used for the lacings, and have it finished with a peak centre-front, and two at

the back where the lacing finishes.

The top can then be worn outside the skirt, giving the separates an ensemble look, which is so fashionable this season.

"I WILL soon be going for my annual holiday to the seaside and, as I want to make myself a few unusual outfits for the occasion, I would like some advice for beach clothes."

This season there are lots of individual and unusual resort clothes. Here are some ideas you might like to follow:

Pink linen shorts worn with a red belt as an accent and a black plaid shirt; a short skirt made in multi-colored panels to look like pleats, worn with a white shirt over brief matching shorts.

Awning-striped shorts made to mould the figure with a high, rising waistline, worn with decollete top, sleeveless and just off-shoulder; smooth tapered pants, mid-calf length, plus a blouse with cowl-type collar which may be worn as a hood.

"I ALWAYS wear very tailored styles, and now, as I want to buy a lightweight coat to wear between seasons and on the odd cool days, I would like to know the latest designs for this style. I want

it to be very practical and able to stand lots of hard wear."

A mannish coat made three-quarter length has been highly approved by fashion designers in the U.S. This type of coat has a slim silhouette, is single-breasted, and often finished with a velvet collar. Made in worsted fabric it is a wonderfully practical and hard-wearing garment.

"DO you recommend a frock with a short skirt as being correct for a girl of 16 to wear dancing?"

An evening dress with a skirt two or three inches lower than daytime skirts has been accepted for dancing for most age groups.

Personally, I think it is a particularly pretty fashion for young girls. In this category a fitted bodice made camisole-style plus a full skirt is one of the most popular designs for teenagers. White embroidered organdie made over a pastel slip would look charming for a sixteen-year-old.

"DO you think a pinafore style of frock would look suitable made with a full-gathered skirt?"

Yes, there is no reason why a pinafore, or a jumper dress as it is now more often called, could not have a gathered skirt. Have the bodice-top made with a round oval neckline, no sleeves, and fairly closely fitted. Have a join at the waistline and as much fullness in the skirt as you fancy. The dress can be worn with or without a blouse.

how pretty you'll look and feel in

Gossard
LIGHT
SEASONING

Smart summering! Young charmers to set off your clothes.



2115. Above
STRAPLESS UPLIFT
Lined cup and boned for support. A and B cups 36-38. White, Blue & Pink. 35/3 ea.

No. 19 **PANTIE**
Sheer Nylon Texnet Broderie panel and wee waister top. Sml., Med., Lge. White only. 63/9 ea.

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CANDY HARDY FROCK

Low-priced frocks you can buy now and wear right through the summer

As a special service to our readers, Candy Hardy has chosen this wonderful range of dresses—dresses every summer wardrobe needs, cool, pretty, and washable.

The high-fashion materials are chosen for their excellent wearing and laundering qualities and their superb colors. The material choice includes straw cloth, flower-printed embossed polished cotton, dimity, zephyr, and everglaze cotton.

The dresses are on view and can be purchased at

Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They can also be ordered by mail. Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.

Each order must be accompanied by the name of the dress, color (second color choice necessary), size, and a money order, postal note, or cheque for the price of the garment.

Please print your name and address in block letters.

These frocks are also obtainable cut out ready to make. See details page 42



CLOSE-UP (above) of "Romona" (below) and "Linelle" (below, right). "Noella" is the jacket for "Romona," and is obtainable separately in white straw cloth. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 33/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.



"ROMONA," halter-necked sunfrock, minus the jacket. The silhouette is a real figure-flatterer with its shaped midriff section and wide skirt. The material is a rope-patterned everglaze cotton. The color choice includes white, pink, and blue; grey-blue and aqua; red, yellow, and green; all are printed on a white background. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.



"LINELE," one-piece dress, has a happy summer prettiness. The bodice is sleeveless, front-buttoned, and finished with a tiny collar; the skirt is soft and wide. The dress is made in a block check dimity in a lovely range of pastels. The choice includes pale pink and white, pale blue and white, lemon and white, and pastel green and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage, 2/6 extra.

SERVICE



"GERALDINE" (left), one-piece in embossed polished cotton. Colors are blue, green, black; lemon, green black; mauve, green, black; red, green, black; fuchsia, green, black, all printed on white ground. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 94/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 96/6. Postage, 2/6.

"HEATHER," crisp one-piece (above) finished with a white organdie collar and cuffs. The material is British check sephyr in red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 73/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 76/6. Postage and registration, 2/6.



"BETSY." A scallop motif adds interest to this superbly tailored one-piece, styled with a cool, sleeveless bodice-top, softly gathered skirt, and self-material belt. The dress is made in straw cloth, one of the most successful materials of the season. The colors include strawberry, forest-green, pale pink, pale blue, straw, and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 86/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 89/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"NATALIE." Cool simplicity for this wide-skirted one-piece. The bodice-top has an oval notched neckline and brief shoulder sleeves. The material is a flower-printed embossed polished cotton. Color choice includes saxe-blue, green, and black; red, green, and black; red, pink, and black, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 93/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 95/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

CANDY HARDY FROCK SERVICE CUT OUT READY TO MAKE

THE dresses below are obtainable cut out ready to make. The same styles are available ready to wear and are illustrated in color, with details of how to obtain them, on pages 40 and 41. Here, prices and particulars are given for cut-out only.

"NATALIE."—Dress (below) in floral embossed polished cotton. Colors: Sage-blue, green, and black; red, green, and black; red, pink, and black—all printed on white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 78/11. Postage, 2/6.



"NOELLA"

"BETSY."—One-piece dress made in straw cloth (below). Colors: Strawberry, forest-green, pale pink, pale blue, straw, white. Sizes 32in., 34in. bust, 66/9; 36in., 38in. bust, 68/3. Postage, 2/6.

"BETSY"



"GERALDINE"

"HEATHER."—One-piece dress (below) finished with white organdie collar and cuffs is obtainable in check zephyr. Color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/9. Postage, 2/6.

"HEATHER"



"LINELLE"

"LINELLE."—Dress in block check dimity (above). The color range includes pale pink and white, pale blue and white, lemon and white, pastel green and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"ROMONA."—Sun-dress in rope-pattern everglaze cotton (above), obtainable in white, pink, and blue; grey, blue, and aqua; red, yellow, and green—all printed on white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/11. Postage, 2/6.

"NOELLA."—Jacket in white straw cloth. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 23/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage and registration, 1/6.

The prettiest under the Sun Ter-ray

The newest of the new and the smartest of the smart! Practical Ter-ray is fast-drying and needs no ironing. These versatile styles will flatter you from sixteen to sixty, and they come in sizes from 30 to 38. Ask for Ter-ray—the wonder fabric in the new wonder styles.



R117 Perfect gown for beach, both or house. Note the roomy pockets and the silk braid drawstring waist.

R95 Bloomer-style playsuit, slipped front, nipped-in waist, puff sleeves and a scoop neck outlined in rick-rack braid.

R93 New bloomer-style playsuit, ribbed waist, shoulder ties, and the cutest contrast colour pocket.



R105 A swinging Ter-ray topper with action slits at the sides and huge multi-coloured pocket.



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Manufacturers of BEAVERLURE • TER-RAY • JERSICORD • SUEDE VELVET

Debbie makes scones

GOLDEN scones, so light that they melt in the mouth, can be yours if you make them as instructed below by Debbie, our teenage chef.

Debbie's scones are especially popular when served with jam and cream as illustrated at right.

THE RECIPE

Eight ounces self-raising flour (or 8oz. flour and 4 level teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt, 1 level tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 level dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour (or flour and baking powder) and salt. Rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead slightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter, place on greased or lightly floured tray. Glaze tops with milk, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.



1—Sift dry ingredients into large basin. With the tips of the fingers only, rub in butter or substitute, then add sugar. Shortening is best used at room heat.



2—Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, then pour milk in all at once. Using a large knife, fold in milk, continue folding until all the dry ingredients are absorbed.



3—When milk and dry ingredients are combined thoroughly, the mixture should form a soft mass that leaves the sides of the bowl and clings to the knife.



4—Knead dough on floured board. Knead by pulling and folding dough from furthest side to nearest. Press lightly with the hand, turn slightly, and repeat 5 or 6 times.

VARIATIONS

Fruit or Date Scones: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mixed fruit or sultanas or dates to dry ingredients. If liked, use 1 beaten egg and reduce milk to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup.

Cheese Scones: Omit sugar, add dash cayenne pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese to dry ingredients. Glaze tops with milk and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Curried Egg Scones: Prepare some dough without sugar. Roll out as above and spread with 2 mashed hard-boiled eggs mixed with 1 teaspoon mayonnaise and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder.



5—Roll out dough to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness with floured rolling-pin or press out with hands. Cut with floured knife or cutter and place on greased or lightly floured tray. Glaze with milk, using pastry-brush. Bake as directed.

Dream in Blue Mist

in Spring's
loveliest
lingerie



You'll dream sweetly in enchanting new nightwear in Lustre's ever-popular graceful Velvarey. Ruffles of lace flatter the skin and graceful lines flow to perfection. Whether you buy the individual garment or a complete trousseau set, you'll be lovelier than ever in Lustre.

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Army with an amputated leg a year before James' return.

Stella had been released from her work in the Food Ministry at the end of the war and had joined the family a few months before Mary and James.

Financially, there was no problem. Although Mrs. Allister had only a moderate income from her deceased husband's estate, James' royalties from his highly successful compositions were more than enough to keep the whole family in comfort, quite apart from Frank's salary and Stella's own war pension.

Mary filled the electric kettle but did not switch it on. James and John would want tea after their cold ride; she would wait a few minutes more. She set out cups and saucers, putting them down gently so their noise would not drown the sound of the doorbell.

She did not hurry; she moved slowly, postponing the moment when she would have to go back into the drawing-room again. As she stood there her mind wandered back, recapitulating their life together, lingering on the happy moments, wincing at the sad . . .

When had it begun? February, 1943? Yes; that had really been the beginning. They had known one another for two years before that, but February had been the month of their marriage. She was in the nursing services at the time, and James had been commissioned in the Army two months earlier. They had married and had one full week together before the war had dragged them apart again.

At that time James was in England, waiting for the invasion, and the year that followed had brought them brief but deliciously happy meetings. But at last, with awful inevitability, D-day came and James vanished somewhere in the maw of the titanic battles that raged over the Channel.

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 10

A month went by without news, and then she received a communication from the War Office. "Missing, believed captured. . . ." Another week . . . a month—she was never sure how long—and then verification. James was a prisoner-of-war.

An endless year passed before the European war was over. Even then another ten months had to drag by before he was able to come finally home to her. A shoulder wound he had suffered before capture had begun to worry him again and his general state of health was such that he needed prolonged medical treatment. Although she had realised his nerves were bad, she had not realised at the time the full seriousness of his condition. He had been put into the military hospital and it was spring, 1946, before he was discharged.

During that time Stella, now alone in London after David's death, had been invited by Mrs. Allister and Frank to make her home with them—an offer the girl had accepted.

Thus, at the end of the war, the bleak, grey house on the cliffs had been occupied by Mrs. Allister, Frank, and Stella. Only three people in so large a place. . . . As Mrs. Allister had pointed out, there was plenty of room for another family.

It was then Mary had made a great mistake; it was bitterly clear to her now. She should have demanded her own home—James might have given it to her then; it would have been a natural request. If only she had known then what she knew now.

But she had not known. When Mrs. Allister, a constant visitor to the hospital, had suggested James should return home on his discharge, Mary had made no demur. At the

time it seemed a reasonable enough thing to do. All James' things: his piano, his books, his music, were there, and the house was large enough for them all. It was natural, too, that his mother would want him with her a little while. Mary had thought of that. . . .

The old woman's husband had died during the early years of the war, later her youngest son had been killed—she would want her two remaining sons by her side until she had fully recovered. They did not have to stay long. A few months, which would also give them a breathing space to look around for a home of their own. . . .

SO they had come. On the surface all had seemed well. James' study was as it had been in the past, his piano had been dusted and polished with loving care. All had appeared well, and yet they had barely crossed the threshold when Mary had felt a premonition of unhappiness to come.

It had begun as a shadow at her side that vanished as she turned to face it, but it rapidly darkened and grew as the weeks went by. Something—she did not know what—but something was terribly wrong. The doors creaked of it; the very floorboards groaned their warning.

In the beginning Mary's fear had been a formless thing. Although she had not known James before the war, she had gathered from his family that he had always possessed a volatile temperament. In their short life together she had noticed it: how he would be up in the clouds one day and unaccountably depressed the next.

With this knowledge, she had

not worried unduly at first about the change that had come over him. Brusque and moody, quarrelsome and ill-tempered though he now was, she had put it down to his war experiences, his captivity, and his wound. Now he was back in familiar surroundings, back to the work he loved and with plenty of good food and rest, she had never doubted that he would make a complete recovery.

But, as the weeks turned into months, she had watched his rapid disintegration with growing fear. He had thrown himself into his work with all the desperation of a man trying to escape from life itself. He had a bed made up in his study and sometimes he would stay in the room for days on end, having his meals by the piano and sleeping at its side. The strain had grown on everyone. On Mary it felt as if her nerves were violin strings, and each day the pegs were being tightened and tightened.

But when she had pleaded with him to go away on holiday with her, to take a rest and change of surroundings, he had reminded her of his family, of his mother, how cruel it would be to her, how she needed their financial assistance. . . .

How the familiar old house helped his composing with all its memories and sentimental promptings. . . .

And so that year had gone by. Time for Mary Allister was not measured by day and night, by sunlight and darkness. Day for her lay in James' moments of lucidity, and night in his black rages and melancholy. Black rage after rage, and nearly all of them directed at her. She felt she could have stood anything but that, with all its implications. Cruelly the pegs were twisted,

tightening the strings—until the creak of a board at night would bring her awake with pounding heart and trembling limbs.

But the crisis was nearly here. She felt it, as her mind brought her back to the present. Soon she would know the truth, the final and irrevocable truth. And so she waited, one half of her mind longing to end the suspense, the other terrified at what that end might be.

While Mary was still outside, there came the sound of a latch-key being introduced into the front door. A few moments later Frank Allister peered round the drawing-room door. Seeing his mother and sister alone, he came forward. He was a man of medium height and build, with a lined, rather sardonic face. His hair and eyes were dark, the former flecked with grey. He walked towards the two women with a pronounced limp.

"What's the news of James?" he asked.

"We don't know," his mother told him. "They haven't got back yet."

He shrugged. "Oh, well; that's nothing to worry about. Specialists never see one on time. That's their privilege. Cheer up, Mother. They'll be back soon."

"Mother and I have been talking about these dreadful friends of Stella's," Ethel said. "Don't you think they should have the decency to go now they see how ill James is?"

Frank shrugged, turning to warm his back. "I don't know. Stella invited 'em for Christmas. You can hardly expect them to alter their arrangements now. It isn't their fault James is ill."

"You must have been talking to Mary," Ethel said tartly. "She talks the same way. Or has Stella been getting round you with her big, green eyes?" Frank smiled cynically.

"What have you got against 'em, anyway? You don't like here. It wouldn't be because you don't like Stella, would it?"

"I wasn't thinking of myself at all," Ethel snapped. "I was thinking of James. If more of us did that, the poor boy might be better in health than he is today."

"Has he grumbled about the Ashburns to you?"

"You know perfectly well that he hardly ever opens his mouth to anybody these days. But it stands to reason it can't be good for him to have strangers about the house."

"I should let Mary decide that," Frank yawned. "She knows better than any of us what is good for him. Where is she?"

"She went into the kitchen a few minutes ago to put the kettle on," Mrs. Allister muttered. "We haven't seen her since."

"How is she taking it?" Frank asked.

The old woman looked up at him vacantly. "Taking it . . .?"

Ethel answered for her. "She's all right. It's mother I'm worried about. She's far more upset."

"Don't you believe it," Frank grunted. "Mary is worried to death about James. But she keeps it all to herself."

Mrs. Allister gave a sigh and rose unsteadily.

"I'm going to look at the dinner. I can't stand all this quarrelling." She gathered up her knitting and shuffled unhappily from the room. Frank sank promptly into the vacant armchair. Ethel eyed him coldly.

"Now you've upset mother. Her nerves are getting into a dreadful state. She'll be having a breakdown if things go on like this much longer."

"She'll last the pace," Frank

To page 45



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that's rugged for your roughest, toughest days

That's the kind of service the British Government wanted. They wanted a watch that could stand the steaming heat of the tropics . . . the freezing cold of the arctic . . . the gritty dust of the desert . . . and go on running day and night with faultless accuracy. They wanted a super watch! Omega made it.

That is why the British Government has selected Omega as the official suppliers of the British Navy, Army and Air Force.

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OLYMPIC GAMES—For 20 years Omega has officially timed the Olympics, and the most exacting experts have again chosen Omega to time the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne. This is the highest recognition any watch has ever received from the nations of the entire world.

OMEGA Seamaster

OMEGA SEAMASTER as illustrated: in 14 ct. gold, £116; 14 ct., gold capped, £59/10/-; Staybrite Steel, £46/10/-.



Omega Seamaster—Automatic super-waterproof with crack-proof armoured crystal glass, gold applied figured dial and anti-magnetic, shock protected movements. It winds itself!



Available only from a few specialist watch-makers and jewellers, members of the Omega World Service Organisation, who display the Omega Symbol.

THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST OMEGA—Some day you'll own one . . .

OWW7A



NOW!
A shampoo
that lifts
that soap veil
and
Freshens
YOUR HAIR



Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 44

grinned. "She's tougher than she looks."

"You're callous," Ethel accused. "You haven't a scrap of sympathy in you."

Frank nodded absent-mindedly. He eyed the marble clock with a frown.

"I wonder why they are so late," he muttered, drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair.

Ethel turned towards him. "You don't think he has a tumor, or anything like that, do you?"

Frank shrugged. "I don't know what's wrong with him."

"It's very strange," Ethel muttered uneasily. "He never used to be like this before the war."

"I wouldn't say he had the best of tempers then," Frank grinned.

"He was a bit hasty-tempered, but it was soon over. He was never like this."

Frank sat silent. What she said was true.

Ethel lowered her voice. "Sometimes he acts as if he were out of his mind. If anyone outside the family were to see him in that state, they'd think him insane. That's one reason I want those dreadful friends of Stella's to go. If they once see him in a tantrum, it'll be splashed all over the newspapers in a couple of days. They're the type who'd only be too happy to spread a bit of scandal."

"Don't talk rubbish."

"I'm not talking rubbish," she snapped. "Someone must think of these things for the sake of the family. Personally, I feel it can't be just the war that has upset James. It might be something quite different, you know."

"Such as?" Frank asked grimly.

She hesitated a moment, then went on defiantly. "Well, marriage, for example. Some men should never get married, and sometimes I think James is one."

"What do you mean? What are you hinting at now?"

"I'm hinting at nothing," she snapped. "All I'm trying to do is find out what is wrong with James. He's my brother and I'm worried about him."

"What has that to do with his marriage?"

"Well, I can't help noticing that he always goes for Mary when he is in a temper. Doesn't that suggest that he bears her some hidden resentment, that they're not suited to one another?"

Frank rose impatiently. "Whatever's causing James' vile moods, Mary is the last one to blame. She has more patience

with him than the rest of us put together. The only reason he snaps so much at her is because she is with him more than we are. There's nothing more to it than that."

The telephone in the hall rang at that moment.

"That might be Evans now," Frank muttered.

Ethel started up to answer it, but, in spite of his limp, Frank was first at the door. He entered the hall and picked up the receiver, with Ethel close at his heels.

"Hello; Allister here," he called. "Oh, hello, Doctor. Yes, she's been waiting for you. Good news, I hope? All right; I'll call her. Just a moment . . ." He was turning to go down the hall when Mary appeared at the kitchen door. She came forward, her grey eyes wide and questioning.

"It's Doctor Evans," Frank told her.

"Thank you, Frank." She gave him a half-smile as she took the receiver from him. He noticed the violent trembling of her hand. He stood back almost colliding with Ethel, who was standing by the open drawing-room door. Taking his sister by one enraged arm, he guided her back into the room, leaving Mary alone in the hall.

Mary found herself shaking almost uncontrollably. She took a deep breath and made a great effort to compose herself.

"Hello. Oh, hello, John. Thank heaven . . . Yes; I'm all right. What did he say . . . ?"

STELLA ALLISTER lay on her bed reading. The soft glow from the shaded bedside lamp threw a pool of light around her, setting off her beauty like an illuminated picture against the shadowy background.

Stella Allister was a rare beauty. Her long hair, copper beech in color, swirled like dark fire on the blue of her satin bedspread. Her skin had not the pale debility so often found in those of her coloring—hers was strong, almost bronzed in appearance. Her features were perfect, with eyes of turquoise-green and firm, full lips. She was tall and graceful, with a superbly proportioned body. Reclining elegantly on the bed in the warm pool of light, she made a picture with all the richness of a Titian oil.

In spite of her beauty, however, she gave no appearance

of contentment. There was cynicism in her every expression, a permanent discontent behind her eyes. Yet this sulky sophistication did not, as it would have done with many other lovely women, dim and mar her beauty. Rather it mixed in some mysterious way with the aura of sex that surrounded her, and added sullen fire to its smouldering appeal.

Unrest showed in her eyes now as she glanced down at her wristlet watch. A furrow appeared between her eyes. Throwing her book impatiently aside, she reached out to the chair at her bedside and took a cigarette. Lighting it, she shook out the match and dropped it into an ashtray where half a dozen cigarette-ends lay charred and cold.

Lying back on one elbow, she inhaled deeply. Her beautiful, hard eyes were sombre; anxiety, rough-grained with bitterness lay behind them. She lay staring into the shadows beyond the light while the ash on her cigarette lengthened.

The distant ringing of a telephone brought her to life again. She moved suddenly, her lithe body bringing her to her feet in one swift movement. Crushing her cigarette in the ashtray, she gave herself a quick, automatic look in her mirror. She smoothed her dress, hesitated at the door for a moment, and then made her way down into the hall below.

Half-way down, on a bend in the stairs, she paused. Below her Mary was picking up the receiver. She saw Frank draw Ethel back into the drawing-room, leaving Mary alone. She drew back into the shadows, listening.

Mary's voice came to her clearly, tight now and under control.

"Yes; I'm all right. What did he say? Oh; thank God for that. What else did he say? Later on—yes, of course. Is James there? Yes; I'd like to. You say you'll be home in half an hour? Do hurry. Thank you, John."

The tensed body of the listening woman appeared to relax. She softly descended two more stairs, pausing as Mary spoke again.

"Hello, dear. How are you feeling? Never mind; you'll soon be home now. Yes; there's a fire in your study. All right, dear. Don't be long."

As Mary put the receiver down, the drawing-room door was flung open and the irate face of Ethel appeared. Stella

To page 47



Richard Hudnut CREME RINSE

This pretty pink liquid creme, rinsed through just once, makes your hair gleam with shining loveliness . . . fragrant . . . tangle-free, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly—are bound to last longer.



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Insist on being supplied with
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Infants' Powders
They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.
1P 34/3

THIS IS ON ME

By Bob Hope

The great entertainer's life story has all the humor, sardonic comment, and frank revelation his admirers would expect.

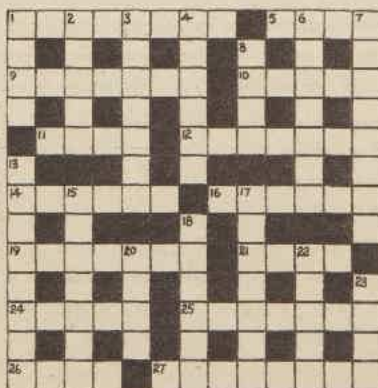
Price, 13/3 From All Booksellers

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Angry curve in a weapon (5, 3)
- You may take with you everything, but this should remain in the kitchen (4)
- No wonder it's awkward as part of its inside is out (7)
- A holy man and a stall in the market (5)
- Child to be a traitor (4)
- Give temporary relief about malice (7)
- Smells mainly belong to us (6)
- A politician before an electrical unit (6)
- Makes plastic frequently in a steamer (7)
- Material once used for making a woman (4)
- To be strengthened with might by his spirit in the man. (Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians) (6)
- In the number of a disjointed stag round a Scotch man (7)
- Mirth which you may give but not alone (4)
- I rent gem (Anagram) (3)

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Our ancestors used this association as a weapon (4)
- No scariest is the pride of Hollywood (5)
- Incoherent speech, most of it used by golfers (7)
- makes us rather hear those than fly to — that we know not of? (Shakespeare, Hamlet) (6)
- Suppose a mother with spirit in the middle (7)
- Push about in an Indian dish which is European dish, too (8)
- Godness is doubled (4)
- Lodging for the night (8)
- Tiny of a receiver, but not an honest one (7)
- I'm no car (Anagram) (7)
- Emerge into freedom (6)
- Was Aren the god of listeners? He could be if agitated (4)
- Insect with the French musical instrument (5)
- Let it stand (4)



Solution to last week's crossword



MAGIC GIRL

Enchanted and
enchanted —
with her shining
Marigny Cold Wave.



TRAGIC GIRL

Victim of a package perm
given by an amateur.
A typical case of over-processing!

You can't afford to have a bad perm !

Perming your own hair is like trying to make your own shoes—you haven't the training or experience to guarantee a good job ! Put your hair in the hands of a specially trained Marigny hairdresser—and be sure of the result. No matter what kind of hair you have—coarse or fine, dry or oily—you'll find the Marigny Cold Wave process will give you the loveliest permanent you've ever had. It can be timed to give you exactly what you want—deep, soft waves and curls—or just enough wave to keep the most casual of short hair-do's in perfect place. The Marigny Cold Wave is such a gentle process that it actually revitalises as it curls.

Safeguard your hair with professional care.

Expert knowledge of the condition of your hair is essential if you are to be sure of a successful perm. For instance, your hair may be lacking in elasticity—in which case extended processing can do nothing but damage. Then again, what is called the 'porosity'

of your hair is the most important factor in deciding process time. Very 'porous' hair absorbs solution quickly and processes quickly—hair that is low in 'porosity' takes much longer. Bleached hair produces one condition—hennaed hair another. Home perms frequently fail because the untrained woman does not know these facts which are an essential part of the training of your Marigny hairdresser.

Your health affects your hair !

A long illness, or anaesthetic used before an operation, can affect your hair for some time. It becomes dull and lifeless, and may need a course of treatments to put it back in condition. A perm given by anyone other than an expert could badly damage hair in this state. You'd be wise to visit your Marigny hairdresser for inspection and advice.

Put your hair in the hands
of a trained Marigny operator.
Make sure you have a

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The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1954

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 45

drew back into the shadows again.

"I want to know what's wrong with him," Ethel flung back through the door. She swung round on Mary. "Well, what does the specialist say? From the way he is behaving"—pointing to Frank who was just emerging from the room—"one would think it a State secret."

"He doesn't think James has a tumor," Mary told her quietly. Ethel stared at her. "Then everything's all right, isn't it? If he hasn't a tumor, all he needs is rest and peace. That's what I thought all along. Now it's up to us all to see he gets it." She paused, looking curiously at Mary. "What's the matter? You're not looking very pleased."

"Of course I'm pleased." Ethel nodded doubtfully, her pale eyes searching Mary's face. Then she turned. "Well, I'll go and tell mother. The poor soul is half crazy with worry. Then I must go home and get Dick's dinner ready. I'll come back later to see James."

She started down the hall. Frank waited until she had disappeared before speaking. "Congratulations," he said. "Mary started, then smiled at him. 'Thank you, Frank.'"

He noticed the slight hesitation in her voice and looked at her in surprise. "It is good news, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; Yes, of course it is."

"Then what's the matter?" he asked gently. "You're not looking quite as happy as you might look. Is it reaction?"

"No; it's not that. It was something in John's voice . . ." Her words were low-spoken—the woman on the stairs had to strain her ears to catch them. "What do you mean?" Frank asked curiously.

"Oh; I'm being foolish," she said, trying to laugh. "It's probably only my imagination. But"—and the frown came back on her face—"John didn't sound happy about it. He didn't say anything, but you know how it is—when you've known someone for years, you can tell so much from the tone of their voice."

"It's reaction," Frank told her. "And voices often sound queer over the phone."

She threw him a grateful smile. "Of course. That's all it is. I'll realise how lucky I am in a few minutes."

"That's the spirit," Frank smiled. He watched her thoughtfully until she had disappeared into the kitchen, then turned back to the drawing-room.

As Stella came on down the stairs, there was the sound of a car on the gravel outside.

The front door opened and Frank heard voices in the hall. "How was Rombury today?" That was Stella.

A man's voice, loud and hearty, answered her. "Oh; as dead as usual. It's bitter outside. Hope you've got a good fire going."

"There's one in the lounge. Stick your coats on the hall-stand and go in."

A few seconds later Stella came in, followed by her relations, Gwen and Mervyn Ashburn. The man waved an arm to Frank.

"Hello. You've got the right place here. It's fifty below outside."

Frank rose with a grin. "Come over and thaw out."

Mervyn Ashburn took his wife's arm and led her forward. He was a man of about forty-five with a florid, slightly puffy face. His wife, perhaps two or three years younger than he, was definitely over-dressed. Her fingers were armored in

rings and her hair obviously peroxidized. She had sharp features that had been pretty fifteen years earlier. Now, with every aid and artifice money could buy, Gwen Ashburn clung desperately to the last of her youth.

Frank offered her his chair, and with Mervyn's help pushed forward the settee. Stella waved Mervyn to the other armchair. "You sit there." She yawned. "I'm warm enough."

Mervyn hesitated only a moment, then seated himself. "Thanks," he said, holding his hands in front of the fire. Frank joined Stella on the settee.

"So you don't think much of Rombury?" Stella mocked.

Gwen Ashburn answered. "It gets deadlier every day." She had a shrill voice with a very faint Cockney accent.

Mervyn chuckled. "Cathedral cities have never appealed to Gwen's aesthetic tastes."

His wife replied tartly. "Since when have you gone in for culture?"

Mervyn drew back a little from the fire, throwing a heavy-lidded wink at Frank.

"It takes all types to make a world," he grinned. He looked around, eyeing Stella and Frank hopefully. "How about us all having a little drink before dinner eh?"

"You've had enough," Gwen broke in sharply. She turned to Frank. "Is your brother back yet?"

"Not yet," Frank told her. "But his doctor phoned through to Mary. There's nothing organically wrong. There isn't a tumor."

IN hearty tones Mervyn interrupted. "Glad to hear it. Probably just his nerves, then."

"I know it's none of my business," Gwen went on. "But really I'm not a bit surprised his nerves are bad. No one can expect anything else if they work the way he does."

"It's true," Frank confessed. "But he has always been like this. These artistic temperaments, you know . . ." He rose. "If you'll all excuse me, I'll run along and clean up. I'll see you all at dinner."

"Of course," Mervyn half rose as Frank limped out, then dropped back into his chair with a grunt. Gwen looked across at him.

"It's time we did the same," she said, rising.

Mervyn stretched out his legs. "Um, I suppose so. But this fire is grand."

Gwen stared down at him. "Well, aren't you coming?"

"In a moment," he said with sudden impatience. "When I've thawed out a bit more."

She gave him a pointed look, and then walked out without another word. Mervyn watched her go with a frown of irritation.

"Confound it," he muttered, when her footsteps were well up the stairs. "She won't leave me alone a minute. She's always round my neck. I don't know what's wrong with her these days." He looked eagerly at Stella, who was eyeing him with amusement. "You are coming out with us this evening, aren't you?"

Stella stretched, aware of his eyes flickering over her. "I don't think I had better," she yawned. "It'll look rather bad. I'd better wait with the rest of the family to hear just what is wrong with James."

His face dropped. "It isn't going to help him if you stay here brooding," he muttered. "You heard what Frank said—he hasn't a tumor or anything like that. So what are you wor-

ried about? Come out with us tonight. It'll do you good."

"No; I'd better not." "Confound it," he muttered. "I haven't seen anything of you all day."

Her voice mocked him. "Poor darling. How you must have suffered."

"What's the matter with you these days?" he complained. "You used to be different during the war."

"I'm a hoary old widow," she said. "You forget that."

His heavy-lidded eyes wandered down her long, slim legs. He stirred restlessly. "It must be this place that has got you down. It's like a confounded mausoleum."

She turned her eyes from the fire and stared at him. "That sounds as if you're pulling out."

"You know I don't mean that," he said thickly. "As long as you're about I'm happy enough. But I'm not seeing enough of you—that's the trouble."

She eyed him quizzically. "I don't quite know what you expect me to do, darling. You've got a wife upstairs, you know. A wife with very sharp eyes."

He scowled at the reminder, then looked at her recklessly. "I'm crazy about you," he muttered. "And you know it."

"I'm beginning to know it," she mocked. "I wondered why you hinted in your letter for an invitation here for Christmas."

He grinned. "You didn't think I wanted to come to this dead-and-alive place for the scenery, did you? Or just to see the Hensons? Hadn't you guessed why I wanted to come?" "I thought you were interested," she said coolly. "But I thought you had more intelligence than to bring your wife with you on a hunting trip. So I was a little surprised."

"I couldn't very well leave her behind, could I?" he muttered.

"Not very well," she agreed. "But as she is here, you'd better remember it. She's looking a bit acid these days. I don't want any trouble while you are here. Do you understand?"

His eyes were busy wandering over her as she was speaking.

"Do you hear?" she said sharply.

"I can't help feeling this way," he muttered. "You do things to me. Change your mind and come out with us tonight."

She shook her head impatiently. "Can't you take no for an answer? I've already told you I can't go. Now go upstairs before Gwen starts causing trouble."

"All right," he grunted. "I'll try again tomorrow. And for heaven's sake cheer up."

He stalked moodily from the room and up the stairs. Stella was reaching for a cigarette when the sound of a car engine came from up the drive. A moment later headlights gleamed briefly through the curtains as the car swung round outside.

Stella went to the front door. As she reached it Mary came out anxiously from the kitchen. Stella met her questioning glance, and nodded.

"They are here now," she said.

"Not much longer now," John Evans said cheerfully as the lights of Rombury receded behind them. "We're nearly home. Sorry we're late, but it couldn't be helped."

The brooding man huddled in an overcoat beside him did not answer. He sat staring with fixed eyes through the wind-screen of the speeding car.

"How is the headache now?" Evans asked.

James Allister lifted a hand to his head. His voice was thick

To page 53



'Contemporary' or 'modern'?

There are two schools of thought. Some say 'modern'; others 'contemporary'.

Well, we can leave those differences to architects, critics and the lexicographers. Our contribution to the discussion is a wide range of Sundour fabrics—for example like the texture and the print shown here—and that seems to satisfy both schools of thought.

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Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY
M. J. McMARON

★ Filmed in technicolor against picturesque backgrounds on Africa's jungle and coast, "West of Zanzibar" follows the path of Ealing's early adventure "Where No Vultures Fly" and features some of the same characters. Telling a story of ivory smuggling, the new film stars Anthony Steel (playing his original role) and Sheila Sim.



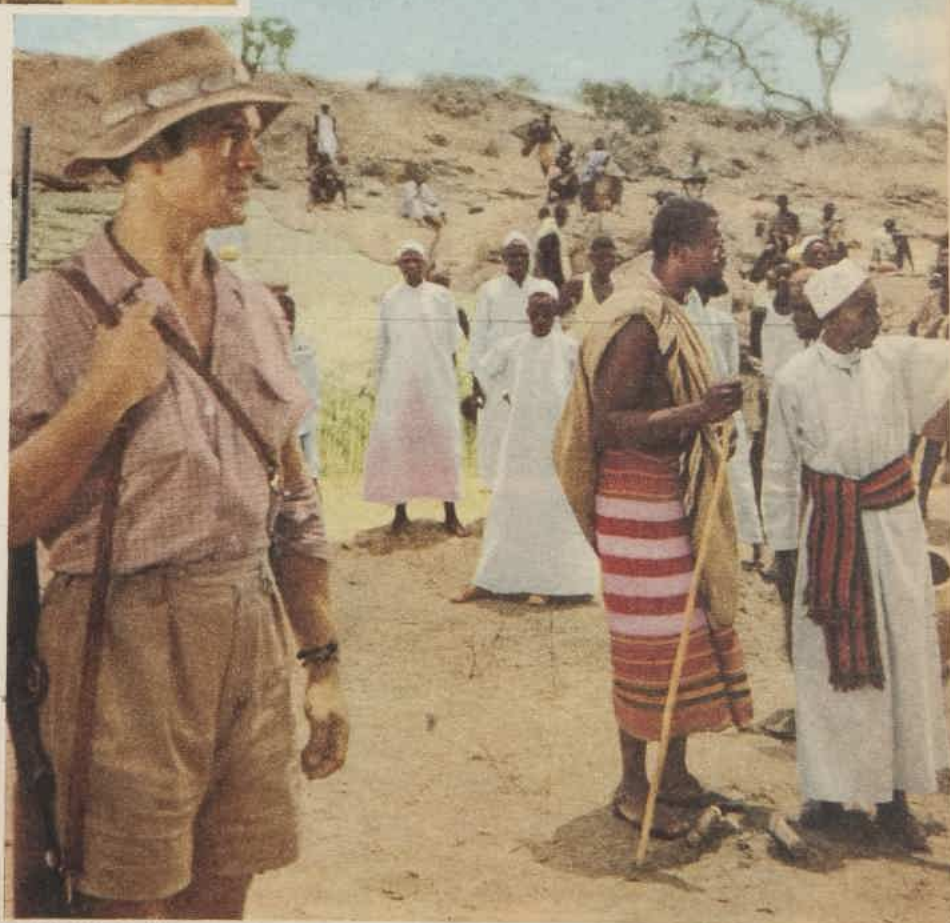
PRETTY Sheila Sim relaxes in colorful comfort. In "West of Zanzibar" Sheila has the role of Mary Payton, the devoted young English wife of the intrepid game warden.



CELEBRATION is staged by members of the Galana tribe to welcome to the village their trusted friend and adviser, British game warden Bob Payton.



ABOVE: Mombasa Harbor presents a colorful spectacle as film action swings to the African coast in "West of Zanzibar."



FRIENDLY NATIVES guide Bob Payton (Anthony Steel), left, and M'Kwongwi in their trek towards the coast to flush out the leader of the gang. "West of Zanzibar" was shot at points along the East African coast and around elephant country inland.

RIGHT: M'Kwongwi, Payton's bearer, Orlando Martins, comes across an elephant slain by ivory poachers.





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1. COW BOY Tom Brewster (Will Rogers, jun.), visiting town to mail examination papers for his law degree, notices the postmaster's startled scrutiny of a letter addressed to the marshal.



2. IN CELEBRATION, organised by new mayor, Tom ties with Katie (Nancy Olson), daughter of recently killed Sheriff Brannigan, in horse race, but she easily beats him in shooting.



3. MAYOR TURLOCK (Anthony Caruso), left, offers Tom job of sheriff and he accepts when stage is held up. Postmaster reports to Turlock that letter to marshal is in writing of Katie's father.



4. INVESTIGATION into Brannigan's death leads Tom to a henchman of Turlock. Tom tells Turlock of this, and the latter slyly endeavors to have Tom shot.

OUTDOOR ROMANCE



5. BID by Turlock to persuade Tom that Brannigan's letter was confession of theft misfires. Tom continues search.

THERE is whimsy, action, and romance in "Boy from Oklahoma," Warners' light-hearted Western about a gun-shy sheriff who manages to keep law and order and also win the prettiest girl in town.

The picture is filmed in WarnerColor, and brings Will Rogers, jun., to the screen for his second starring role. As an unarmed sheriff he performs his duty in an efficient but somewhat unusual manner, by depending on his wit and lariat to best a bunch of Western villains who are recognised gunmen.



6. KATIE, at Tom's suggestion, forges another letter to the marshal as a trap. Again Turlock hears of it.



7. AMBUSH of the stagecoach is frustrated by Tom and his posse of townspeople. Under threat of hanging, one of the bandits tells Tom that Turlock killed Brannigan. Turlock is captured trying to escape.



8. LEAVING to serve an apprenticeship in his uncle's law office, Bluerock County's sheriff overcomes shyness sufficiently to persuade Katie to wait for him.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Them!

PRODUCED in the fashionable science-fiction tradition, Warners' present this better-than-average thriller.

It mingles some ingenious tricks with routine developments.

The effective opening sequence shows a little girl walking aimlessly through desert brush in an obvious state of shock. She is rescued by State trooper James Whitmore and traced to a wrecked and abandoned camp site.

What are the strange circumstances of the child's plight?

The ensuing action, with shock effects by specialists in the field, explains it all with a quota of chills.

When the facts are established, scientists, police, and all of America's armed services swing into action to help combat what turns out to be a threat to the whole human race from a colony of mammoth repulsive-looking ants.

How these creatures of the film title happen to be rampaging around and the way in which they are ultimately exterminated are points

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

that are too complicated to discuss here.

Fluttery scientist Edmund Gwenn has his pretty daughter-collaborator (Joan Weldon) along to maintain composure in all circumstances and share romance with F.B.I. agent James Arness.

In Sydney—Palace.

FAMOUS Claridge's Hotel, which shelters kings and multi-millionaires, is not on any bus route. It is strictly in the Rolls-Royce-Daimler-Bentley area. A liveried doorman goggled recently when a double-decker bus pulled up at the door and deposited Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson. They'd been using the bus to film with around London. Their limousine got lost in a traffic jam—so Van took charge of the bus and pioneered a new route to their hotel.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Miss Sadie Thompson," technicolor musical drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Jose Ferrer, Aldo Ray. Plus "Problem Girls," juvenile drama, starring Helen Walker, Ross Elliott, Susan Morrow.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," period comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Martin Luther," religious biography, starring Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Welcome to Wales," with Donald Peers.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia De Havilland. (Re-release comm. October 18.)

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Jolson Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Princess and the Pirate," technicolor comedy, starring Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo. Plus "The Racket," crime melodrama, starring Robert Mitchum, Robert Ryan, Elizabeth Scott. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "His Majesty O'Keefe," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice. Plus "The Saint's Return," thriller, starring Louis Hayward.

PALACE.—★★ "Them," science-fiction thriller, starring James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Weldon. (See review this page.) Plus "Star of Texas," Western, starring Wayne Morris, Jack Larson.

PARIS.—★★ "The Moment of Truth," French-language domestic drama, starring Jean Gabin, Michele Morgan, Daniel Gelin. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

PLAZA.—"Garden of Evil," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"Are We All Murderers?" French-language drama, starring Rene Le Guen, Gin. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—"The Blue Mask," German operetta in color, starring Marika Rokk, Paul Christian. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Human Desire," murder drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, plus "El Alamein," post-war drama, starring Scott Brady, Rita Moreno



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Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 47

and unsteady. "Very bad," he muttered.

"Never mind," Evans said. "I'll give you a sleeping draught tonight to take away the pain. All this travelling today will have made it bad."

"No," James Allister turned his deep-set eyes on the doctor. "I don't want any more drugs. I must work when I get back. Let me alone, will you?"

"All right; if you wish it," Evans shrugged conciliatingly. "But I shouldn't work tonight. I'd have an evening off. Mary will feel like a chat when you get back."

Irritation sounded at once in the other's voice. "Confound it, man; why does everyone try to stop me working? Are you in the conspiracy, as well? Has Mary been talking to you?"

"Work if you want to," the doctor said in an even, disinterested tone. "Slowly James Allister's fists unclenched and his taut body relaxed. His eyes lost their angry glow and turned moodily back to the white road over which they were passing."

They did not speak again until they reached the house. It appeared on their left, a black shadow against the sky with two eyes of light staring from it. The doctor slowed the car, turned up the narrow road and came to a halt on the gravel frontage. Pulling on the handbrake, he turned to James.

"Here we are," he announced cheerfully. "I hope they have a big fire going inside."

The composer did not reply. He was fumbling clumsily with the door-handle. Evans jumped out, walked round the car and opened the door for him.

A rectangle of light shone on the snow as the front door was thrown open. Mary stood silhouetted against the light for a moment, then ran out to meet them.

"Hello, darling. Hello, John," she called breathlessly. "You must both be freezing. Hurry inside—we have tea waiting."

She slipped a hand through her husband's arm.

They entered the house—James pulling away irritably from Mary as they stepped into the hall. Ignoring Stella, who was standing by the front door, he pushed by her on his way to the hallstand, where he began removing his coat. Mary followed and helped him take it off.

Stella looked from James to the doctor, who had followed the others into the hall.

"Hello," she said. "You must have had a cold trip."

He smiled at her. "Good evening, Mrs. Allister. Yes; it's a bleak night."

She nodded towards the lounge. "Go inside and warm up. There's a useful fire in there."

He hesitated. "I must be going, I'm afraid. My surgery is at seven—I'll be late as it is."

Mary, who was leading James into the lounge, stopped at his words.

"Oh, don't go yet, John," she pleaded. "Stay a little while—Tea is almost ready."

He saw the disappointment in her eyes and knew how much she was longing to hear his news.

"Only five minutes, then," he said. "It mustn't be any longer."

They entered the lounge. After the subdued light of the hall, the lounge seemed brightly illuminated, and James winced and shaded his eyes. Seeing his distress, Mary switched off the main lights, leaving on a soft, standard lamp by the fire.

James muttered an exclamation of relief, pulled away from his wife, and slumped down into an armchair. Mary stood back.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

uncertainly, then turned to John.

"I'll go and get the tea now," she said nervously. "I won't be a moment."

He nodded, trying to express his sympathy in the look he threw her. She gave him a half-smile in return as she left the room, followed by Stella.

John studied the figure in the armchair, trying to see him not as a patient but as a man, a great musician. In the soft lamplight, helped by the deeper glow of the fire, he saw a pale, sensitive face with deep-set black eyes overshadowed by a broad, high forehead. James Allister was thirty-eight, three years older than Evans himself. He was a man of medium height, small-boned, with the hands of an artist.

He bore a resemblance to his brother Frank, except that his face had not the cynical, weather-beaten lines of the latter, being smoother and more aesthetic in appearance. His eyes were the outstanding features of an extremely handsome face. They were an intense black, and in animated moments shone like polished jet. The very flame of creation itself seemed to burn behind them. At his best, the composer possessed an unusual charm of manner.

John Evans had never known him well in the past, yet at their few meetings had been impressed by the immense, restless vitality of the man. True, his history showed a strain of instability; there had been that breakdown in his youth and he had been subject to moods of depression when all was not going well with his works, but these indications alone were not enough to explain his present state. No one who had known him before the war had regarded his moods as anything extraordinary but merely the temperamental displays one expects occasionally from the artistic mind.

AT his best he had been gay, vital, and tremendously confident—the very antithesis of the disconsolate, brooding neurotic he had now become. Women had found his charm irresistible, and he had been greatly in demand at social gatherings. His famous Night concerto and his Second symphony, both published in the first year of the war, had established his virtuosity and brought him world renown.

None of this fame and distinction appeared to have changed him. He had not even bothered to move his headquarters to London, being quite content to work at home and keep a small flat in the West End to accommodate him during business trips. In taste he seemed to have been both moderate and well judged.

Such was the composite picture of the musician that the doctor had built up, partly from his own knowledge and partly from the expositions of others, in particular Mary. Now, as he gazed on the musician's moody face, he wondered for the hundredth time what the exact cause for such a degeneration could be.

Could it have been his war experiences? He had been wounded and captured and had spent a year in a prison camp. Could that have caused it? No; that was not enough in itself although the wound would have lowered his level of general health. But his treatment in the military hospital had been chiefly for his mental condition—John had established that from the Army authorities. Then had he undergone some other worse experience of which his family knew nothing?

He would have seen his share

of horror and suffering and his mind would have been affected to some extent.

And yet John, without knowing why, did not believe the war was wholly to blame for James' present condition. Unless—and he made this mental reservation—unless he had passed through some abnormal experience. But it was all supposition, he thought wearily. The cause he did not know, but the cure had been given him, and the nature of it he had to pass on to Mary before the night was over. He winced again at the remembrance.

There was a patter of feet down the hall and Mrs. Allister hurried into the lounge. John turned.

"Good evening, Mrs. Allister," he said.

The old woman's myopic eyes were all for her son; they barely brushed the doctor before settling on the armchair. Her voice was equally abstracted.

"Oh; good evening, Doctor."

She shuffled anxiously by to James, who looked up at the sound of her voice.

"Hello, Mother," he muttered. John noticed a flicker of interest in his eyes. The old woman leant over him solicitously.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here to meet you, dear, but you came just as I was upstairs changing my dress. How are you feeling now?"

James shifted irritably in his chair. "Vile," he complained. "My head's splitting. And I want to start work . . ." He twisted round in his chair, scowling at the door. "Where is that confounded tea? Mary said it was ready."

"They're coming through with it now," his mother soothed. "But you mustn't work tonight, dear. You've done quite enough for one day. Have your dinner, have a nice read in front of the fire, and go to bed early. Don't you agree, Doctor Evans?"

John cleared his throat, choosing his words carefully. "I certainly wouldn't work. But then I'm not a composer."

"Didn't the specialist say he must have plenty of rest? He must have said so. It's as clear as crystal that he is working too hard."

John was relieved of making a reply by the arrival of the tea-wagon. Mary wheeled it in, followed by Stella.

"This will make you feel better, dear," Mrs. Allister declared, fussing over the cups. As she was pouring the tea John caught Mary's eye and motioned her to follow him. He moved unnoticed into the hall. A few seconds later she joined him.

"I must go now, Mary," he told her. "I'm late as it is. I'll come back tonight and talk to you. Will that be all right?"

"Of course. And you'll tell me the treatment for James?"

He nodded. "Yes. And, please—when I come—arrange for me to see you alone."

Her hand lifted involuntarily to her throat, and her cheeks paled. He cursed inwardly.

"What is it, John?" she whispered.

"Now don't be frightened. It is just that one has to discuss these things in private."

"Very well," she said quietly, her eyes searching his face anxiously. "What time will you come?"

"About nine. Now cheer up. Everything is going to be all right."

"Is it?" she whispered.

"Of course it is. Keep your chin up."

"Hurry back, won't you? And . . . thanks for everything."

Mary listened to the sound of his receding car before re-

To page 54

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V05

turning to the lounge. Mrs. Allister turned towards her as she entered.

"Mary, I can't help feeling you should have got an older doctor. He seems so young and irresponsible."

"He looks anything but irresponsible to me," Stella drawled. "I should say he was very competent."

Mary threw her a grateful glance but the old lady turned on her petulantly. "We've all been waiting anxiously all day for news of James and now he goes dashing off without saying a word. I don't see anything competent about that."

"He's coming back later tonight to see me."

"But why can't he tell us now? Don't we matter at all?"

"He has his surgery, Mother. He's late for it now."

Mrs. Allister turned to James, who was sipping his tea morosely, taking no notice whatsoever of their conversation.

"Don't work tonight, dear," she said in coaxing tones. "Have a rest for my sake."

At the mention of the word work, his head lifted. "I must work," he muttered. "You don't understand."

"But you mustn't, dear," his mother wailed. "You'll only make your head worse."

"I'm going to work," he said suddenly.

Mary drew nearer. "There's an excellent play on the wireless tonight, James. One of Ibsen's—'The Lady from the Sea.' Wouldn't you care to listen to it?"

His face suddenly contorted. He brought his cup down on its saucer with such violence that the china cracked. He directed the whole of his fury at Mary.

"What is the matter with you? Why are you always trying to stop me working? Don't you like my music? That's the reason. I know. I know..." His voice rose to a scream.

The blood drained from Mary's face. "I'm sorry, dear," she whispered. "Of course it isn't that. You know I like your music. I only want you to rest—just the same as mother does."

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

[from page 53]

"Leave me alone," he shouted. "Keep your advice to yourself. I don't want any of it. And keep out of my study tonight."

With a muttered curse he jumped to his feet, pushed by them and stumbled into the hall. They heard his study door close with a slam.

An hour after dinner Frank came out from the library with a book under his arm. From the study alongside the sound of James' piano could be heard, and he stopped to listen a moment before walking across the hall into the lounge. The fire had burned low, and he built it up with loving care before settling down into an armchair. With a sigh of satisfaction, he lit his pipe and settled down to his book.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then the door opened. Frank looked up and rose to his feet. Mary was standing in the doorway.

"Come and sit down," he said. "You're looking all in."

"I don't like disturbing you," she smiled. "You're looking so comfortable."

He waved aside her apologies and drew up the other armchair.

The sound of the piano came louder for the moment and she started slightly. Then she saw his gaze on her, and inhaled deeply on her cigarette to cover her embarrassment.

Frank inclined his head to the door. "He's at it again, I hear," he said.

She nodded slowly. "What is he working on now?"

"A symphony," she told him quietly.

"How is it going? Is it nearly finished?"

She moved her hands despairingly. "I don't know, Frank. He never discusses his work with me these days. I hear a good deal of it, of course."

He nodded grimly. "I know you do. During the nights, in that bedroom of yours. It must be murder there right over his

study. You should move into one of the spare rooms."

"I don't mind," she said slowly. She did not tell him that she could not have borne to be anywhere else. To lie at nights and not know what was happening.

He puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few moments. "You know, it's queer when you come to think of it. Here I am, with a brother hailed as the leading composer in the country, and I'm hardly able to appreciate a note he writes."

He paused and looked at her curiously. "Am I imagining things or is his music beginning to change? I don't know what you call it professionally, but lately it has sounded different. Have you noticed it?"

HE had said the wrong thing. He saw the pain in her eyes, and went on hastily.

"I don't mean it isn't as good. As a matter of fact, in one way it sounds more alive—it has more body in it, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," she said quietly. "It's quite true. It is wilder, more passionate music. Wonderful music, but desperate. It frightens me. Sometimes it sounds so reckless and abandoned, as if he were trying to run away from himself and the world about him."

"The symphony he is writing now is a perfect example of it."

Frank shifted uncomfortably. "Not all his music," he protested. "Some of it I like. There is one thing—I haven't heard it for some time—that even I can appreciate. I don't know what you'd call it, but it has a slow movement and a very attractive melody. It's sad, but it's very beautiful. I wouldn't call that piece reckless or abandoned."

"That's a new concerto," she said softly. "It is beautiful. I love it, although it sometimes sends a shudder through me."

It's so terribly sad and lonely. . . . But I love it because it is not wild like the symphony.

It's sane . . ." Her voice was a bare whisper as she finished speaking. Frank did not look at her. He kept his eyes on the fire.

"It's not finished," Mary went on. "Somehow I want him to finish that one piece of music more than anything else in the world. But he seldom plays it now. I think he realises he can't complete it."

"Doesn't that prove his music isn't deteriorating?" Frank argued. "If he can make me like something he has written he must be improving."

She tried to smile. "Oh, it isn't that I think his music isn't as good as it used to be. It may even be better in its way. But it has changed—it is more elemental, more Wagnerian. That's what frightens me."

"He's in good hands and they'll put him right," Frank said. "I'm as worried about you as I am of him. Much more of his nonsense and you'll be having a breakdown. Stella tells me he went for you again before dinner."

She nodded. "Yes, he did." She looked at him pleadingly. "That's what I can't understand, Frank. Why does he attack me more than anyone else? Tonight I only added to what mother had said, and yet he flew at me. Sometimes I think he hates me."

"You bother with him too much," Frank growled. "You try to pacify him, and the ungrateful devil takes another crack at you. I'm not sure you treat him the right way by giving in to his moods. A good dressing-down might do him the world of good."

"No, Frank. He is very ill. And"—her voice almost broke—"he doesn't remember anything about these moods afterwards. That's the most frightening thing of all."

Frank nodded slowly. "Well, we'll see what Evans has to say. He is coming tonight, isn't he?"

"Yes; at any time now. He said about nine o'clock." She hesitated, then turned to him. "Do me a favor tonight. John asked if he could see me alone,

and I'm afraid mother will come dashing through as soon as he arrives. Will you try to—"

"Hold her down?" Frank broke in with a grin. "Leave that to me. Ethel's back and the two of 'em are in the drawing-room now. I'll keep 'em both in there until you have finished."

She smiled her thanks. Frank was watching her hands. They were picking nervously at the fringed surround of a cover that lay over the arm of her chair. He saw her eyes stray again to the grandfather clock that stood near the door. It was ten minutes past nine. He leaned forward, trying to keep her mind off the waiting.

"Stella seems pretty jumpy these days," he said. "Have you noticed?"

Mary looked at him in surprise. "Stella? I can't say I have. I've noticed she seems bored, but I haven't noticed anything wrong with her nerves."

"She's as jumpy as a cat," Frank declared. "It might do her good to have these relations here for another couple of weeks."

"What do you think is wrong with her? Is she lonely?" Frank shrugged. "Country life, perhaps. She's essentially city-bred. But every now and then I get the idea it's something deeper than that."

"She may be missing David more than we think."

Frank frowned. He looked down at his pipe, then up at her wryly.

"Do you believe that?"

"What do you mean?" "I wouldn't say this to anyone else in the house," he said softly, "but do you think David and Stella were suited? You met David a few times—you know the kind of boy he was."

Mary hesitated. "I don't know. It's hard to say."

"I knew David well—he was my kid brother. Oh, a nice lad; but not strong enough for her. She is all fire and dash and devil, and he was only a shy, gentle boy. He could never have managed her. That's my opinion, anyway."

"Yet they married," she reminded him.

"Oh, in wartime everyone goes crazy. He was a good-looking boy and his nice Air Force uniform probably did the rest. She probably was fond of him. But it wouldn't have lasted if David had come through the war."

"You don't know," Mary said quietly. "And you mustn't ever say this to mother. She would turn on Stella immediately."

"Don't worry; I'm not such a fool. In any case," he went on quietly, "I like Stella. It wasn't her fault any more than his."

"You're only guessing this, aren't you? How do you know they weren't happy?"

"I didn't say they weren't happy," he corrected her. "I said they weren't suited, and if they had lived together long enough it would have shown up."

A car engine sounded at last on the drive outside. Both relief and apprehension showed in Mary's eyes. She nodded to Frank's gesture.

"Yes, this will be John," she said, a faint breathlessness in her voice. "Excuse me a moment."

She was at the front door before the doctor reached it. She threw it open, shivering at the inrush of bitter night air. John ran up the steps.

"Sorry I'm late," he said closing the door behind him. "But I had a large surgery tonight."

"Take off your coat and come into the lounge," Mary told him.

He obeyed. As he entered the room he saw Frank rising from his armchair.

"You'll be wanting a chat about James with Mary, so I'll run along now," Frank said, moving to the door. "Give me a call when you've finished, and I'll fix up coffee for you."

John turned away as the door closed and approached the fire, making a pretence of warming his hands. Mary's eyes followed him, noticing his ill-concealed air of discomfort as he stood upright and fumbled in his pocket for his cigarette-case.

To page 56



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FRIED FISH

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PANCAKES

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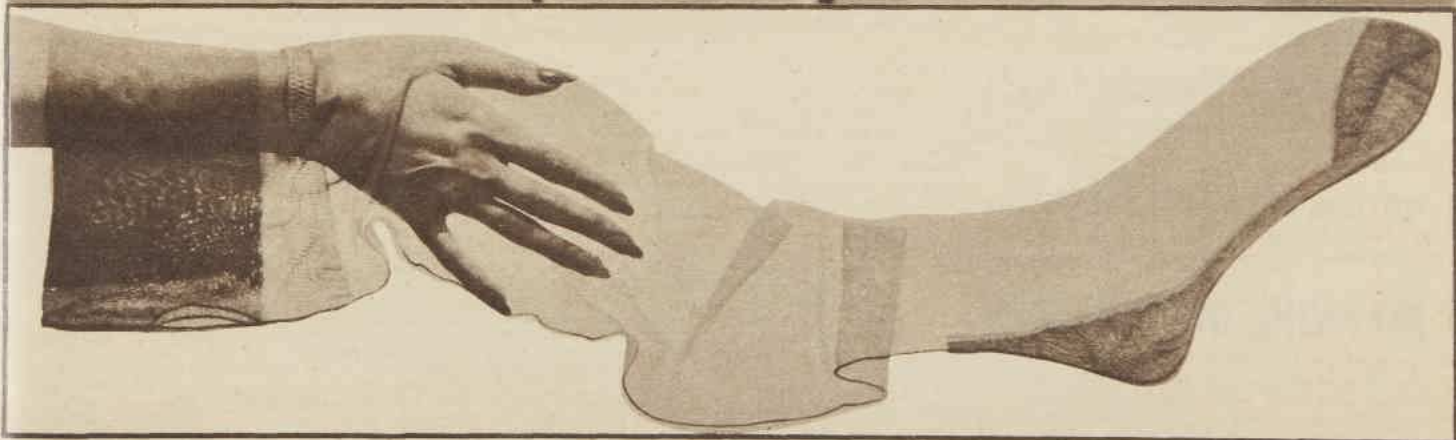


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Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 54

She put one hand lightly on his arm, speaking quietly.

"What is it, John? What have you to tell me? I know it is something rather unpleasant."

Surprise showed on his open face. "Know? How can you know?"

Pain at the confirmation of her fears made her wince slightly. "Your voice on the phone this afternoon; your appearance now . . . When you have known a person for a long time, John, it isn't easy to keep things from them."

"No," he muttered. "I suppose it isn't." He inhaled deeply on his cigarette and moved restlessly across the room. "How has he been since he arrived home?"

"Not too good," she told him quietly. "I asked him to rest tonight, and he turned on me. He is in his study working now."

John's lips tightened. "What did he say?" "Oh, the usual thing. That I hate his music; that I'm always trying to stop him working. His mother asked him to rest, but the moment I spoke . . . She shook her head wearily. "But don't worry about it. Tell me what the specialist said."

He shifted restlessly. "You'll have to take more care of yourself. If you aren't careful, you'll be cracking up next."

"John," she said quietly. "What is it? Why are you so afraid to tell me? Is it so very bad? I'm ready to hear, you know. I've been waiting for this ever since you phoned. And I can't bear to wait much longer."

He moved back to the fireplace, put his arms on the mantelpiece and laid his forehead on them. He stood there, staring down.

"It's hard, Mary. It's hard to be both a friend and a doctor."

She closed her eyes for a moment. "I know. I know how hard it must be. But, whatever happens, I want you to know this. That I would rather trust him with you than anybody else."

"Thank you." His voice was low, unsteady.

"Now please . . . Tell me everything."

He raised his head and turned to her. "Very well. It isn't as much what Hartley said this afternoon, Mary, although he confirmed it. It is the verdict of all the psychiatrists who have examined him recently. They have sent in their signed case notes for me and Hartley to read. James hasn't a tumor, but he has to have an operation—a leucotomy operation."

Her face paled. "An operation! But why? Why, if there is no tumor?"

"He has a severe mental disorder, and the only chance of clearing it is by operating on him."

She shook her head faintly, in bewilderment. "Go on," she faltered. "Tell me everything."

His words came quickly now. "It's a fairly modern operation but is being performed quite frequently in mental hospitals today. It is an operation on the pre-frontal lobes of the brain to free the patient of tension and depression."

"Is it dangerous?"

"With Hartley operating, James should be safe enough."

"And afterwards? Will it cure him?"

"We can't make any guarantees, Mary. No one can with brain operations. But all the specialists are very hopeful that it will clear his trouble."

"And if it does cure him, will he be normal in every way?"

John lifted his cigarette to his mouth and sucked on it deeply. "It all revolves round that word normal, Mary. James

is no normal man. He is a great musician; I think we can call him a genius. Normality in him would be abnormality in others. That is our problem."

"I don't understand you. What are you trying to tell me?"

He shook his head unhappily. "It's not easy, I've been trying for days to find words to explain it. It is my duty to warn you of all the risks of the operation before it is performed, and yet I am not sure of all the risks; for that matter neither are the specialists. Doctors are not prophets, Mary. Much of their knowledge is obtained from trial and error. From the results of previous operations they can base their theories on those to follow. But how many world-famous composers require leucotomy operations? That is the trouble; James' case is almost unique."

"Are you telling me that his chances of recovery are less than an ordinary man's?"

"No. It isn't that. What I am saying is that, after a leucotomy, a patient is sometimes left with a lethargy and if this happened to James it would destroy his creative ability. But even without that lethargy it might still affect it to some degree. I have to warn you of that."

She stared at him in horror. "Why, that would be like death to him. Music is his life; it would be murder to take it away. He would be deaf and dumb and blind without it. You can't do that to him. You can't risk it."

"We have no alternative, Mary," he said sadly. "Everything else has been tried and has failed."

"But he'll never agree to it when you tell him. You know he won't."

JOHN winced as he answered. "I'm afraid he must not be told. The shock might be too much for him."

"But he must be told. You can't carry out an operation with risks like that without warning him."

His voice was very gentle, very sad. "You are going to have to be very brave, Mary. You see, it isn't James who has to give his permission; it is you. James is too far gone to make decisions for himself."

Her lips were ashen. "You're not saying . . . ? Oh, no. No. You can't mean that."

"This is going to be a terrible shock to you, Mary. It is the reason I had to get him to Hartley." He took a deep breath as he turned and faced her. "In the considered opinion of all the specialists who have examined him recently, James is already insane . . ."

There was a sudden hush in the room. The hiss of gas from a burning coal in the fire sounded like an indrawn breath. Mary took one blind, faltering step forward.

John watched her anxiously. "I'm so sorry, my dear," he muttered. "I would have given anything to have spared you this."

The thing he had said was like acid—it took time to eat through to the sensitive core of her mind. Her eyes widened in sudden agony.

"Insane! Oh no. No!"

John took her arm and led her to a chair. "Sit down. Please. I'm very worried about you, Mary."

She turned from him to the fire and stared blindly down into it.

"Insane," he breathed. Panic surged up within her and made her clutch his arm for protection. Then suddenly she took a deep breath and turned

fiercely on him. "I don't believe it. It's not true. How could he talk to us, even the way he talked tonight, if he were insane?" Then she drew back at the expression on his face, her voice hushed. "You don't agree with them, do you?"

"I do, Mary. I'm sorry, but I do. I know how hard it is for you, but you must believe it."

"I'll never believe it. How could an insane man write such music as he is writing now?"

He sighed. "That is no proof of his sanity, Mary, I'm afraid. You yourself told me his music had changed. This symphony he is working on—isn't it wild and elemental?"

Her shoulders sagged for a moment. "Yes. It is . . ." Then her voice rose vehemently. "But it is still great music."

"I know it is hard to understand," he answered slowly. "The mind is so infinitely complex. Perhaps, when it suffers most, it touches the stars. Perhaps all great art comes from great suffering. None of us can say."

"But how could he talk the way he does if he were mad? He isn't always in a rage or depression."

"Insanity isn't a clear-cut thing, Mary. There are many degrees of it. I know he has lucid moments, but they are very infrequent now—you've often admitted it. Most of the time he is over the borderline and stumbling about in the shadows. Up to the present he has not gone too far into the darkness, but one of these days he will, and then it will be the end. That is why he must have this operation, and have it quickly. It may be his last chance to avoid permanent insanity."

"Isn't there anything else you can try?" she begged.

"Everything else has been tried. Frankly, Mary, I had a shock the first time I examined him. I had no idea his condition was so serious. I wrote the Army medical authorities and they sent me a full case history of the treatment given him in Darley Hill. It had been most exhaustive and thorough, and yet he had shown no improvement. As you know, he left on his own insistence, but actually they had already given up hope of improving his condition with clinical methods."

"What did they do? What did they give him?"

"They tried immobilisation drugs, as they're called. The psychiatrists use them to lull the patient's conscious mind. Then they ask questions to find out if there is some deep-rooted repression which is causing the disorder. Sometimes it works, but not always. So much depends on the patient's will-power, the quality of his mind, and, of course, the degree of his desire to keep his repression secret. They had no success with James. They could get very little from him under anaesthesia, and what they did get was no use."

"So you think he has some repression?" she asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Yes. They all say his condition is psychological. It's a terribly difficult case, Mary. In almost every way his mind is different from the average mind. It is more perceptive and sensitive, and also more fragile. That explains his genius, but it also may explain his condition today. Some types of shock might have a more profound effect on him than they would on others. But quite apart from his state of mind, there is his bodily health to consider. His wound, his imprisonment, all the work he does, and then his mental con-

To page 58

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PMS 72

Continuing

Of Masks and Minds

(from page 56)

dition; they have all taken a tremendous toll.

"If his condition is low, won't the operation be dangerous?"

"No, I'm not worried about that."

"Try rest," she pleaded. "Surely a few more weeks can't make so much difference."

John shook his head grimly. "No. His mind wouldn't be resting, whatever his body was doing. In fact it would be worse; it would be fretting to work. His case is urgent, Mary. It is imperative you realise that."

"But, John; think what you are asking me to do. To agree to an operation that will take from him the thing he loves most in life. How can I agree? What right have I?"

He walked towards her and put his hands gently on her trembling shoulders. "Mary; you mustn't look upon this as something to which you can say yes or no. You have no alternative. If he doesn't have the operation he will grow rapidly worse until . . . He finished the sentence with a hopeless shrug of his shoulders.

"Until he goes permanently insane," she breathed.

"You have no alternative," he said again.

"I can't believe it," she cried. "I can't believe there isn't some other way he can be cured. How long will it be before his mind goes permanently—"

"Two weeks!"

John shook his head. "No one can answer that, Mary. But Hartley wants the operation within two weeks."

"Two weeks!"

He nodded grimly.

"I can't believe he is as bad as that. Don't put the onus on me, John. It's too cruel. Wait until he is in a rational mood and then put the whole thing to him. He might listen to you."

"Mary; I keep telling you he is too far gone for that. At the moment he is insane. I have to get him certified."

"Certified!" Her eyes dilated with shock.

"Of course. No surgeon would dream of operating on anyone, much less a person as eminent as James, without certification. Otherwise, when James has recovered, he might sue the surgeon for malpractice. The surgeon has to cover himself legally."

She leaned weakly against the fireplace.

"James—to be certified. I can't believe it. I have to get used to the idea." She turned to him. "If he is certified, does that mean I need not give permission—that you can do it of your own accord?"

Even that pathetic plea was denied her.

"No, Mary. I'm afraid we should still need your signed permission."

She tried to clear her dazed

brain. "What has brought it on, John? What has happened to him?"

He cleared his throat. "He has had a severe mental shock, probably during the war. And, of course, his history is unstable—that breakdown in his youth . . ."

"What kind of mental shock?"

"I prefer not to answer that yet, Mary. There is a theory, but all the case notes of the psychiatrists are with Hartley at the moment. I shall be getting a report from him in a day or two. I'll try and answer you then."

"Then don't do anything until you see me again," she begged, clutching at the respite.

He hesitated, studying her. She had had more than enough for one night, he decided.

"All right. I'll come round when I have Hartley's report, and we'll talk more about it then. But in the meantime I want you to be very careful. Don't do or say anything to upset James, and don't be left alone with him in the house. If he shows any change whatsoever, phone me at once."

She gave a sightless smile. "You're not saying that he might attack me, are you?"

"I'm telling you the dangers, Mary. They are very real ones. Be careful."

"I will be," she whispered. He smiled anxiously at her, then turned towards the door.

Mary followed him, hesitated, then touched his arm, almost slyly. "Tell me one thing more, John, before you go. Why does he turn on me so often? Why am I the one he always attacks? I want to know that very badly."

He took her hand between his own. "It is a cruel thing, I know, but sufferers of the mind do very often turn on the people they love best. That is the only comfort I can offer you, Mary."

"Dear John," she whispered. "Is that true or are you just being very kind to me? I'll never know, will I?"

He gripped her hand tightly, then released it as a knock sounded on the door. Stella entered, glancing at them casually.

"Sorry to butt in," she said. "But I left my cigarettes on the sideboard and couldn't hold out any longer for a smoke."

"Have one of mine," John offered, offering her his case. She paused, then approached him, the blue housecoat she was wearing swirling round her slim legs.

"Any more news of James?" she asked casually as she accepted John's match.

John hesitated, his gaze wandering to Mary and then back

To page 59

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to the girl. "No doubt Mary will tell you later. I have to run along now."

Mary started at his words. "I forgot to ask you. What should I do? Have I to tell them or not?"

"It's difficult to say," he muttered. "You don't want any hysteria to make things worse for you tonight. His mother might take it badly. And you mustn't let any of them influence you. But it would be as well to warn them, in case they do anything to upset him."

Mary nodded. Stella stared from one to the other. "This sounds pretty mysterious. Is anything wrong?"

Mary turned to her in sudden decision. "Do me a favor, Stella. Please ask the others to wait in the drawing-room until I come through. Mother might be going to bed otherwise. Tell them I have some further news about James."

"But what's wrong now?" Stella muttered, a shadow appearing between her eyes. "I thought he was going to be all right."

"Please," Mary said quietly. "I'll tell you everything in a moment."

She shrugged. "All right. I'll tell them." She went to the door, gave them both a sudden stare, then went out. They heard her high heels tapping across the hall to the drawing-room. A chatter of shrill voices came to them as the other door opened, then died into silence.

John looked at Mary. "You should have waited until the morning," he said sternly. "You don't know how Mrs. Allister will take it, and you've had quite enough for one day."

She waved aside his protests. "I'd rather get it over now. Do you think I should tell them that you all believe he is already insane?"

He frowned. "I don't know, although they'll have to find out. If you do tell them, warn them to be careful what they say to others outside the family. We want to keep everything hushed up. And tell them to be most careful not to irritate him in any way."

She nodded, then took his arm and led him to the front door.

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 58

Telling the others was even more of a strain than Mary had expected. She chose to stand at the far side of the table in the drawing-room. Her hands rested on its dark, polished top, and Frank noticed her knuckles standing out white and rigid. Although pale, her face was composed. The others had all swivelled round in their chairs and were facing her.

"As you all know," Mary began in a low but clear voice, "Doctor Evans has been round tonight to give me the latest report on James. I'm afraid what he has told me is going to be a shock to you all." Her gaze was on Mrs. Allister, whose watery eyes were enormous behind her thick glasses. "James has to have an operation—a leucotomy operation."

There was a shocked silence in the room, broken by a sudden outcry from Mrs. Allister. "Oh, the poor boy," she sobbed. "I knew there was something seriously wrong with him. I knew it wasn't just his temper. I told you all that—"

"Mother, please," Frank interrupted. "Let Mary finish. What is the trouble?" he asked Mary gently. "What is a leucotomy?"

"It is a brain operation, Frank. There is nothing organically wrong with him. But this operation is necessary to take away his headaches and his moods."

Mrs. Allister's sobs died down somewhat. "Is it a dangerous operation?" she managed.

"No. It isn't particularly dangerous. It frees the mind of tension."

Frank asked slowly, "And it is absolutely necessary?"

"The specialists say it is. Everything else has been tried without success."

"What about after-effects?" Stella asked bluntly.

A spasm of pain crossed Mary's face.

"I'm afraid this will be another shock to you. John says that after the operation . . . Mary's voice faltered for only a second. . . . "there is a possibility—I think it is a strong

possibility—that James will not be able to compose again."

There was a hush in the room as the four listeners strove to understand her. Mary felt detached, unreal. Her eyes travelled almost in curiosity from one face to another.

Mrs. Allister looked bewildered. Ethel's waspish face was a mixture of puzzlement and vague alarm. Frank looked shocked. Stella's expression was indefinable. There was something of both bewilderment and apprehension in her eyes.

Mrs. Allister was the first to break the silence. "You're not saying he won't be normal, are you?" she quavered. "That he won't be his old self again?"

"No. If it is successful, he should lose his depression."

"And regain his health, lose his headaches, and be better tempered again? He'll become a normal man again?"

"He'll be normal in the way you mean, yes."

THE faces of all the three women before Mary relaxed. Relief showed on them all. Only Frank remained tensed. Mrs. Allister sank back into her chair with a muttered sigh. "That's all I want to know. Never mind about the music."

It was Mary's turn to look bewildered. She looked down at the old woman's relieved face, and her voice faltered again.

"Never mind?"

"Of course not. What is music beside his health?"

"I agree," Ethel spoke for the first time since Mary had entered the room. "His health is the important thing—his health and peace of mind. What does music matter beside that?"

"I've always said it was all this hard work that was pulling him down. He would never have been allowed to do it if he had been my husband. No one can expect a person to work day and night without their nerves going eventually. I'll be glad if he has to stop it. He'll get a normal job like Frank and Dick

and finish at five o'clock the way they do." There was a note of triumph in her voice as she finished speaking.

"You do all understand what I have said?" Mary asked, slowly. "That the operation may finish his career?"

Ethel stared at her with hostility. "Of course we understand. It's a pity, naturally, but it might have been a thousand times worse. His health and peace of mind are far more important than his career. You needn't worry about the money. He has already made enough to keep you comfortably for the rest of your life."

Mary looked as if she had been struck across the face. Without another word, she turned and left the room. With a curse, Frank rose and limped after her. He followed her into the hall, calling after her. She walked on blindly. He half-ran and caught her arm as she was ascending the stairs.

"Don't take any notice of her," he gritted. "She can't help talking like that. I know what's worrying you. You know James will never agree to the operation. Not if he is told what it might do to him."

Mary turned her agonised face to him. "No, Frank; it isn't that. I didn't get a chance to tell them the rest of it. James mustn't be told, or the shock might kill him. I have to give permission myself."

"You!" His face paled at the implication of her words. "But why? Why can't they ask him?"

"Because they say he is already insane, Frank." Sobbing, she told Frank all that John had said.

His face was very grave. "When does the surgeon want to do the operation?"

"As soon as possible. Within two weeks."

"So soon!" His voice rose in anger. "Why did Evans tell you of these risks? If it has to be done, why drive you half-crazy with worry? I thought the fellow had more sense."

"He had to tell me, Frank. He hated doing it, but it was his duty. He couldn't take my signature until he did."

"You haven't signed yet, have you?"

"No; he's given me a little grace. He's coming to see me again when he has the latest report."

He eyed her helplessly. She gave a faint smile. "That's just it, Frank. There's nothing anyone can do. I'm going up to my room now."

"Try not to worry too much," he begged.

She smiled, moved to turn away, then paused. "Oh, Frank. This is most important. Please ask them to be very careful what they say to James. He must not be upset in any way."

"I'll tell them," he promised. "Now you go and get some rest, or you'll be the next one to crack up."

Unable to sleep, Mary sat upright in her bed and pulled back the curtains of the window by her side. The cold finger of a moonbeam stretched out and touched the empty bed alongside her own. The rest of the room showed dimly. It was deathly quiet.

She held her watch into the moonlight. The time was one-thirty. She had read until midnight, and since then had been lying in the darkness, trying in vain to sleep.

She listened intently. There was still no noise from below. For hours the sound of James' piano had come to her almost unceasingly, the brief intervals of silence lasting only long enough for him to feverishly write down the products of his work. More than once the sudden harshness of a discord had sent a jangle of shock through her tensed body.

She knew too well what they indicated. In her imagination she saw him poised with contorted face over the keyboard, raging at his inability to find the note or chord he wanted and venting his fury by crashing his hands down savagely. With her nerves as tightly drawn as they were, the sudden dissonances sent them jangling in agonised sympathy.

Tonight, mercifully, there had been few of these outbursts of rage. He had worked unremittently, but with more composure than usual. And now all was

quiet, deathly quiet except for the sound of the sea; and she sat upright in bed, listening anxiously.

Suddenly, with infinite gentleness, the haunting melody of the uncompleted piano concerto came to her. With a sob of relief, she let her tensed body relax. Weeks had passed since he had last played it—it seemed as if its completion was too much for him. He had been working on his new symphony, and, although he had not discussed it with her, she interpreted it to be a work representing the growth of the world and its early, primitive life.

The music that she heard now could have been written for such a night as this was. As she watched, the silver beam of light over her bed shifted as the clouds closed in on the moon above. Its radiance dimmed and out of the darkness came great flakes of snow that swirled by her window.

At the same moment the music ceased. The composer had played what he had written; the rest was unfinished. To Mary there was something symbolic about those clouds that now covered the moon. Was the sadness of his concerto visionary?

She listened breathlessly. He had played again the last few bars and was now trying to continue the melody. The notes came hesitantly and off key. He tried again, and again the motif failed him. Mary found herself stiffening with renewed tension as she waited for the crash of discords that would cry out his agony of mind.

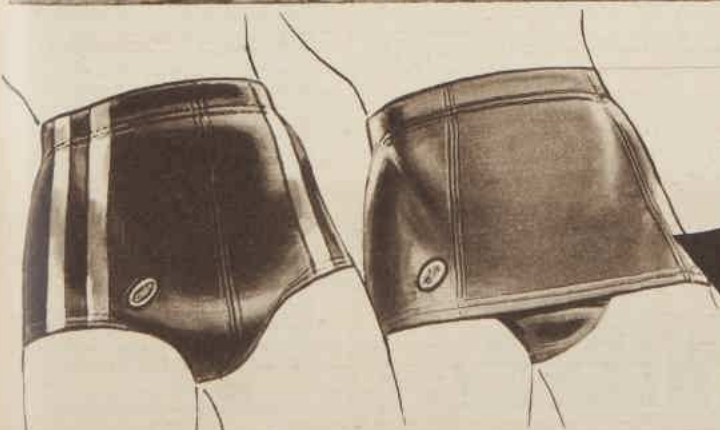
They did not come. There was silence again. A minute passed and her taut body slowly relaxed. Then she heard footsteps coming up the stairs and her heart began racing again. This was a nightly ordeal. As always she lay pretending she was asleep, never knowing the mood that possessed him.

With closed eyes she lay waiting. He reached the landing and a board creaked outside her door. Then he entered and approached his bed. She listened for the click of his

To page 61

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Cashmere
Bouquet
Tale

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 59

bedside light being turned on. "Mary, are you awake?" She listened, afraid to believe. Could this be one of the rare, bitter-sweet moments when his mind was clear? She lay trembling.

"Mary," he called again softly. She answered this time, in a voice she hardly recognised. He clicked on the switch then, and soft light flooded the room. He walked over to her bedside.

"I didn't want to wake you with the light if you were sleeping." His voice was pleasant, gentle.

"I . . . haven't been asleep," she whispered, sitting upright. "Did I keep you awake," he asked apologetically. "I'm sorry. I must get this floor insulated. It's the only bedroom in which you can really hear the piano. Why don't you use another room until I have it done."

"I don't mind," she protested, feeling the happiness of the moment nourishing every starved corner of her being. "I don't mind at all. How is your headache tonight? Is it any better?"

His hands lifted to his head, almost defensively. "It is easier tonight," he muttered. "I don't know why . . . By the way, did John Evans tell you about the treatment I was to have? He told me nothing, you know." Then a frown crossed his face. "Or if he did, I have forgotten. I forget things so easily these days. Sometimes I can't remember anything. It frightens me, Mary."

He sank down on her bed as he was speaking. She reached out gently, running her cool hand over his forehead.

"Try not to worry about it," she whispered. "You'll soon be all right again."

"It's been awful recently. I've had some terrible headaches, and I get nightmares . . . beastly things. I can never remember what they are about afterwards . . . but they must be pretty bad because I wake up in cold sweats."

She felt the sweat on his forehead now, icy with burning heat underneath.

"Don't worry, darling," she whispered again.

"What the dickens is the matter with me? I can't think. I can't remember . . . I hope I'm not going crazy." He laughed, a high-pitched, frightened sound.

"Don't think of such things," she begged. "You're just run down. You need a long rest."

"I suppose I do," he said. "We must have one as soon as I've finished this symphony."

You need a holiday just as much as I do."

"Let's go now," she said eagerly. "Let's go and forget everything for a month or two . . ." Her voice trailed away as she remembered what John had told her that evening.

His face was troubled. "I couldn't enjoy a holiday until this symphony is finished. It has a strange hold on me—it's like an obsession. I don't know what's happening around me when I'm working on it."

She saw his disquiet, and pain stabbed at her heart. In moments like this, when he was aware that all was not well with him, his fear was pitiful to see.

He laughed uneasily. "It's overpowering at times. I lose myself in it. I suppose it's rather ungrateful of me to grumble. A composer should be thankful when a work comes to him as easy as this one does to me. What do you think of it? You must have heard it plenty of times?"

HER hesitation lasted only a second. "It's great music," she said slowly. "It is immensely powerful and impressive, but . . ."

"Go on," he said.

"Oh, I know there is no comparison in the work, but I like that concerto you were playing tonight. I think it is the loveliest thing you have ever written."

His eyes turned sombre. "I can't finish it," he muttered. "I tried again tonight, but couldn't put a note to it. It's maddening. I can't understand it."

She saw the anxiety behind his eyes, and hastened to comfort him.

"You will finish it," she assured him. "It will come one of these days."

"Do you really like it?" he asked.

Mary nodded happily. "Oh, I do. It's sad, but the melody is beautiful. I think it's wonderful."

"Then I must finish it, mustn't I?" he smiled. Then he frowned. "I shouldn't work at night. I know. But sometimes I find it easier. Ideas come to me better. But it must be pretty awful for you."

"I don't mind as long as you are happy," she breathed.

"I'm always happy when I'm working," he said. Then he paused doubtfully. "At least I always used to be. Sometimes now I get irritable . . ."

these headaches make it so hard . . . But it is a wonderful feeling to complete something and know it is good. It's the most wonderful feeling in the world." He laughed, and the sound was a nostalgic echo from the past. "One does know when one has done something good, you know," he smiled. "I suppose one shouldn't, but I always do."

"Good for you," Mary laughed back, glorying in the moment.

"It's a wonderful feeling—that feeling that it is all your own—that you made it from beginning to end. And to hear it played back by a full orchestra—I've never got over the thrill yet."

"I know," she whispered. "I know what you mean."

"I love it," he said passionately. "There are moments when I could chop the piano up with an axe, but for all that I wouldn't do anything else. I couldn't."

"I know," was all she could whisper again. "I know . . ."

James stood up, smiling down at her. "Well, I suppose I had better let you get some sleep. I won't forget about that concerto. I'll do my best to finish it." He raised his hands to his temples and frowned.

"It's strange, but just at the moment I have lost all interest in the symphony. It happened downstairs a quarter of an hour ago. My mind seemed to clear, and I didn't want to work on it any longer. That's why I picked up the concerto . . . He turned away slowly, his voice trailing off. "I suppose it will all be different again tomorrow."

She lifted her arms out to him. "James; listen to me. Leave that symphony for a while. Work on something else if you must work, but don't work on the symphony. You're not well, and that kind of music is too . . . too morbid. Try something lighter until your headaches are cured."

He stared at her with fear in his eyes and gave an uneasy laugh. "But I can't . . . I can't leave the thing alone. It's got a hold on me. This is the first night in weeks I haven't wanted to work on it."

"Make yourself leave it alone," she begged. "Put all your manuscripts of it away . . . Burn it, she wanted to scream at him. Burn every evil note of the thing . . . "Try

To page 62

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★ As I read the stars ★

By
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): While plans are likely to miscarry, October 19, or prove expensive, October 20, 24 are fortunate for lovers, young or old, and co-operative social efforts.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If you want a job, apply on October 19. Minor health upsets, a small accident, or an embarrassing social situation, may occur on October 21.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): The cards are stacked against you, October 20, steer clear of crazy schemes, or consult those in a position to know. October 22 may shower a bonanza on you.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Visitors, family comings and goings, may be a feature of October 21. Some permanent arrangement, much to your liking, could bring contentment, October 25.

LEO (July 23-August 22): An appointment set for October 21 may produce unexpected results, when requests receive favorable consideration. October 22 may cost plenty, but it's worth it.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): The days during which you can get your finances on a solid basis are rapidly passing. October 22 is particularly good for profitable investments.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Call up your best-beloved October 19 and make a date. You older subjects are likely to find October 21 unkind to your prestige or your popularity.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If you've been gloomy recently October 20 will project a ray of sunshine through the clouds of hesitation and make the decision of October 21 memorable.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You may launch a campaign October 19 or you may meet up with an old friend. October 23 is romantic.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Let the passing storms of October 20 roll off you. October 22, 25 compensate with applause and rewards.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Another's loss may become your gain October 21. October 23 is fortunate socially, for sporting events, new pastimes.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Recognition of past efforts in a social or financial matter may warm the cockles of your heart October 21. October 25 starts a new chapter.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

to forget it for a while," her voice managed to finish.

"I'd like to, in one way," he muttered. "But it's not easy . . . But anyway, we'll see about the concerto."

She dared not urge him further. He undressed quickly, put on his pyjamas, and then came over and kissed her.

"Good night, darling," he said.

"Good night, James . . ." Her hand lingered on his cheek for a moment, then fell away. He gave her a last smile, then turned and slipped into his bed. The light clicked off, and she was alone in the darkness.

Reaction from her few moments of happiness set in quickly. It was bitterly ironic that on the night she had been told of the operation he must have, and the loss he might incur, he should have one of his rare spells of normality and remind her what music meant to him. It was almost as if some instinct had warned and brought him to plead with her . . .

Mary awoke with a start at the sound of movement by her bed. For a moment, with her brain dulled by sleep and with the memory of James' late retirement impressed on it, she thought he was just coming to bed. Then she remembered, and her heart began racing. She lifted herself on one elbow, staring into the darkness.

"What is it, darling?" she called softly. She held her breath as she waited for his reply. It came softly, and she breathed again.

"It's all right, Mary. I'm just going down for a few minutes. I've got an idea for that concerto."

"Don't be long," she pleaded. "You haven't had much sleep."

"I won't," he promised. "Shall I turn the light on?"

"No. Leave it on."

He threw her a smile that was almost boyish, then slipped

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 61

from the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

Mary glanced at her watch. Five-thirty. He had slept four hours—as long as he ever slept these days. Stiff with tension, she listened to his piano. He played the last few completed bars, then went on hesitantly. Note after note; bar after bar; each in perfect sympathy with those that had gone before . . . Upright now in excitement she listened breathlessly, her hands clenched tightly as she mentally urged him on.

He faltered. A tentative note followed, then another and another. The motif was lost. Again he tried, and again. In her mind's eye she could see him, bending with a frown over the keyboard, utterly absorbed in his concentration.

A quarter of an hour passed. In spite of the early morning cold, Mary felt perspiration cold on her hands as she heard the piano keys being struck with ever greater violence.

"Leave it now," her pale lips whispered in anguish. "Please leave it now."

Then the thing she had been fearing happened. There was a crash of discords as his hands drove down again and again in fury. Mary jumped out of bed, her trembling legs almost collapsing under her. Throwing on her dressing-gown, she ran downstairs and along the hall to his study.

He was sitting wild-eyed before the piano, his black hair falling over his face. As she watched he crashed both fists down on the keys again, cursing as he struck, then he seized the offending manuscript as if he meant to tear it to fragments. Mary ran forward.

"Give it to me, darling," she sobbed. "Don't get angry. Come to bed now, and you can start again tomorrow."

He turned his face towards

her and her voice died away in terror. His eyes looked as if a mad fire were burning behind them. With a curse he hurled the manuscript into a corner of the room. She clutched at his shoulders, sobbing.

"James. Please, darling. Come and rest now."

His face contorted. "You're always doing it . . . You're always trying to stop me working. You hate my music. I know what you want to do . . . You want me to stop composing . . ." His voice rose to a scream. "Well, I won't, I won't stop, do you understand? Get out of here. Get out . . ."

LIKE an automaton she stumbled through the open door. He ran up and crashed it behind her. She walked blindly down the hall, not seeing Frank until he was at her side. He was in dressing-gown and slippers. He gripped her arm, his alarmed face staring at her.

"What is it?" he muttered. "What has happened?" She shook her head dumbly, unable to speak.

His face set. He started grimly towards the study. "I'm going to have a few words with him myself," he said tightly.

In a panic she ran after him. "Don't, Frank . . . He's in a terrible temper. Please don't go in. Please—for my sake."

She pulled at him in fear. Unwillingly, he gave in and followed her.

"All right. Not if you don't wish it," he muttered. "You're looking terrible. Come into

the lounge and I'll give you a drink of brandy . . ."

She shook her head. "No . . . I'm going upstairs . . . I must . . . But I'm all right. Really, I am."

Mary did not know how she managed the last few steps to her room. Somehow she did, and locked the door behind her to keep out a hostile world. Until sunrise, and long after, coming in waves of mocking triumph that drowned her sobs, came the sound of that monstrous symphony. And outside dawn came like a deep wound slashed in the sky, and its reflections spread a crimson stain across the white of the snow.

It was nine-thirty on the Saturday morning and Gwen Ashburn was sitting huddled in front of a newly made fire in the lounge. It was most apparent from her looks that her thoughts were anything but agreeable. Fifteen years ago, when she had married Mervyn Ashburn, she had been a pretty woman. In those days her looks had served her well: they had captured for her a wealthy husband. Her mind had been as shallow then as it was today, but that had not mattered—he had not married her for her mind. But now, with her looks fading, she was growing conscious almost daily of her weakening hold on the susceptible Mervyn.

If only she could find some way of getting him out of the house. That Stella was a witch with men. Funny she had never thought of her and Mervyn . . . She should have. There had been enough women before. But she had never thought of him and Stella . . . Who would, anyway? Who would think of one's own half-sister? The little . . . In front of her eyes, too.

They had been cunning, both of them, using Christmas as an excuse. The only thing they had forgotten was James' illness. She, Gwen, would have to play on that for all she was worth. If she didn't . . . Panic came like a stone hurled into water, throwing the pattern of her thoughts into a welter of confusion.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the wireless. Some familiar name had been mentioned which had attracted her attention without registering consciously in her mind. She listened. An announcer was giving details of a programme to follow while an orchestra in the background was being gently faded in.

" . . . renowned and distinguished composer who has proved as successful in the field of light music as in that of more serious and consequential works. The B.B.C. studio orchestra is now to play six of James Allister's most popular light works. These will be . . ."

The renowned and distinguished composer, James Allister. You couldn't help feeling a bit of a thrill when you heard that. She got up and went to the set to turn up the volume. As she reached it, she heard footsteps in the hall outside. Turning, she saw James Allister standing at the door.

For a moment she felt nervous. But, although haggard in appearance with a blue shadow of beard about his chin and face and still in pyjamas and dressing-gown, James did not look wild or dangerous. His expression was sombre and melancholy rather than moody. It was clear the music had attracted him to the door.

Gwen spoke unctuously, the announcer's words still sounding in her mind.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Allister. How nice to see you about. Isn't the music nice? Do come in."

Slowly he entered the room. She took his arm and led him to a chair.

"Sit there," she coaxed. "It's nice and warm and you can listen to the music. There, that's right."

"Thank you," he muttered. She went coquettishly to her chair and sat facing him.

"You know, you've been so busy that I haven't had the chance to tell you how much I appreciate your letting us come for Christmas. Both Mervyn and I appreciate it so. I wonder if you and your wife would come out with us over Christmas. We have some friends in Rombury who would be delighted to see you. Or else we could take a run into London and have a real party there. That would be great fun, wouldn't it?"

Her eyes gleamed at the thought. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. She'd make Mervyn dig deep, and they would throw a real party. She could invite all her friends and Mervyn could bring his business associates. It would be a leg up for them both to have James Allister their guest of honor. Perhaps they could get him to play one or two of his compositions.

Her excitement grew at the idea. "You will think about it, won't you?" she urged. "We'll both be so happy to entertain you."

He turned his eyes back from the wireless to her. "You're very kind," he muttered.

"Then you will come?" she asked in triumph.

He lifted a hand to his head. "I'll see. I shall have to ask Mary first."

"Oh, of course," she said, inwardly disappointed. "But I'm sure she'll agree. I'll talk to her myself."

She would, too, she thought. She'd point out that the chance would do him good. Otherwise

To page 63

"Four Good Reasons why Mrs. Sara uses Velvet Soap"



says *Aunt Jenny*

"Quadruplicate mischief means a big daily wash—so Mrs. Sara needs all the help Velvet can give."



CHARMING MRS. SARA gets a hand from the Quads' big brother, Geoffrey. "When I'm not washing I'm washing up," smiles the Quads' mother. "But good pure Velvet makes both jobs easier. And I do like it for my hands."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1954

IN THE PUBLIC EYE: Wherever they go the Quads are the centre of attraction. They must be well-dressed—and always are. "Sometimes I think the Quads get their clothes dirty four times faster than other children," laughs their mother, "so I'm certainly glad of Velvet—especially for those very grimy parts. Its extra-soapy suds keep their cottons fresh and neat and their woollies soft and warm."

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Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 62

Mary might refuse. She was a quiet woman, that. You couldn't make her out easily.

She studied the averted face of the musician. They were all making a fuss about nothing, she decided. There wasn't anything wrong with him that food and rest from that piano couldn't cure.

The music stopped for a moment. She leaned forward.

"Doesn't it give you a thrill to sit here and hear your music being played?" Her voice was sycophantic.

He shook his head slowly. "It used to do."

"It still does," Gwen insisted. "You're just being coy."

The orchestra commenced playing again. Gwen recognised the tune at once. It was a waltz called "Delight" and had been extremely popular during the war years.

"This is one of the nicest things you ever wrote," she told him. "It used to be our favourite song . . . Why, what's the matter?"

He was on his feet, staring at the wireless. His face was contorted in anguish.

"What is it?" Her voice was suddenly nervous.

He dragged the armchair out of his way and ran to the wireless. For a moment he looked as if he were going to drive his fist into it. He twisted a knob viciously, snapping the set into silence. The sound of his heavy breathing came to Gwen.

"What on earth's the matter?" she asked again, helplessly.

"Nothing," he muttered thickly. There were beads of sweat on his forehead, and even at that distance she could see the trembling of his fingers.

"It's nothing," he said again, louder. "Nothing at all. Some of that—fifth—I can't bear to listen to it now. I must go. I must get back to my work."

He stumbled out of the room; the sound of his footsteps outside ending in the crash of his study door.

Gwen lowered herself back into her chair. Her heart was beating with a fear she did not understand. The others must be right after all, she thought. No normal man would behave like that on hearing a tune that must have brought him in a small fortune. That look on his face . . . it had given her the creeps, it had. It wasn't natural . . .

Unless . . . Her eyes suddenly dilated, then narrowed. Was it possible . . . ? She sat a few minutes deep in thought, then shook her head in sudden disappointment. No, it couldn't be. It was a coincidence, nothing more. How could it be anything more?

With her temper exacerbated by the incident, she rose at last and went in search of Mervyn.

Stella was sitting in the large back room. It was a general-purpose room, suitable for large gatherings, furnished with an abundance of chairs and a big rectangular mahogany table. A baby grand stood against one wall, and a radiogram with a cabinet of records against another.

She wished now that she had not let Mervyn persuade her to go into town later with him and Gwen. She had agreed, partly in curiosity because he had been so insistent, partly wearily, to be rid of his insistence.

She shouldn't encourage him. She was being a fool. Oh, but what did it matter. Shrugging, she turned on the radiogram, just as Frank came in.

His eyes swept round the empty room. "What are you doing in here—meditating?"

"You could call it that. Where have you been so early in the morning?"

He dropped into a chair before the fire and began warming his hands. "I had a few jobs to do in Rombury."

She sat opposite him, nodding to the wireless. "Do you hear what they're playing? They're giving a half-hour programme of his work."

Frank listened a moment, then shook his head moodily. "It's a bad business," he muttered. "And that sort of thing makes it worse, somehow. I ran into Evans this morning."

Her eyes lit with interest. "Had he anything to say? Has he any fresh news of James?"

"No. Only that he had received the specialist's full report and would be coming round to see Mary later in the morning." He pulled out his cigarettes and threw one to her. "I wish I knew what had brought it on."

"Overwork," she said, in a tone that challenged denial.

He shook his head. "No. There has been something else. He must have had a worse time during the war than any of us realised."

"I don't see that. Surely anybody who works all day and night must go queer eventually. It stands to reason."

"I've argued all this before—he worked just as hard in the

Take you and me, for example. We've known each other fifteen months—seen each other almost daily—and we think we know one another pretty well." He laughed soundlessly.

"The truth is, of course, that we don't know one single thing of consequence about one another. All we know are the tricks the other one plays with his voice and face to keep his real thoughts secret. Our faces are masks we use to hide our real selves. But we don't know this until one day something unusual happens, and then we find the other person is just a stranger after all. It comes as a bit of a shock . . ."

"What do you mean?" she asked harshly.

"Everyone is the same," he said quietly, as if to reassure her. "You and me, and everyone else. I don't know your secret thoughts and you don't know mine . . ."

"I may know some of them," she asserted, with hidden meaning. "How can you be so sure?"

"Well, take James and David—my brothers. You'd have thought I would have known them, wouldn't you? My brothers—they grew up with me from childhood. I should have

Beauty in brief:

PREPARE FOR SUN

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The secret of making a glamorous beach debut lies in preparation as well as commonsense. Take, for instance, the complexion that is burned a bright tomato-red. Not pretty at all, is it?

It hurts, too, and might easily result in the kind of freckles that never fade away.

For your skin's sake, do start sunning yourself in small doses until the surface is conditioned. Then tan gradually and not too deeply.

Choose your favorite suntan lotion, oil, or cream and schedule for 10 minutes in the morning or afternoon during the first week of sunning.

Even feet committed to a regular pedicure schedule present a problem in beachworthiness. Perhaps you can overcome it by copying film stars, who apply stimulating face-packs to their feet. The treatments leave them invigorated and improve their appearance.

old days without ill effects. Besides it takes more than hard work to unbalance a man; any doctor will tell you that. No, there's been something else."

"It's overwork and this house," Stella insisted sullenly. A silence followed. Both were listening to the music. Emotion seemed to blur Stella's features for a moment, then leave them strangely frozen. She sat very still. Frank watched her, admiring the red-bronze swirl of her hair, the lovely chiselled lines of her face.

She came to life suddenly. Her face was hard. She rose and walked over to the wireless.

"I used to like it, once," she said, as if to explain. With an abrupt gesture, one of finality, she switched off the set and returned to her seat.

He did not answer. That would have been in David's time, he thought. Perhaps it had been one of his favorites. Suddenly he felt old, worn out.

They both stared at the sound of James' uplifted voice, followed by the heavy slam of a door. Both of them sat tensed, listening. No further sound came and they slowly relaxed.

"We'll go crazy with much more of this," Stella muttered.

Frank answered in a low voice, as if he were speaking to himself rather than to her. "You know—it's a funny thing this living with people.

some idea what is sending James over the bend, but I haven't. I haven't a single clue. And then there was David. He was my kid brother. A nice lad, but quiet and gentle. Those were my impressions, you understand. And what happens? He volunteers for a suicide raid—he becomes one of the death-or-glory boys. I couldn't believe it when I got the news. I still can't. Do you see what I mean?"

Stella jumped to her feet with an exclamation. "You're starting it now. I've always looked to you for a bit of humor. Does every conversation in this house have to be mournful? Doesn't anyone ever have a happy thought? Doesn't anyone ever think of telling a joke? Death, madness—it's like living in the Chamber of Horrors. The sooner I get out the better."

She caught the look in his eyes and turned back to him involuntarily. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

"You were right," he said quietly, and for the moment the sardonic expression had left his face, leaving it strangely tender.

"I'm sorry too. I hadn't realised you were feeling it so much. That's it, you see. One can't even see that in people. Your type don't show their feelings easily."

"Nor yours," she muttered, lowering herself shamefacedly

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into her chair again. That expression of his had brought about a swift change of mood in her. She had seen it on his face in unguarded moments before. She knew what it signified; she had seen it often enough on the faces of other men.

She thought she knew why. There may have been other reasons, but she was sure of one. Her eyes lifted from his maimed leg to his gaunt face. She had often wondered what she would do if that long-hidden desire of his ever found words with which to speak.

"Why haven't you ever married?" she asked suddenly.

The familiar cynical grin came back to his face. "I? Who on earth would want an old crock like me?" Then quickly, as if afraid of her denial: "I'm too selfish. I can't afford the things I want for myself. Where would I be with a wife?"

"You'd make a good husband," she said. He looked away quickly, but not before his eyes had betrayed him again. "You're the dependable type," she finished, with a sudden perverse desire to hurt him.

The sardonic mask of his face covered his feelings well. He grinned. "Don't be so insulting. You don't want dependable types. You all like 'em a bit naughty. The faithful types always get it in the neck."

She responded to his banter. "Faithful types," she jeered. "One year of marriage and you'd be as bad as the rest."

The door opened and Gwen appeared. Seeing Stella, her eyes flickered immediately over to the other chair, their suspicion dying at the sight of Frank.

"Ah, hello, Mrs. Ashburn," he said, rising.

"Hello, May I come in?"

"Of course."

She came forward. "I'm afraid something on the wireless just upset your brother," she told Frank. "He was sitting talking to me when that waltz of his, 'Delight,' came over and it sent him into a shocking state. He jumped up, switched off the set, and went storming from the room. I do hope he's all right."

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 63

Frank nodded. "Don't worry. I'll go to him."

As he rose, Mervyn came in. "Come along, and brighten my morning," he said to Gwen, but his eyes were only on Stella.

Soon after eleven, Mary was facing John in the lounge, her eyes agonised, pleading for news.

"I had the specialist's report this morning," he was saying. "He has been in touch with the psychiatrists. I had another word with them myself yesterday."

"What do the psychiatrists say? Don't they give any hope of avoiding the operation? Because, if they do, I'll refuse it. John. You should have heard James on Thursday night telling me what music meant to him—oh, it was pathetic. If there is a chance of avoiding it, then I'll say no and hope for the best. You know that, don't you?"

His voice was troubled as he remembered what Ethel had just told him. "I know, Mary. But I can't give you that hope. All I have found out is a possible reason for his derangement, not an alternative treatment. There is no avoiding the operation. I told you that on Thursday night."

Her shoulders drooped. There was a world of despair in the slight gesture. He winced at it.

"Tell me, anyway," she said dully.

"Well, one of the most powerful agents in causing this type of neurosis is a deep-rooted sense of guilt. They believe this is true of James."

"Guilt!" she cried.

He shifted uncomfortably. "There can be other causes but the general opinion is that James' condition is due to some profound experience he has had—something that has shocked him to the soul. His history shows he has always had an instability, and because he has not been able to talk about this experience, or even bear to think about it, his mind has been affected."

She stared at him without understanding. "I don't follow

you, John. Why couldn't he talk about it? What do you mean by guilt?"

Again he moved uneasily. "I can only give you examples. Suppose that during the war he did something of which he was later ashamed. Would that not prey on his mind?"

She frowned. "You mean he might have been afraid—shown cowardice somewhere?"

"It could be that," he admitted. "It could be anything. I don't know what."

As she stood silent for a moment he turned impulsively towards her.

"Let's go out—for a drive. We can't talk of these things in here. Fetch your coat and gloves and come out for a while."

HALF an hour later, John had parked the car on the promontory of King's Head. It was a massive headland, rising nearly five hundred feet sheer from the sea, its precipitous sides the home of myriads of sea birds. Around its base, gouged out from the sheer rock by countless years of erosion, were a number of large caves, reputed to have been put to good purpose in the days of smugglers.

John waited for Mary to speak. He had admired her silence on James over the last half-hour. In spite of her anxiety to know all about her husband's case, she had seen his composure; and this time she had given him most admirably. Control and understanding such as this was a rare thing, and he found it beyond praise.

A gull broke the spell. It rose mewing over the cliff edge, swooped down towards them, then wheeled, soaring high in the wind as it fought its way back to the sea. She turned to him at that moment, continuing their conversation where they had broken it off in the house.

"So you think there is some guilt in his mind, and this guilt is torturing him to madness?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "And whatever it is, it is having a more serious effect on him than it would have on a normal man. It would, of course, the more sensitive the mind, the greater the damage."

"You spoke of it being hidden. Does that mean that he no longer knows about it, that he has forgotten it?"

"Consciously, yes," he told her. "There is a theory that certain types of insanity are self-induced. A man has some shameful memory, so shameful it is painful to remember. So his mind buries it, imprisons it in the subconscious, and creates a warder in his conscious mind to keep it there. In certain cases the guilt is then forgotten, but it is still there and it festers in his prison, it grows more complex and powerful and so the conscious mind has to build up its own defences proportionally."

He paused a moment, then went on slowly. "The whole process then becomes automatic: the guilt grows more formidable and so does its gaoler. And it is the gaoler that destroys the mind."

"I understand," Mary said steadily. "He has done something, committed some crime, and the guilt is too much for him." She started.

"But wait . . . Supposing I were to find out what that guilt was? Supposing it were shown to him—pulled out of that prison into the fresh air? Wouldn't that free his mind? There would no longer be any need for the gaoler, and so his mind would clear. Isn't that what they do in psycho-analysis? Isn't that what you tried to do in the nursing home with drugs?" She clutched his arm in excitement. "Isn't that right? Mightn't that save him?"

He shook his head, hating himself, hating his words.

"How could you find out his guilt? He won't tell you; he doesn't even remember it now—it is too well locked away. Even under drugs his mind held tight. All he knows consciously is that he has some guilty secret, and that makes him doubly

sullen and suspicious. If you were to ask him his guilt point-blank, his mind would almost certainly be shattered forever—just at the thought that you knew of it. And even if you found out from some other source, it might still go when the guilt was explained to him."

"But it might work," she breathed. "It might, it might, it might . . ." Her eyes were shining with excitement. "Do you know of any particular . . . crime . . . that could have an effect like this on one's mind? Don't be afraid to tell me, no matter what it is."

"No," he muttered. "I can't think of anything in particular. But it would have to be something serious enough—in the victim's own mind, at least—to cause a profound state of regret and guilt." His voice rose harshly. "Mary, don't start building up dream castles. It would probably destroy his mind if you discovered it and told him, and in any case you haven't the time to find out. So don't even think about it."

Her eyes dulled, then closed. Her voice sounded far away.

"It's so funny. All the family except Frank think I don't care about him. That I put money before his health and happiness. They think I care about his career because of the money it brings . . ." She gave a sudden sob. "Isn't it funny, John?"

He caught her in his arms. "Curse them," he said savagely. She lay in his arms with her head against his chest. He held her tightly while her body jerked in anguish. The paroxysm ended at last, but she did not move.

His expression was akin to reverence as he looked down at her. "Let me tell you this, Mary," he said, very softly. "Let me tell you because it will not matter. I love you very much. And I have never loved you more."

She did not move for a moment, then her arms pressed warmly against his.

"I know," she whispered. "I know how all this must hurt . . ."

John's voice was uncertain. "It does, but not quite the way I would have thought. It hurts because it hurts you. And it's

not only your happiness in danger but your very life."

"My happiness," she said bitterly. "You talk of that! If he loses his talent, my happiness will be dead."

"What can I do?" he pleaded.

"Give me a little time," she whispered. "Give me a little more time with him to find out what he has done."

"But you mustn't ask him anything."

"I won't. I promise I won't. But he might let something drop by accident; he might give me some clue. If he is taken away I haven't a chance!"

"It's hopeless, Mary. He won't let anything out. He can't; he doesn't remember himself. And all the time you would be in danger."

She flung herself into his arms, burying her face in the rough tweed of his coat.

"Give me some time, John," she sobbed. "I want to take the risk. Don't certify him yet. Give me a chance!"

A welter of emotions as wild and turbulent as the sea below surged through him. He tried vainly to hold them at bay, to reason with himself.

"Your happiness means more to me than anything else in this world, Mary," he said.

"Thank you, John," she whispered. "Then you will do this for me?"

"Yes," he said slowly, his eyes now on the breaking sea. "Though I think it is the wrong thing, I will do it."

She clutched him more tightly.

"How long will you give me?" she asked.

"How long will you need?"

She looked at him helplessly. "How can I say that? I have to find out what his secret is and I don't even know where to start."

"Then we will wait until next week-end and see how he is then," he muttered. "But in the meantime do everything you can to humor him; and be careful. Of all things, be careful."

"Thank you, John," she said quietly.

To be concluded

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Problems of the seaside garden

In the coastal cities and towns of Australia, many home gardeners are faced with the problem of making a seaside garden, which must be built and maintained in poor, sandy soil in a position that is exposed to the full blast of the wind.

SOME seaside homes have been built in the bush, which gives a certain amount of protection from the gales, although there is always some exposure to the elements. This is the price that must be paid for the glorious situation and sea views.

The lucky seaside gardener is he whose home is set in natural bushland.

The man who was able to find this sort of country need only make a few paths through the bush and he has the perfect setting for his home.

But it is not always so easy. The shore-line is often bare, the hot sun beats down in summer, drying out the soil, and sea gales are likely to blow at any time of the year.

In such a locality highest priority must be given to getting a windbreak quickly.

The windbreak will have a tough life, so it is no use growing anything but hardy plants.

As a protective hedge, *Eucalyptus japonicus* has no superior for a seaside garden. It is a hardy evergreen shrub that grows to 10 feet. Leaves

are glossy green and small red berries are produced in bunches in autumn.

Into such a hedge—it might almost be called a basic hedge—it is possible to add the hardy evergreen hawthorns or pyracanthas, and the even harder Spanish broom with its fragrant yellow flowers.

Red berries

COTONEASTER also has some wind-hardy species, notably *C. pinnosa*, that has long, slender branches bearing red berries in winter, and *C. rotundifolia*, a smaller, erect-growing shrub that holds its red berries particularly well.

Genista altensis (Mt. Etna broom) is another useful plant in the seaside hedge. It reaches about six feet, and is strong-growing, producing long, pendulous branches that are smothered in bright, yellow flowers in summer.

Another suggestion is the group of *Escallonia*s.

E. macrantha is one of the *Escallonia*s that has high gum content, and this appears to give it immunity against the fiercest storms. It grows to about 8 ft., and carries coral-red flowers in summer.

Small plants should be selected, and after flowering

each year they should be cut back well to prevent straggly growth. If this is done, a good hedge will result.

The best windbreak comes from a mixed planting of several different species, because one usually makes up for the deficiencies of another.

Once a good break is established, half the trouble is over, and a fine garden can be made if the right plants are chosen. It is no use selecting delicate exotics unless a very favored corner is available for them and the gardener has ample time to coddle them.

Humans and plants both need some shade. Best results usually come from planting native-trees such as gums, Angophoras, tea-tree, or the hardy paper bark, *Melaleuca hypericifolia*.

The best plan is to select something that grows naturally in the district, because it will be accustomed to conditions and will thrive without much attention.

In the shade plant hydrangeas, either in garden beds or in tubs. They grow readily by the sea, provided their water supply is kept up.

New varieties

KNIPHOFIAS, the red-hot poker, will give a splash of color in the spring. In recent years a number of new varieties has become available, and they come in sizes from dwarf to tall and in shades from yellow to orange.

Senecio is a plant suitable for the seaside garden.

S. Greyi and *S. laxifolius* have grey foliage which is smothered at flowering time with golden heads of flowers.

A big drift of these cheery plants makes a wonderful garden in itself.

Cineraria maritima can be used for a border. The silvery foliage is attractive, and the plant is very hardy.

Mesembryanthemums and *Gazania*s, gay and strong, are in their element by the sea, especially if they have some rocks to climb over.

Yuccas add an exciting note. There are many species. Among the best are *Y. gloriosa*, with its creamy flowers produced in long, wide panicles in summer, and *Y. whipplei*, with its tall-growing, lemon-scented spire of flowers.

There are, of course, other plants which will grow satisfactorily by the sea, and more suggestions will be found in nursery garden catalogues.

YUCCA is a suitable and attractive plant to grow in a seaside garden. The tall spire of creamy-white flowers make a fine display, and the plant is hardy and will withstand strong winds from the sea.

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already tagged her with, she
was rather refreshing. It was
a change to have someone come
right out in the open, although
she'd been way off the beam
in the rest of her summing up.

Boy! Would Mary react to
this little package if she had
heard her! He found himself
grinning as he went back to
work. You had to hand it to
blondes.

The rest of the day wasn't so
bad after that. He had men-
tally christened his assistant
"The Hips," and the sight of
her swaggering in at unex-
pected moments did him good.
He gave her a few small jobs,
and was surprised at how
quickly he got them back. The
work was good, too, perhaps
she was as good as she had
told him earlier.

He didn't see Mary again,
but then he was taking her to
the pictures that night, so
there'd be plenty of time to
talk later. He was going to
straighten out all this business
of elementary work, taking it
easy, and the rest; and, any-
how, he had to be just a little
patient.

Let them have their little
bit of glory. If they wanted
to be all noble for a day or
so, well, O.K., but he'd just
establish that it was a tem-
porary business, and he was
ready to take over the big jobs.

The evening wasn't a success.
Mary was late, the film was
bad, and then somehow the
straightforward chat they'd
been going to have developed
into quite an argument. Mary
seemed to think he was behav-
ing pretty badly. In fact, ac-
cording to her, old Henty had
suddenly sprouted wings and
gratitude should be flowing all
around.

He didn't see it that way, and
told her so. It didn't achieve
anything; only a few unsatis-
factory tears, and she still went
on mothering him and open-
ing the doors and generally
making him feel particularly
helpless. He told her about
that, too, that he still wanted
to carry her things and open
the doors for her, but that it
seemed ungrateful also.

So, he slept badly and went
to work without breakfast. It
went on that way right through
the week, with everybody being
sickeningly thoughtful, from
the lift boy to the clients—all
except "The Hips." She wan-
dered aimlessly in and out of
his room and his thoughts, with
a dozen blunt questions a day,
but she hadn't talked any more
about self-pity. Perhaps she'd
been sorry about that. He de-
cided to ask her, because sud-
denly it mattered, and also he
was spoiling for a fight.

He waited for the tea break;
she'd taken to coming in
around that time and dawdling
over her tea with him. It
didn't mean anything, of
course. She apparently had
fifty boy-friends clamoring to
take her out, and, besides, as
she put it, "Even bad com-
pany's better than none."

He watched her as she sat
stirring her tea and was sur-
prised to find he was admiring
her profile. She caught him, of
course.

He blushed and took a quick
sip of tea. "You haven't given
me a lecture lately. Lost inter-
est?" he asked.

She grinned in her quick,
breezy fashion. "Frankly—
yes."

"Well," he laughed in spite
of himself.

"What's the good of talking
to a man like you; it's water on
a duck's back."

He didn't like that, and told
her.

She shrugged carelessly. "You
asked me. But if you want to
know, you're even worse than
I thought you were."

"I am?" He raised his eye-
brows in what he hoped was
a superior look. "That must
make me pretty grim."

"It does." She drank her tea
with enjoyment.

Continuing . . . Blondes Are Like That

from page 5

"What do I do that's so
bad?"

"Nothing. That's just it. You
sit here and let them all be
sorry for you; you hang around
a girl who's trying to treat you
like an invalid . . . and on top
of all that, you do work a school
kid could turn out when you
know you're probably the best
color artist this town's got.
That's what." She turned and
eyed him quietly—more quietly
than he'd ever seen her. "Now
I s'pose you're hopping mad
again, but you asked me, and
it's true. You're not in love
with her—she's a habit, and
what's more, she's not in love
with you."

He didn't say anything right
away, because suddenly there
didn't seem anything to say. For
the first time he was facing up
to the truth about himself; he'd
laughed it off before, because
then it was new, and he'd
thought it would pass and
everything would come right.

But now? Now he knew that
"Hips" was right. He was just
being led along by the nose.
But—about Mary. Was she
right there, too? He didn't
know the answer to that—not
yet, but, by George, he would,
and tonight!

"What's the matter, boss?
Have I touched rock-bottom?"
She was grinning at him again
with that cute mouth, bringing
back the easy familiarity with
a solitary glance.

He managed a brief smile.
"Let a fellow think, can't you?
You just dropped enough bombs
to blow the town sky high and
you're looking for small chat
already."

She didn't say a thing—just
walked over to the door with a
little less hip sway than usual,
without even looking at him.

"Where to now?" He was
surprised she was going; surely
she was curious enough to stick
around and see what went on
inside him.

"You want to think," she said,
"and I don't particularly want
to be around to hear what
you're thinking—not just yet."

She didn't bang the door for
once, which was out of charac-
ter, too, but he didn't have a
lot of time to think about it.
As "Hips" put it, he wanted to
think and there were a couple
of things with a high priority.
He reached for the house phone
and got through to Mary.
"Mary, I'd like to see you as
soon as you're through tonight.
How about dinner?"

She was busy, he could tell
by her voice, but it was all
right. She'd spare him her
leisure hours.

Well, that was move num-
ber one; now for move num-
ber two; he reached for the phone
again. "Is Mr. Henty in his
office?" Yes, Mr. Henty was in.

"I'd like to see him right
away if it's convenient." Then
the answer came through. "Yes,
Mr. Silvers, go in right away if
it's urgent."

It was urgent all right. He
was knocking on Henty's door
within the minute, inside and
sitting in a chair within another
thirty seconds. "Mr. Henty, I
know how valuable your time
is," he heard himself saying, "so
I won't make a lot of this. The
fact is, I appreciate you're hav-
ing me back the way you have."

"The least we could do my
boy," Henty was already beam-
ing. This was his stuff. Little
man thanks big man.

"But," Pete went on as
though there never had been an
interruption.

"I realised now what a mis-
take it was . . . for both of
us."

"A mistake?" Henty's smile
vanished.

"Yes," Pete leaned forward
a little and fixed his eyes
somewhere around the level of
Henty's bow-tie. "You were
being kind, and I was being

foolish. It doesn't do to try a
comeback. I see that now. Just
as long as you and every one
else is sorry for me, then I'm
sorry for me, too, and that
doesn't make for progress, or
peace of mind."

"And so . . . ?"
"And so I'd like to hand in
my notice, and move along just
as soon as you can spare me."

"I see," Henty got up
awkwardly, because he was
short and he was fat.

"Have you discussed this with
Mary?"

Pete stood up, too, glad he
was tall if nothing else. "No."
And if you don't mind I'll do
that in my own time. I'd ap-
preciate you not mention-
ing this until I've had that op-
portunity."

"All right," Henty sat down
again. "Apparently her feelings
in the matter will not alter
your decision?"

"No. I'm quite decided, Mr.
Henty. I'll finish up at the end
of the week if you don't mind."
"If that's what you want,
Silvers, I'm sorry it hasn't been
a success, and I hope you won't
regret your action."

There was a world of gentle
condescension in that brief little
speech, plus a great big hint
that other firms might not be
so generous to a chap not fully
equipped for work.

That really did it. Pete faced
him squarely. "I'm sure I
won't have any regrets, Mr.
Henty. I know I'm doing a wise
thing, and, frankly, I've had an
offer . . . quite a good one,
doing the sort of work I like
doing, so I'll manage."

He shouldn't have said that,
of course, but why not? Why
sit down under that smug face
and show no fight at all.

Pete felt a little too dazed to
know his real reactions when
he got back to his desk, but
after an hour or two he took
a peep inside the merry-go-
round that was his mind, and
he liked what he saw.

HE was actually
feeling relief . . . a great, big
hearty relief at what he'd done;
maybe he'd get cold feet later
when he thought about food
and rent, but right now he was
only aware of freedom and a
feeling of confidence that he
thought he'd lost along with
that good left arm.

"Hips" swung in about five.
She was pretty quiet still, but
he put it down to a broken date
or something. It certainly
wouldn't be him; he'd never
been able to doise that scrap
of human effervescence since
he'd met her.

He thought of keeping quiet
about his plans, but on second
thoughts decided he wanted to
try saying it out loud, so he
told her, in brief form. She
looked a bit solemn on it.

"Was that my fault? I
mean, I've got an awful habit
of opening my mouth and just
talking."

He grinned at her, really
grinned in a way he hadn't
done before. "If it was I'll
say thank you. I feel wonder-
ful."

She eyed him speculatively
for a moment, opened her
mouth, and then closed it again
without a word.

"What's the matter? Don't
tell me you're hesitating to fire
a question or two? It isn't like
you, little one."

She shrugged in something
of her customary style. "It's not
my business, anyway."

"It's not," she assured her,
"but what's the angle?"

"I was just wondering how
your girl friend took your piece
of news."

"Oh." For a moment he'd
forgotten that. "She doesn't
know . . . yet."

Something of a grin stole over
her face. "My, aren't you going
to have fun?"

Heaven! Blondes could be
annoying. "If you must know,
smartie, I'm taking her to din-
ner, and I'm going to propose
to her after I've told her I
haven't got a job."

"That should go down well."

He felt his face going red,
and that made him so mad he
felt it go a lot redder. "The
way I'll tell it, it will."

"Perhaps it will." She made
a noise that sounded something
like a sigh. "Well, I suppose as
long as you want it that way,
you might as well ask her."

"Are we back on that habit
line again?" he asked her.

"You just don't match up,
that's all. She's a stiff collar—
you're a . . ."

"A misfit?"

She bit her lip over that.
"That wasn't what I was going
to say, but it doesn't matter."

She started for the door, no
swagger at all.

He caught at her arm.
"What was your word for
me, little one?"

She jerked her arm away
with a sudden roughness that
matched the queer little break
in her voice. "You're a fool . . .
a stupid, habit-forming fool,
and I just hope she accepts
you."

This time she really banged
the door. He lost two pots of
paint with the vibration.
Women! How could you know
about them, and blondes in par-
ticular!

He had to hang around for
nearly half an hour for Mary,
but he didn't worry much. He
used the time to work his speech
up, with lots of meaning
pauses. When she finally ar-
rived he was all ready. He
could see at once she wasn't
in exactly the right frame of
mind for it, but a good dinner
would fix that, and he had
booked a table at her favorite
restaurant. "I'm sorry I'm so

To page 67

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YES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 20, 1954

Continuing . . Blondes Are Like That

from page 66

Pete. Really, I should have worked on Mr. Henty. . .
 "Uh-uh!" He held up an admonishing finger. "That name shall not pass your lips again until you have wined and dined. Promise?"
 She looked surprised, but Mr. Henty had wanted her to do a big job and really . . .
 It went on that way right through dinner, right through coffee. They were going to be late for the pictures, anyway.
 "I want to talk about Henty, too, Mary."
 She gave him an odd look.
 "I threw in my job today." There wasn't any stifled gasp at open mouth; it was quite plain that she already knew.
 "He told you, didn't he?"
 She was groping around for the words, but he didn't wait.
 "He gave me his word he wouldn't, but then, of course, you and he are so close, aren't you?"
 "That is a particularly unnecessary remark, I think."
 "Well, anyhow, since you know, I don't have to bore you with the details, do I, and we can get right down to business. Will you marry me, Mary?"
 She did gasp then, though she couldn't imagine why. She practically asked him six months ago, when he was in hospital.
 "What's so breath-taking, Mary?"
 She knocked ash off her cigarette carefully. "What do we live on, Pete?"
 "I'm not incapacitated, Mary. I can keep a wife. I'm a good artist . . . just about the best in this town."
 "But you haven't a job."
 "There are other advertising agencies."
 "And you think someone else would take you?" She hadn't meant quite that and her face went red. "I mean . . ."
 "Look," he was angry now, really angry. "You haven't any confidence in me, have you? All right. We'll skip that for the moment. What's more important is you don't happen to be in love with me, do you?"
 "I . . . it's all so confusing now. I thought everything would smooth out automatically when you came back. I mean, we could both go on working there, and . . ."
 "And as long as you stayed and flattered Henty he would suffer having your poor unfortunate husband on the staff?"
 She was angry now, her usual composure as ruffled as her table napkin. "That's a ridiculous way to look on it, Pete. Naturally Mr. Henty hoped we would both stay on—for a while at least, but the way you look at it is quite foolish, and particularly ungrateful."
 "Look, Mary," he was close to shouting, but he didn't care. Let everyone look. He was straightening out his life, and he didn't give a darn who heard him doing it.
 "I want to know just one thing. Do you take a chance with me; do you have a little confidence in me, or do you think where the money's good and the boss thinks you wear wings and play a harp?"
 She swept to her feet like something in a melodrama. "I don't see any point in our discussing this any further, Peter. And certainly not here." She practically snatched her bag from the table. "When you've had a little time for reflection, I'll be glad to speak to Mr. Henty on your behalf."
 He didn't move. He just sat there, and there wasn't a thing she could do but complete her suit.
 He took out the tickets for the pictures, started to tear them across, then changed his mind. Why not give them to someone who felt like a film? It was just about his turn to hand out a little charity. He shoved

them in his pocket, paid the bill and left.
 And now what to do? He'd like to go back to the office and pick up a couple of things, because he certainly wasn't going back there tomorrow, nor the next day, nor the next. He was through.
 But he had no key—so what to do? He reached for his little red notebook as a sudden thought struck him. "Hips" had written her number in there "for emergencies." Well, this was one. She could get his things for him and he could meet her in the lunch hour or after work to get them.
 For once he had enough pennies, and the number wasn't out of order, but there seemed to be a spot of bother on the line. It was "Hips" all right, but she just couldn't get the hang of what he was trying to say. "Why don't you just leap on a tram and come out and tell me. It's only one section, and there is cold beer on the ice."

THE idea sounded so good he didn't even have to think about it.
 It wasn't quite so easy finding her as telephoning, though; apparently it was a flat, not a house, and it turned out to be in an old house with more stairs than advantages.
 He found it at last, with a neat white card proclaiming "Miss Phillips" to be in Room 18.

She let him in meekly enough but he couldn't miss the glint in her eye when she said hello; she scented victory, and she was going to extract it to the last ounce of "I told you so." She poured him a beer.
 She just stood there then, grinning as he gulped at his drink.
 "What were you saying on the phone? I couldn't get it."
 "I'm glad," he handed her his glass with something very like a smile. "The beer was worth the journey."
 "Thanks a million." She refilled it and sat down next to him.
 He saw out of the corner of his eye that she was watching him like a little girl somehow, waiting for story time.
 "You were right, blondie. We don't match up. I've just learned all about it."
 "So—you don't want to go back to the office, and will I collect your things like a good little helpmate and give them to you . . . is that it?" He gave her a long hard look. "There was nothing wrong with that telephone after all?"
 "No."
 "Then—why the personal invitation? What happened to the fifty boy-friends you're always beating off?"
 She laughed out loud. "Goodness, you've got a lot to learn about women, haven't you? Don't you know there's a surplus of women in this town?" It was his turn to laugh. "Not pretty ones like you."
 She turned the full battery of smile on him for that. "What do you think of my mansion?"
 "Delightful." It was, too. She'd used all her artistic skill on the big bed-sitting-room. It looked like something out of a Chopin movie. "I didn't know you had a flat. Thought you lived home."

She looked surprised. "This is home. I haven't any parents." Oh! Just a bit of a kid, working it out alone, and he'd been feeling sorry for himself.
 She sensed his thoughts and seemed somewhat embarrassed. "I thought if I had a flat I'd be a better prospect for matrimony." They laughed together, and it was a pleasant sound to a man without a job or a

fiancee. It seemed a pity to spoil it, but he had to go sometime. She was probably going out.

"Well, I guess I'd better make tracks." He stood up as he spoke, reluctantly, hoping she'd tell him to sit right down again. She didn't. She moved towards the door, talking over her shoulder. "I'll get your things tomorrow. Where will I find you?"

He moved over towards her. "We could have lunch if you liked." Yes. She was holding the door open now, but he didn't go through.

"I guess I'll have to start looking around for a job. Got any suggestions?"

She seemed to hesitate for an instant, then she made up her mind, and shut the door again. "Yes, I have." There was excitement in her voice, in her eyes. "Why don't you freelance? Oh, you wouldn't make a fortune right off, but it can be done, if you're good, and you are. I've always wanted to do it myself, but—well, I just haven't been game enough. But you could. Why, every agency in town would jump at having you do their color stuff."

There was something about her when she talked that way that just reached out and hooked him hard. Why, he hadn't even thought of it. It was just one of those dreams, yet she made it sound like the A, B, C, only simpler. But if he could do it . . . if he could be his own boss.

He had hold of her shoulder before he knew it. "Do you mean me? You really think I could make a living that way?"

Her voice was trembling. "I know you could."

That was all he needed. "It's a deal." He was still holding on to her, but it didn't seem the moment to stop, anyway. "And if I get a little busy, I'll need an assistant."

The excitement went out of her face, and something pretty like tears glistened in those peculiarly violet eyes. "Who's handing out charity now?"

He shook her, not hard, but enough to tumble her blonde curls a little. "Don't talk like a dope. Here," he took his hand from her shoulder and pulled the door open. "As from now, you and I are in partnership. All right?"

She nodded dumbly, the way blondes do when it suits them.

"All right." He took her by the arm. "And your first assignment begins right now."

She came through the door looking slightly dazed, but with no questions. He fished for the tickets in his pocket, and flourished them under her nose. "We're going to the pictures, whether you've seen it or you haven't, see? And one thing more . . . from now on, if anybody asks you if you have any boy-friends, the number is fifty-one!"

She heard all right, but she was busy fishing something from her skirt pocket.

"I wish you'd look at me when I'm talking. What have you got there, anyway?" She tore the bits of paper up as she answered. "Two tickets."

"Tickets?"

She seemed to grin and swagger all at once then. "You didn't think I asked you over to talk business, did you?"

"So you were all ready to go with me?"

She chuckled as she took a good hold of his arm. "Somebody's got to have brains in this partnership."

Well, Pete reflected, as he kissed her, there had to be an exception to every rule. All blondes couldn't be dumb!

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...bly take me a lifetime to copy, at that."

He squinted at the page for her. "His handwriting is absolutely vile. Every third line crossed out and an uncountable squiggle stuck in its place. That's all."

But she was talking to herself. Miss Twickenham had left. She finished the first page, estimated the number left to go. She rubbed at the back of her neck. "If this stuff was important—um, I wonder if this word is 'percentile'—you'd think he could hang and long enough to dictate even if it did mean breaking precious date."

She stopped short. "Mmh," said and got up and walked in the corridor to Mr. Doug Harrison's private office.

Doug Harrison's appointments for the day were listed in his desk calendar. Including a squiggle which Kathy said she was interpreting correctly as cocktails at 5.30 with someone named Marcia at a house Kathy had heard of, which she had never been in, in a famous door.

Kathy returned to her own desk. She picked up the page she had just typed, and admired it. The report was clear and concise. It was an excellent example of the kind of report on which the survey department prided itself.

Then she ripped the page in half and dropped it in the wastebasket. Call her Miss Jones, would he? Eavesdrop on her while she raved about him and then trick her into making a fool of herself, would he?

She inserted fresh paper into the typewriter. She copied the first page of the report once more. She was conscientious about it. Wherever Doug Harrison's hen tracks made obvious sense Kathy typed the correct word. For the rest she typed whatever word the squiggle resembled most.

When she had finished the first page, she glanced at the clock. Doug and his Marcia should be settling down cosily about now to their first cocktail. Kathy telephoned the famous place and had Mr. Douglas Harrison paged.

"Yes?" Doug Harrison said.

"Oh, Mr. Harrison," Kathy said. "This is Miss James. From the office, I'm terribly sorry to disturb you, but you remember you gave me a report to be typed?"

"Naturally I remember."

Continuing One Date With the Boss

from page 3

Doug Harrison sounded annoyed. "If it hadn't been so important I wouldn't have asked you to do it. Well?"

"Oh, I understand that, Mr. Harrison. Perfectly," Kathy said. "And I'll get it out tonight. All I want to know is whether you are willing to have me follow my own judgment about any necessary changes. Because frankly, Mr. Harrison, that report doesn't seem to make much sense."

She thought that would needle him. It did.

"Miss James, I realise you are new to the organisation," Doug Harrison said. "So perhaps I had better take time to explain to you that the function of the stenographic department is to type up the material received, as accurately as possible. We do not, however, ask our stenographers to interpret the material."

He paused. Kathy couldn't be sure, but she had a feeling he was counting up to ten. "Please, Miss James, type that material just as I gave it to you and don't bother your

pretty little head about whether, in what you are pleased to call your judgment, the material seems to make sense. I'll take the responsibility for that part of it. Is that clear? Or shall I repeat it?"

Kathy smiled. At least he had her name right now.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Harrison, perfectly clear. In fact, it was what I was sure you would say. But I've just finished typing the first page and I think I had better read it to you."

She read it.

"Hey!" Doug Harrison said. "Hold on. That doesn't make sense. Read it again. And slower this time."

KATHY read it again.

Doug Harrison groaned. He sounded so upset that Kathy almost felt sorry for him. Almost. "Now I can't even remember what I did say. How even a bird brain could manage to garble it all that much—sorry, Miss James. But if you knew the amount of time and thought that has gone into that report—"

"Maybe I ought to go through the whole report and underline all the words in your handwriting that I can't seem to figure out. And then ring you back. Are you planning to be at this number for a while longer?"

"I was planning," Doug Harrison said, "on cocktails, followed by dinner and the theatre. But I'll be at the office in fifteen minutes."

"I do think that's a good idea," Kathy said. "I'm sure it will go ever so much faster if we work on it together. But I do hate to do this to you, Mr. Harrison."

"I bet you do," Doug Harrison said. He sounded grim.

Doug Harrison was at the office in less than fifteen minutes. But Kathy was ready for him. She had spent the time circling all the doubtful squiggles in the report and placing a question mark beside each one.

"All right," Doug Harrison said. "Let's see what the trouble seems to be, Miss James." Kathy showed him. Doug Harrison pulled at his ear lobe. "H'm. Just the same, it seems queer to me that no other typist on this staff has had so much trouble with my hand-writing."

Kathy raised her eyes. "Perhaps they are more used to your ways than I am."

Doug Harrison looked at Kathy, who met his glance, innocent-eyed. She sat down at the typewriter. "If I take it directly on the machine as you dictate it, Mr. Harrison, it will save time for both of us. And get you back to your date just that much sooner."

"I appreciate your consideration, Miss James. In that case, suppose we get to work. Ready? Page one, paragraph one—"

He began rattling words off so fast that Kathy's wrists ached.

"New paragraph. However, when we come to the analysis of the following—following—"

He stopped short. "Blow it all, I can't read it myself."

Kathy peered over his shoulder. "Oh, I figured out that one. Try 'percentile'."

"Thanks," Doug Harrison said. He didn't sound grateful. "The following percentile ratings—"

He stopped again. "Would you mind removing your hat, Miss James? The

flowers—they keep bobbing. It's very distracting."

"I'll be glad to, Mr. Harrison," Kathy said. "But I wonder why men never seem to get used to women's hats."

"That one," Doug Harrison said, looking at it, "would take some getting used to. Why in the world a woman should choose to stick something like that on her head—"

Kathy dimpled. "Well, it attracted your attention, didn't it?" She took off her hat. She had washed her hair that morning. It shone.

Doug Harrison jammed his hands in his pockets and turned his back on Kathy. "Following percentile ratings—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Harrison," Kathy said. "But when you stand away over there and mumble I can't hear you."

Doug Harrison strode over to Kathy's desk. "Following percentile ratings!" he yelled in her ear. He was so close to her that his lips almost brushed against her hair.

When Kathy had shopped at noon for the new hat, she had allowed the salesgirl at the perfume counter to demonstrate a very new, very expensive perfume.

Doug Harrison drew in his breath with a sigh that was almost a moan. He moved away, to the far side of the desk and sat down. "Now, where were we?" he said. He seemed a little dazed. And he wasn't looking at the report in his hand. He was looking at Kathy.

The telephone rang. Doug Harrison reached for the phone. "That's probably Marcia." It was.

"You told me it shouldn't take more than fifteen minutes to set that dumb typist straight," Marcia said.

She had an elegant but very

To page 70

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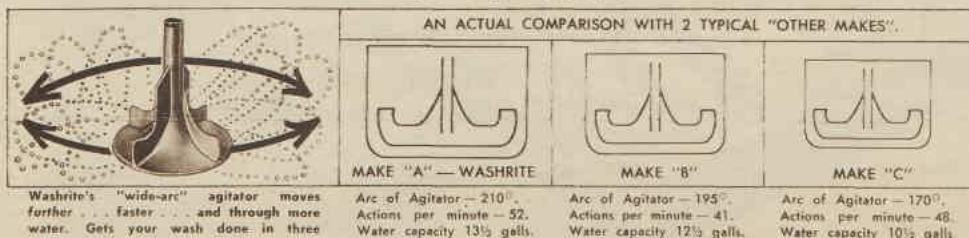
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high-pitched voice which carried distinctly into the room. "It's over half an hour now. I'm getting embarrassed."

"Look here, Marcia," Doug said. "You ought to know that I'll get back there as soon as I can. But I can't let a report go out in that shape. And to tell the truth, I'm having a little trouble with my handwriting myself."

"Handwriting or hand-holding, Sweetie?" Marcia said. "What does she look like?"

"How should I know?" Doug shouted. "Listen, Marcia—this is business. I couldn't even tell you whether her eyes are blue or green."

"Oh?" Marcia said. "Naturally, in that case, you will want to investigate more closely." She hung up.

Doug Harrison swore, not quite under his breath. He called the place and got reconnected with Marcia. He assured her he would be with her by the time she finished her next drink.

"All right, Miss James." He picked up the report. "Let's see if we can get this rolling now." His voice was brisk and impersonal. The report began to move along. They were just about halfway through when the phone rang again.

Marcia's voice was brittle with annoyance. "I'm starved," she said. "What's more, do you realise that unless we eat right away we're going to be late for the theatre?"

"Listen," Doug said. "I can't leave now, but it's going along at a pretty good clip, so I ought to be through in another half-hour or so. Why don't you go ahead and order? I'll be with you as soon as I can." He hung up. He began dictating so fast that Kathy had to pull out a whole page and start over.

Doug Harrison lit a cigarette and waited. With him watching her like that, Kathy got

even more rattled. She kept making mistakes and having to erase them. She looked at him.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. She really was. By now she wanted to get through as much as he did. Her wrists ached and her head ached, and Marcia's mention of food hadn't made things any better.

It occurred to her that if Doug Harrison would only go away she could stop and rest for a few minutes. And order something to eat at the canteen. And maybe even take off her shoes for a minute. One leg was numb.

She rubbed it surreptitiously. "I'm sure I can figure out the rest of it for myself, Mr. Harrison. Why don't you—why don't you go now?"

"Nonsense," Doug Harrison said. "It's going along fine." He grinned. "We shall stick it out together to the bitter end."

"But Marcia—" Kathy said. "She—she is going to be very annoyed, Mr. Harrison. Don't you think you should go?"

"Oh, don't worry about Marcia," Doug Harrison said. "I've known Marcia since we were kids. Matter of fact, though I'm not in the habit of discussing my personal affairs in the office, we're practically engaged. Marcia will be over her annoyance by the time I get there. She's hungry now, but by the time she's tucked into a lobster—she's very fond of lobster—"

"Ooh," Kathy said. She could see the lobster, and Marcia tucking into it. She began to cry.

"Goodness!" Harrison started over to her. He stopped and reconsidered the matter. He remained on the far side of the desk. "Here, here, Miss James." He kept his voice brisk and impersonal.

Continuing One Date With the Boss

[from page 69]

"There's nothing to cry about. You're tired, I'm tired. But in another half-hour we'll be through with that beastly report and then—well, then we can each go our own way and forget about the whole thing. Right? Please stop."

"I can't," Kathy said. She went on crying. "I spent my whole lunch hour shopping for that hat, and I haven't had a thing to eat since breakfast. And if you really want me to stop crying, you'd better go back to your Marcia. Because all I want in the world is a chance to rest for five minutes and have a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

"After that I'll take care of the report. Honest I will. I'll do a good job on it. You won't have a thing to worry about," she sobbed. "I promise. If you'll just go away right now I'll never do anything to annoy you again—in my whole life."

She stopped crying. Doug Harrison was on the telephone. "Half-a-dozen ham sandwiches," he said. "And a gallon or so of coffee!"

Doug Harrison turned to Kathy. "Women! Of all the idiotic things to do! Nobody but a woman would spend her noon hour shopping and go without lunch."

"Nobody but a woman has to spend her noon hour shopping for a hat that will maybe make a man notice her," Kathy said. "And, anyway, it was worth it. I mean—well, if a woman is wearing a hat, a man knows she's a woman and not a—cipher."

Doug Harrison snorted. "That's feminine logic for you. A hat is a hat. And a woman is a woman. Let me assure

you, Miss James, that with or without a hat, any man with normal eyesight would be perfectly well aware that you are a—"

He stopped. "Those ham sandwiches ought to be here soon."

They arrived, finally. Doug Harrison handed one to Kathy and took one himself, at her urging. They ended by dividing them up evenly. They finished the coffee and the potato salad. "Mhm," Doug said. "How about ordering some apple pie, to finish off?"

He ordered apple pie. They finished off with that. Doug lit a cigarette. "Ah. That's better. Well, how about tackling that report again?"

KATHY breathed a sigh of content. "Certainly, Mr. Harrison. Just let me clear the desk of our little picnic, first." She started out of her chair. "Ouch!" She fell back.

"What now?" Kathy said in a small voice. "My foot. I've got a cramp in it." She tried to get up and winced.

"Here," Doug Harrison pushed her back in her chair. "Only thing to do with a cramp is massage it out." He took off her shoe and began rubbing briskly at the calf of her leg. "Mhm. Kinked up, all right. Just sit back and relax and it ought to start easing up soon."

"I'm sure it will, Sweetie," Marcia said. She stood in the doorway, tall and blonde and brittle, in a simple little black dinner dress with a simple little mink coat thrown over it, smoking a cigarette in a simple ebony holder. If she had eaten her lobster, it didn't seem to have improved her disposition

any, judging from the expression on her face.

"Now, look, Marcia—" Doug said.

"I am looking," Marcia said. Her eyes gave plenty of time to the remains of the lunch on the desk. And to Doug, with Kathy's leg in his hand. "I think I've seen quite enough, thank you. Don't bother to try to explain, Doug. I don't believe I would be interested in any further explanations. At any time." She went out.

Doug looked after her. "You know," he said, to no one in particular, "I don't believe I will bother to explain. Come to think of it, her mother has a nasty disposition, too."

He shook his shoulders, as though throwing a weight off them. "Well, shall we get to work, Miss James?"

They got to work. At ten-thirty they were finished with the report. Kathy read it over and sighed. "I did a beautiful job, if I say so myself."

Doug Harrison looked at her. "That you did, Miss James. On it, and on me." He drew out two theatre tickets. "The amount of trouble it took to get these for tonight!" He tore them in half.

"Oh!" Kathy said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Harrison. I really and truly am."

"Not half as sorry as you are going to be in a minute, Miss James. Now, will you kindly weigh that report and affix the proper number of stamps? Not forgetting the special-delivery stamp. Done? Good. You have now, Miss James, completed your last official act for the survey department. Is that quite clear?"

"I—I'm being transferred back home?" Kathy said.

Doug Harrison shrugged. "As far as stenographic ability goes, Miss James, I shall be

happy to recommend you for a job in Personnel, on the tenth floor. They can always use another good stenographer up there. As far as I am concerned, I only want you out of my department. Would you mind dropping this report in the mail chute on your way out? I have to lock up."

Kathy put on her hat. She walked out. She dropped the report down the chute. Hard. She was just pressing the elevator button when Doug caught up with her. "Oh, Miss James. One more thing."

Kathy turned. She raised a eyebrow. "Yes? What do you want now?"

"This," Doug Harrison reached for her. "I have always made it a policy not to mix business with pleasure. But we are now outside the office and you are no longer employed by my department. And this—" Doug Harrison said, taking his time about it, "is an extremely competent job, this, Miss James, strictly a pleasure."

"Mr. Harrison," Kathy said when she could catch her breath, "the pleasure is mutual."

"Mhm," Doug said again, her hair. "Mhm and mhm!" He took time out to catch his own breath. "In the way, there's something I've been wanting to ask you all evening, Kathy. Mhm. Kathy. A wonderful name. Tell me, Kathy, what was all that Power of Thought business that you and Miss Twickenham were planning to try out on me?"

"Oh, that!" Kathy said. Miss Twickenham and the Yod could take the credit, if they wanted it. As far as Kathy was concerned, she was convinced that if a girl wants a date with a particular young man, there is one thing she had better do: concentrate on it herself.

(Copyright)

CHEESE TEA CAKE

from the recent £1,450 KRAFT Recipe Contest (Section 2)



"As a tasty addition to the lunchbox—for afternoon tea or supper—try this delicious simple-to-make CHEESE TEA CAKE", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Ingredients: 2½ oz. butter; 2½ oz. castor sugar; 4 oz. S.R. flour; pinch salt; grated rind of ½ lemon or lemon essence; 1 egg; 4 oz. grated Kraft Cheddar; 3 oz. sultanas; 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Icing: 3 tablespoons ground cinnamon; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 oz. melted butter.

Method: Cream butter and sugar with grated lemon rind, and add egg. Sift in flour, cinnamon and salt. Add grated cheese and then sultanas. Mix all together well and bake in a small loaf tin in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Cool on a wire tray, and when cold top with the 3 tablespoons sugar and cinnamon mixed with the melted butter.

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KC59

Fashion PATTERNS

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F3424.—Smartly styled sleeveless one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3425.—Chic slender-line daytime frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3426.—Snug-fitting bodice and softly gathered skirt combine in a pretty one-piece frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 2yds. braid edging. Price, 3/6.

F3374.—Small girl's party frock. Sizes: lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3427.—Frock with a wide neckline, bow-trimmed sleeves, and graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3427

F3425

F3426

F3428

F3374

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 769.—HOUSEFROCK
Check gingham housefrock is obtainable cut out ready to make in green and white, blue and white, and red and white. The bias-binding trim is not supplied. Sizes: 22in. and 34in. bust. 29/6; 36in. and 38in. bust. 31/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

No. 770.—SET OF THREE D'OYLES
The d'oyles are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen, and on sheer linen in blue, green, and lemon. Price 1/7 each. Postage, 3d. extra. Set of three. 4/3. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 771.—CHILD'S APRON
The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton with an organdie trim. The color choice includes white, blue, green, pink, and lemon. Sizes: lengths 18in. and 20in. for 2 and 4 years, 12/6; 23in. and 27in. for 6 and 8 years, 14/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

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The cloth and table napkins are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is Irish linen in cream or white. Size, cloth, 36in. x 36in., 22/6. Postage, 1/9 extra. Serviettes, 11in. x 11in., 1/6. Postage, 3d. extra.

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772

771

769

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AUSTRALIAN HOME OF DANISH DIPLOMAT



CEREMONIAL weapons and staffs that Mr. Hergel has collected or been presented with hang on the wall which faces his study desk. Antique in-holds from many countries are other interesting collectors' pieces.



LEFT: Conversation grouping in a corner of the drawing-room. Most of the books on the shelves are in special Danish bindings, and several were bound by Mrs. Hergel. A Picasso, "Mademoiselle G.H." is an arresting feature. Mr. Hergel calls it "Mona Lisa of 1910."



BEAUTIFUL old family furniture gives a typical Danish character to this small reception-room (above) in Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hergel's flat at Point Piper, N.S.W. The French doors open to a small balcony which faces a cliff wall-garden.



DURING years of consular and diplomatic service, Denmark's charge d'affaires and consul-general in Australia, Mr. F. H. Hergel, O.B.E., and his petite wife have lived in many countries.

Their beautifully appointed flat at Point Piper, Sydney, N.S.W., contains many works of art, beautiful rugs, and objets d'art collected during their travels.

Mr. and Mrs. Hergel have arranged them with unerring artistry among their Danish furniture.

Since coming here, they have taken a keen interest in local art and have added many paintings to their collection.

LEFT: The span of Sydney Harbor Bridge is framed by a picture window in the dining-room. Two Royal Copenhagen blanche-de-chine figures add a distinctive note to Mrs. Hergel's table.

COLORFUL and stimulating selection of Danish, French, and Australian paintings is a feature of the fireplace wall of the spacious drawing-room (opposite). Mrs. Hergel uses only light colored flowers to complement the pastel furnishings of this room.



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and copper shining
like the sun.



ABOVE is the
cutlery canteen
converted into
a sewing-box.
The three
partitions are
held in place by
quad beading.

AT LEFT,
illustration
shows the
single-decker
canteen of cutlery
before the
slotted sections
used for holding
the cutlery
were removed.

Neat conversion job Two-way sewing-box

● A disused canteen of cutlery, which was converted into a sewing-box and also, if required, a coffee table, wins this week's £3/3/- prize in our "something new from something old" contest.

THE winner is Mrs. Ada Kennedy, 13 Schroder Avenue, Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"We had a canteen of cutlery that was of no use to us, as we now have a sideboard equipped with drawers in which to keep all our cutlery, so we decided to turn it into a sewing-box," said Mrs. Kennedy.

"The slotted sections, which held the cutlery, were removed from the inside of the canteen and sections of quad beading were glued to the sides of the box at regular intervals, leaving space between each for strips of wood to slide into.

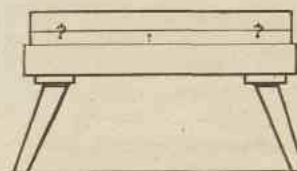
"As shown in the sketch at top left, three partitions have been used for cotton-reels and a wider section at the back of the box holds scissors, tape-measure, and thimbles, etc.

"The inside of the box-lid was padded with cotton wadding and covered with material. This acts as a giant pin-cushion, also as a holder for needles and safety-pins.

"If desired, four cabriole legs may be fitted to the underside of the box, at the required height, and it may then be used as a coffee table."

Readers who have made conversions of pieces of furniture, articles of clothing, or any other transformations, should send in their entry or entries with a detailed account of what was done, and enclose either clear drawings or photographs of the "before and after" idea.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



LEFT: With
cabriole legs
secured to the
box, it can be
used as a
coffee table.

PRIZE RECIPES

● Prizes in this week's contest are awarded to a luscious chocolate cream pie and an unusual raisin and grapefruit dessert served in grapefruit cases.

THE chocolate cream pie, which wins the main prize of £5, has two layers of filling. One is of velvety chocolate, the other fluffy cream.

For variety try flavoring the creamy layer with orange juice, peppermint essence, sherry, or rum.

All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. or 2oz. chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra 1 cup sugar, 1 8in. cooked pastry-case, extra chocolate.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Combine sugar and cornflour, blend with a little of the milk.

Heat balance of milk, add blended cornflour, stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add egg-yolks and softened gelatine, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add vanilla, halve mixture, add grated chocolate to one half. Mix well, pour into pastry-case, chill. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar, fold into remaining custard. Fill into tart, chill until set. Top with grated chocolate.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. J. Bass, 11 Colpin Avenue, Ballarat, Vic.

RAISIN GRAPEFRUIT DESSERT

Three large grapefruit, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sweet sherry, sugar, 3 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 6 tablespoons cake-crumbs, whipped cream, nuts.

Chop raisins, add sherry, allow to stand 2 hours. Cut grapefruit in halves crosswise, scoop out pulp. Sprinkle each case with 1 dessertspoon sugar, allow to stand while preparing filling. Extract juice from grapefruit pulp, place in saucepan with condensed milk, egg-yolks, sugar, and salt. Stir over low heat until well mixed and slightly thickened. Stir in dissolved gelatine, cake-crumbs, and drained raisins. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, fill into grapefruit cases. Allow to set in refrigerator. Pour a little sherry (drained from raisins) over filling, sprinkle with sugar. Chill thoroughly, serve topped with whipped cream and nuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Fryer, 6 "Taleeson" Flat, 118 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Family Dish

● A meat loaf costs with potato, which costs approximately nine shillings and yields four good servings, is this week's family dish.

CALIFORNIAN VEAL LOAF

Three fillets veal (1 1/2 lb.), 1 lb. pork sausages, small onion, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons chutney, 2 or 3 tablespoons stock or water, salt, pepper, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 dessertspoon shortening, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped shallot or onion, dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 rashers bacon, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Put veal through mincer, have butcher mince it, remove skins from sausages. Combine meat with chopped onion, breadcrumbs, lemon rind, chutney, salt and pepper to taste, beaten egg and stock or water. Mix well, fill in greased loaf-tin or pie-dish. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Cook potatoes usual way, mash and cream with shortening, pepper, milk, parsley, and shallot or onion. Turn loaf out on to heated dish, cover with potato. Top with chopped bacon (rind removed) and cheese. Return to oven until bacon is crisp and cheese bubbly and brown.

Tony's famous steak Diane

STEAK DIANE, created some years ago by noted restaurateur Tony Clerici, director of the Colony Club, quickly became the most talked about dish in Sydney.

Its fame spread to other cities and other countries. Over the years, Tony has had countless requests for his recipe, but his invariable reply has been, "It's just a little secret of mine."

Under husbandly direction,

many housewives have tried to make steak Diane by using "a bit of steak, some sauce and garlic, and a spot of butter."

Now Tony, who has consented to give us a luxury dish every week, divulges his secret recipe for steak Diane. Here it is:

Ten ounces undercut beef, 3/4oz. sweet butter (unsalted butter), 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 5 fresh ground peppercorns, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Have your butcher cut the

beef 1 1/2 in. thick and then pound the steak to about 1/2 in. in thickness. It must not be any thinner. Shape the steak into an oval. Put the butter in a frying pan. Add the Worcestershire sauce, rub garlic on the steak with a wooden spoon, season each side of steak with salt and pepper and lightly cook for four minutes on each side. Garnish with parsley before serving. Fried potatoes and fried beans or any other vegetables can be served with the steak Diane.

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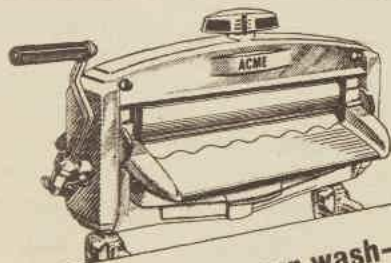
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Cook's tour of Canberra



MADAME CHEN TAI CHU, attractive wife of the Chinese Minister, who supplied the recipe for chicken and almonds.

KOEKSISTERS (AFTERNOON TEA CAKES) South Africa

Four cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 lb. butter, 2 beaten eggs, little milk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, rub in butter, add eggs with milk to make a stiff dough. Roll out to 1/4 in. thickness, and cut into strips approximately 4 in. by 2 in. Divide the strips into 3 tails, leaving joined at one end. Plait the strips and press to join at the ends. Drop a few koeksisters at a time into hot oil or fat, and cook until lightly brown and puffed. Lift out and drain on grease-proof

paper, and dip at once into chilled syrup, turning over 2 or 3 times. Lift out and drain on a sieve till dry. Store in tin.

Syrup: This should be prepared a few hours before using and chilled thoroughly. Boil 4 cups sugar and 8 cups water. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool, then chill in refrigerator.

An alternative syrup: Three cups golden syrup, 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Stir until well mixed, then chill; 1 teaspoon cinnamon or 1 teaspoon lemon essence can be used for flavoring syrup if desired.



SHRIMATI BANERGI, wife of the Indian attaché.

SALMON RICE Brazil

Two cups rice, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, chopped onion, small clove garlic, 2 or 3 tomatoes, tin red salmon, tin green peas, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wash rice and boil in four cups of water until cooked and grains are separated. Put butter or substitute into a pan, heat, add onions and garlic, and fry until golden brown,

then add peeled and sliced tomatoes and fry until moisture evaporates and the mixture is like paste. Add sufficient water, thickened with flour, to make a thick sauce. Leave over heat for a few minutes. Add salmon and rice to this sauce, also peas if liked. Place in casserole, sprinkle with grated cheese, and heat in oven. Serve hot.



SENHORA BARTHELL-ROSA, wife of the Minister for Brazil, photographed in her kitchen. Senhora Barthell-Rosa's recipe for salmon rice is given above.

● Because of its international flavor, gastronomic tour of Canberra is a fascinating experience. Here are recipes of some of the interesting dishes we sampled recently.

CHICKEN AND ALMONDS China

One young cockerel (bone, fillet, cut flesh into dice or cubes), 1 cup blanched almonds or fried walnut kernels, 1/2 cup diced bamboo shoots (obtainable in tins), 6 medium mushrooms (boiled and diced), 1 small onion (diced).

Heat pan of oil or lard and immerse diced chicken placed in frying-basket. Fry for 4 minutes. Drain.

Pour away lard, reheat pan, put in onions and stir without browning. Add mushrooms and stir thoroughly. Add cup of stock or water, cover with lid for 5 minutes. Add bamboo shoots and chicken, 1 teaspoon of brandy, salt and little sugar to taste. Thicken slightly, then add almonds. Serve with fried prawns.



MRS. M. JOSEPH, wife of the Registrar at the High Commissioner's office, gave us the recipe for fiado and tomato chutney.

BOLON FIADO Ceylon

Pastry: 1 lb. flour, 2 eggs, 3 egg-yolks, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1/2 cup salt.

Filling: 1 lb. cashew almonds, 1 lb. raisins, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, pineapple jam.

Method for Filling: sugar and water till dissolved. Add chopped raisins and boil till thick. Allow to cool.

Sieve flour, baking powder and salt. Add butter and mix well. Then add beaten eggs and enough milk to make softish dough. Roll out and cut into four round size of the dish to be used. Flour the dish and line one round of pastry. Fill with nut and raisin filling, cover with another round of pastry. Spread this with apple jam, cover with another round of pastry. Repeat this. Decorate with strips of pastry brush with beaten egg in moderate oven till browned.

TOMATO CHUTNEY Ceylon

One pound ripe tomatoes, 1 lb. sugar, 1/2 oz. dry 1/2 oz. garlic, 1/2 oz. green 1/2 bottle vinegar, salt, and sines.

Powder the chillies, garlic and ginger in small pieces. Scald and remove skins. Cut slices, add half the tomatoes till soft. Then remainder of vinegar, garlic, green ginger, and little salt, and be fairly thick. Add some just before taking off.

FILBUNKE Sweden

For best results, use milk. Smear bottom of individual glass or china with 1/2 teaspoon sour cream. Stand in warm place with milk. Cover with and leave till milk is set (1 or 2 days). Then refrigerate till ready to serve. Drain off any whey, serving with sugar, and cinnamon, according to Swedish ginger soufflé.

Variation: Pour into large bowl. Chop set, and beat well before serving directly from bowl.



MISS ANNA UYS, daughter of the High Commissioner for South Africa, making Koeksisters.

RICE AND CAULIFLOWER India

One fresh cauliflower cut into small pieces, 2 cups uncooked rice, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 whole cloves, 1 piece cinnamon (1/4 in. long), 2 teaspoons sugar.

Wash rice well in cold water and soak it in cold water for an hour, then drain. Using a deep saute pan with a close-fitting lid, fry onion and spices in butter for a little while, without allowing onion to turn brown. Add rice, sugar and salt, and keep tossing lightly. Then add cauliflower and continue frying on a slow fire for 4 or 5 minutes. Now add 2 cups of water for each cup of rice. Cover pan closely and cook on medium fire until rice has absorbed all the water. Each grain should be separate. Serve hot as a vegetable or an entree.





SUKIYAKI Japan

Japanese dish is most popular in other countries. It is served at the table in a dish, a brazier, or on a stove, an electric hot-plate may be used.

Kind of meat, onion, fresh mushrooms, bamboo shoots (oblong in this), or celery in bamboo shoots.

Cut very thinly in 2 in. Slice onion and carrot later in thin strips. Cut bamboo, or spring onions in 1/2 in. pieces.

Heat pan and rub with fat. Sauté pieces of meat in pan, then the vegetables. Cooked, cover with soya sauce and simmer a little. Each guest helps him-

MRS. NISHI, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, Mr. Haruhiko Nishi, photographed at her table set for a dinner-party of eight. The menu for this dinner-party, which was given in her home at Evans Crescent, Griffith, Canberra, embraced hors d'oeuvres (prawns, oysters, pickled baby egg-plants, pickled onions), clear soup (made from white stock), cucumber and crabmeat salad, sukiyaki (see recipe at left), which is served from the chafing-dishes you see on the table; boiled white rice; custard soup (made from meat stock, with whisked egg), baby mushrooms, and peas; ice-cream, roasted tea (green tea roasted and, when brown, steeped in boiling water for a few minutes); sake (Japanese rice wine), claret. Both wines were served at the meal.



SATE Indonesia

Kind of meat, soya sauce, onion.

Meat in small pieces, 1/2 in. square. Thread 3 skewers on small wooden sticks. Dip in sauce which finely chopped onion has been added. Grill over fire but frequently turn. Repeat dipping until well cooked.

This may be served hot with lettuce or cabbage and rice. Sate is also good with chilli sauce, made by frying chilli and tomatoes.

MRS. TAMZIL (right), wife of the Indonesian Minister, and Mrs. Budhyman, wife of the Press attache at the Indonesian Embassy, making Sate.

GRIESNOCKERLN Austria

(Semolina dumplings served with consomme)
2oz. butter, 1 egg, salt, 4oz. semolina.

Mix egg, pinch of salt, and semolina with creamed butter and allow to stand for about 10 minutes. Use mixture to form small dumplings. Put these into boiling salted water and boil over low flame for 10 minutes, then simmer for another 10 minutes. Put the griessnockerln into soup bowls and cover with hot brown beef broth and serve immediately.



MRS. SUPHAMONGKHON (right), wife of the Minister Royal Thai Legation, with Miss Suphamongkhon, sister of the Minister.

MU-TOM-KEM (Thai Sweet Pork) Thailand

1 pound pork, 7 level teaspoons sugar, 2 level teaspoons salt, 5 level tablespoons bean sauce, pepper, garlic (optional), 5 hard-boiled eggs.

Cut the pork into pieces 1/2 inch by two inches, about two cups of water. Boil for 10 minutes. Skim. Drain and save liquid. Add sugar, salt, pepper, bean sauce in a bowl and fry the pork in

this sauce, then pour into a pot with the remaining liquid and clove of garlic. Peel the hard-boiled eggs and add to pork, and simmer until meat is tender, about 1 1/2 hours. The sauce should be reduced to about half the original amount. Before serving, cut the eggs into halves.

The dish is very tasty with vegetables and rice, and is enough for three or four servings.



MADAME CARINE EISEL-BERG, wife of the Austrian Charge d'Affaires, in the kitchen of her Canberra home.

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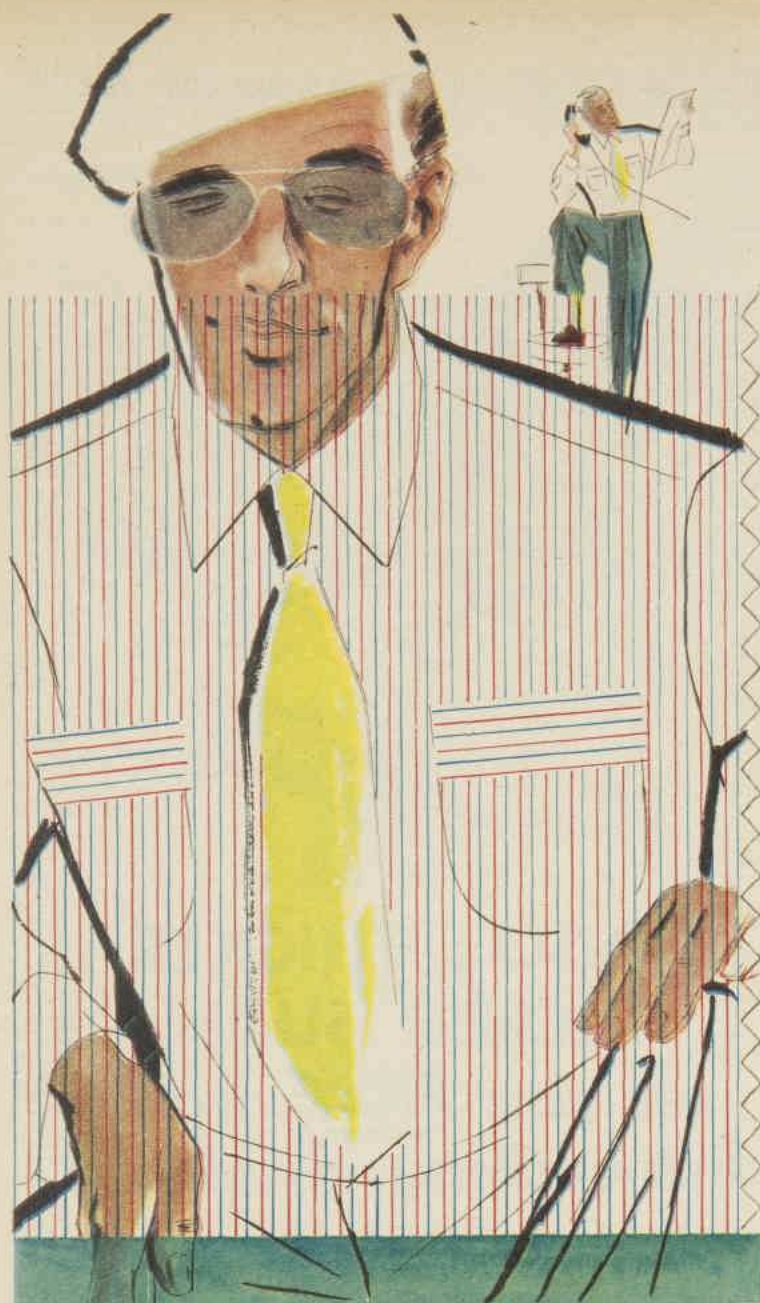
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found, and they drop her with Mandrake and Lothar into a huge collecting bottle. The giants signal a vast space ship, which lowers lines to them, and the giants, Mandrake, Lothar, and Narda are hauled up into the space ship. NOW READ ON:



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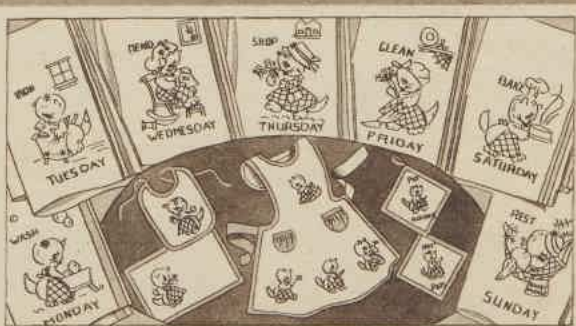


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